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HIGH SCH.

THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

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FOOTBALL IN FULL SWING

SAGAMORE ASSEMBLY

"How to keep the sag out of the SAGAMORE", might be an apt title for the second general assembly of the season, held Tuesday, Sept. 27, when the official school paper was the chief topic of the meeting. Ways and means of making the paper bigger and better in every way were earnestly discussed.

The literary and financial sides of the paper were ably represented, urgent appeals for the support and cooperation of the student body, both in the matter of literary contributions and subscriptions, being made by the several speakers.

Mr. Akers opened the assembly and called on Treasurer Fred Janvrin of the SAGAMORE to carry on the meeting. If there are any would-be short story or feature writers in the school, now is their chance to find out what they can do to make the SAGAMORE columns more interesting and entertaining. Marianna McAfee, assignment editor, showed the way. She

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THE NEW MARSHALS

Owing to the holiday on Wednesday, the Teacher-Student Council, unable to have a quorum present, has adjourned its meeting until next Wednesday, October the fifth. However, the list of Marshals of the three upper classes, elected last June, has been approved, while that of the Freshman class, elected this September, has been tentatively approved pending the ratification of the Freshman Committee.

With the increasing number of students every year, the marshals, under their able Captain, John Jewett, are a real asset in keeping order in the corridors, lunch room, and class rooms. Their zeal is doubtlessly well remembered by many pupils, not only Freshmen but even by some of the upper classmen. So one can easily see that a marshal must not be elected just because he is popular, but because he possesses that undefinable quality which commands the respect and obedience of every one. This does not mean that a marshal is a prude, or a "mama's boy" or is aloof from everybody else. He is usually as jolly and as full of fun as any of his classmates, but when he steps to the front of the

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JOHN JEWETTT CAPTAIN-ELECT OF MARSHALLS

Owing to the resignation of Edwin Brown from the marshal captaincy, on account of the point system, at the beginning of the year, it was necessary to elect someone to succeed him. Consequently at a meeting of last year's marshals, held on the nineteenth of the past month, John Jewett was chosen to assume the duties of Captain of the Marshals for the year 1927-'28.

In Memoriam

ARTHUR W. ROBERTS, PH.D.

In the spring of the year 1900 the Brookline School Board instructed their Secretary, the Superintendent of Schools, to search the length and breadth of the land and to secure as Head of the Classical Department in the High School the most distinguished teacher of Latin and Greek who might be available. The quest was successful; Superintendent Dutton found his man in the Penn Charter School of Philadelphia and Arthur W. Roberts, a native of Cambridge and a holder of the A.B. and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard University, returned with joy to Greater Boston to spend the rest of his life in public school work as his father had spent his before him.

Like all great teachers he had a consuming interest in his work; he also had a personal interest in his pupils. A class to him was so many individuals; he noted the weaknesses of each and then directed his teaching daily to the end that weakness might be turned into strength. His judgment of the ability and attainment of each pupil was swift and accurate.

One characteristic which contributed to his notable success was his tremendous energy; he worked hard himself and believed in the gospel of work for others. He used to say that in his opinion the most successful teacher was the teacher who got the most work willingly from his pupils; for without hard work well done and self-willed there could be no real educational process in the individual. Therefore, he gave hard and long assignments and marked rigorously. The strange thing is that his pupils did not protest to him the length of the lessons but willingly tried their utmost to meet his requirements. Somehow they felt that they must do his assignments anyway such a spell did the force and charm of his personality cast over them.

Dr. Roberts believed in the dignity of his profession because it was one of service without the taint of commercialism. He loved to teach because he loved to help. He followed with keen interest the careers of those whom he taught and always spoke of them as **his** boys and girls. He made a deep impression upon the students committed to his charge and inspired them to high endeavor and scholarly ideals. To him it fell to create high standards and establish noble traditions for the classical department of the school. This rich heritage it is for us to whom his failing hands have thrown the torch, to uphold and maintain.

In the 6th book of the Aeneid among those in the Elysian fields whose temples are crowned with white fillets are the blessed souls who in the upper world enriched life and made men grateful by their services. Considering that many hundreds of our graduates who acknowledge the debt of gratitude they owe Dr. Roberts, and remember him with reverence and affection, I think of no Latin words more fitting to sum up his twenty-five years of extraordinary service than an adaptation of those of Vergil, the poet he loved supremely, "fecit sui multos memores gratos que merendo, he made many mindful of him and grateful by his helpful service."

BROCKTON DEFEATS BROOKLINE 21-0

The Brookline High School football team was defeated for the second time this season on Saturday at Brockton. Brockton, a great football city, turned out for the game "en masse." The rivalry between the two schools is keen, and this made the game doubly attractive to the capacity crowd that was on hand.

The game was played under the worst possible conditions. A scorching sun beat down upon the dusty field. The game was hard fought all through. Brockton always had the upper hand, although the Brookline outfit, showing marked improvement over the last game, made the crimson-jersied players fight for every inch they gained.

The loss of Captain Dan Rollins and quarterback Barrett Roberts greatly hampered the Red and Blue. Henry Lynch, a brother of "Junior" Lynch, who did so well for last season's team, acted as quarterback. He is every bit as small and as game as his brother was. Svereal times he stopped Brockton ball carriers twice his size when there was a clear field to the goal line. Eugene Record, the fleet-footed halfback acted as Captain in place of Dan Rollins.

Brockton was greatly strengthened by the return of ex-Captain O'Connell to the lineup, after an injury had prevented him from participating in last week's tussle with Whitman High. The first Brockton score came soon after the opening kick-off. The Shoe City outfit started with a rush when Shealey kicked to Regan, who was tackled on the thirty-two yard line. On fourth down, Ryan dropped back for a kick from the forty-one yard mark. Farley caught the punt and returned it to his own forty-five yard line. The first Brockton rush of the afternoon netted four yards. This gain was lost on the next play when Brockton was penalized five yards for being offside. The home team then started

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SOME PROMINENT ALUMNI

Massachusetts girls predominate in academic distinction at Radcliffe, according to figures released from the college today.

Of 136 girls receiving academic distinction, exactly 100 are from this state. Their names appear on the "Dean's list," which guarantees certain privileges and distinction, for having a specified number of high grades.

Five of these girls claim Brookline as their Alma Mater, they are: S. Clark, Frances Marshall, Rosalind Kelsey, M. Dangel, and R. M. Harrington.

HIGH SCH.

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

A reception was given to the Freshman girls last Friday afternoon, by the Senior girls. The Freshmen turned out en masse, and soon after school was over, the big gym was thronged with girls echoing with joyous chatter. The Freshmen were enthusiastic, and even the Seniors were quite off their habitual dignity. School songs were sung, and then Carol Densmore and Betty Richey initiated the Freshmen into the intricacies of the various Brookline cheers. By that time everyone was feeling warm and congenial. A game was played in which the new girls became acquainted with the upperclassmen.

Margaret Comstock and Gertrude Lakson recited two very delightful poetry selections. Three peppy sailor boys, known in private life as Martha Hardy, Hope Kelsey, and Lucienne Wilkinson, entertained with song and dance. Marie Driscoll staged a potato race in which the Seniors were out-classed. One of the most amusing parts of the afternoon's entertainment was a Topsy act done by Hope Kelsey, who with the aid of Marianna McAfee, told us all about the dog that was two dogs long, half a dog high, and I guess you know the rest of it. Topsy also sang "So Blue" and other affecting ballads, and ended up with a remarkable bit of Charleston. It was with great enjoyment that we watched our noble president hopping around in abreviated red gingham. The afternoon ended with a grand march for lollypops. Marie Driscoll played the piano for those who still had enough energy to dance.

SAGAMORE ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

urged the interest of the whole school in this matter of trying out for short story or feature writing. The paper is sadly in need of such contributions.

Miss McAfee had a special word of encouragement for those who are prone to "hide their light under a bushel basket." She suggested that the SAGAMORE box in the Library be used by writers who might otherwise hesitate about submitting articles, through modesty.

The assignment editor also suggested that the SAGAMORE box be used as a depository for criticisms, but she made a clear distinction between constructive and destructive criticism. Any criticism sincerely designed to improve the policy or tone of the paper will be welcomed by the executive staff, she said.

Mr. Janvrin, discussing the financial aspects of the SAGAMORE, pointed out that no paper can succeed without subscriptions. He urged the students to back up "the voice of the school" by subscribing for it.

Mr. Janvrin read the list of home room representatives of the paper.

Mr. Harbour and Mr. Jewett added helpful words as to the great need of co-operation in carrying on the SAGAMORE.

THE MARSHALLS

(Continued from Page 1)

room to take a teacher's place while she does an errand, or while he is on duty in the corridors or lunch room, he is a different boy, and deep down in your heart you are forced to acknowledge his right to your respect.

Let us hope that every marshal is of that type. And I am sure that because of the marshals' efficient work, B. H. S. will be even more worthy of being called one of the best high schools in the country!

The following is the list of marshals to serve for 1927-1928, and the marshal delegates to the Teacher-Student Council.

Seniors

Charlotte Helman, Louise Brown, Milton Finger, Gertrude Nisson, Josephine Smith, Hope Kelsey, Marianna McAfee, Helen Levenson, Stephen Sleeper, Lucienne Wilkinson, Dorothy Logan, Herbert Wilson, Marjorie Abrams, Helen Steeves, Helen Bickerstaff, Fred Janvrin, Bertha Stonehouse, Carol Densmore, Edwin Brown, Rose Lindman, Robert Currier, Charles Miller, Eleanor Anderson, Henry Lynch, Fay Silversmith.

Juniors

Eleanor Roach, Elliot Hurwitz, Jacqueline Densten, Vivian Parker, Edith Greenleaf, Gertrude Lakson, Edward Hannon, Florence Nelson, Edward Duane, Harry Fink, Evelyn Densten, Joseph Donahue, Chandler Hagen-Burger, Charles Record, Alice Colby. Paul Barrabee, Pauline Miller, Eleanor Goodspead, Harold Senall, Melvin Aushen.

Sophomores

Betty Richey, Eleanor Thomas, Ruby Brettler, Herbert Fox, Charles Patterson, Francis Muldowney, Alvin Weinberg, Alice Hewitt, Esther Graham, Catherine Hayman, Dorothy Alter, Harold Pierce, Alice Gordon, Bernice Cohen, Joseph Gray.

Freshmen

To be approved by Teacher-Student Council.

Charles Naylor, Eon Nyham, Donald Broadbent, Fred Flaherty, Florence Dawson, Florence Friedman, Wendell Hastings, Barbara Ritchie, Helen Johnson, Fred Sherry.

Marshal Delegates to Teacher-Student Council:—

Seniors—Edwin Brown.
Juniors—Chandler Hagen-Burger.
Sophomores—Ruby Brettler.
Freshmen—Fred Sherry.

A stout woman drove up to a filling station.

"I want two quarts of oil?" she said.

"What kind, heavy?"

"Say, young man, don't get fresh with me," was the indignant response.

Iowa Frivol.

OUR BOYS IN DENMARK

Do you remember the assembly last year when Mr. Akers announced that a trip to Denmark would take place during the summer? Well—two boys, Arthur Sondheim and his cousin, Edmond Hanauer were picked to go. Now we read in the Boston Transcript, that Arthur whom you have seen pitching many times for Brookline, showed King Christian X of Denmark some of his famous slow balls in a game between two teams composed of some of the one hundred boys who were in the group who went to Denmark. And Arthur evidently still retained his old skill as we are told the rival team scored few hits. When the reporter asked him if he was nervous, he replied, "Naw, the king is like any other good fellow.—He speaks to you on the street, and when you see him out horse back riding, he waves pleasantly to you. After the game at Aarhus, he spoke to us all and said: "Very well done, boys, very well done."

As if that were not enough glory for a Brookline boy, he again pitched one week later before fourteen thousand people against a team composed of the American Club of Copenhagen. The pitcher was a semi-professional star and the catcher a former college player. However, that didn't worry Arthur as he pitched the four-inning game which resulted in a victory of 14-0 for his side.

Now comes something else that will be found very interesting to the boys that were left behind. After Arthur and Edmund visited Kroonberg Castle, and were entertained at the home of Consul General Marion Letcher, they admitted with many sighs that "the castles and the girls were beautiful." (Aha! There is something fishy in Denmark.) Now aren't you sorry that you didn't go too?

ALUMNI NOTES

Sylvia Dangel, '26, is attending the Forsyth Dental Infirmary in Boston.

Violet Griffin, '26, is teaching at Miss Pierce's Secretarial School.

Edmund Hanauer, '27, Arthur Brettler, '27, and Melvin Levison, '27 are at Dartmouth.

Harry Alexander, '27, Victor Rintels, '27, and Albert Hirshberg, '27, are at B. U.

Celia Ziman, '27, and Estelle Lowenstein, '27, are attending Simmons College.

Junior Sondheim, '27, is at Brown.

Ethel Sonnabend, '27, is attending Portia Law School in Boston.

Helen Morse, '27, Edith Freedman, '27, Edna Goodrich, '27, Rita Rudman, '27, and Beatrice Grosky, '27, are at Wellesley.

Deborah Rand, '27, is attending Dana Hall at Wellesley.

Ruth Leventhal, '27, is at Radcliffe.

Morris Bronstein, '27, Cecil Rudnick, '27, and Sturtevant Burr, '27, are at Harvard.

A SENIOR AT THE RADIO SHOW

Your reporter went to the 7th annual Boston Radio-Aero Show at Mechanics Building with the feeling of a little boy going to a circus.

On entering the portals I was struck by the beauty of the decorations and exhibitions. The whole main hall had a floral tone and the blue draperies around the hall were changed constantly vari-colored lights.

My next few minutes were taken up with trying to see everything at once. As I was passing one of the booths, I met "Bill" Harrison of "Cruising the Air" fame, and I asked him for a brief outline of his life. "Bill" Harrison is a fine appearing young man with a very distinctive voice, once heard never forgotten, as I will prove later in my story. Now to continue in Bill's own words.

"In 1912 I became interested in radio while still in high school in Detroit, and 1914 the bug bit me for fair, and I shipped as a common operator and covered most of the Tropics and South Seas. Supply the romantic settings yourself, moonlight nights, ukeleles tinkling, and so forth, you know, you've read the same books.

"About then the war came along and I received an appointment as a navy radio instructor at the Great Lakes Training School, and later at the Harvard Training School.

"After the war I swore off radio but it didn't last, and in six months I was back again, this time as chief operator on a steamboat for the United Fruit Company.

"I was first assistant operator at W. S. A. at Hampton, L. L. In 1922 I was known to W. J. Z's listeners as O. W. N.

"One night a lady came in who had a speech which would probably take

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BROOKLINE HIGH?

1. Who is the above and what did he do of note in Brookline High Athletics?

2. Who was the football captain in 1926?

3. Who won prize speaking in 1925?

4. Who was the president of the Honorary Society in 1926-1927? (Question)

5. How amny pupils are there in Brookline High?

6. To whom was the 1926 year book dedicated?

7. Who was president of the senior class in 1926?

8. When was the Old Building of Brookline High built?

9. Who was the Editor-in-chief of the SAGAMORE in 1925-26?

10. What was the Spanish play given in 1927? (Answer)

WATCH BROOKLINE FIGHT TOMORROW

— SPORTS —

GO TO LAWRENCE

BROCKTON DEFEATS BROOKLINE

(Continued from Page 1)

a march down field that finally resulted in a score. A series of long passes brought the ball to the visitors' nineteen yard line. Lanone hit the line for four yards. Another pass, Stevens to Farley, put the ball in a scoring position of the nine-yard mark. Lanone again carried the ball, this time around right end, for a touchdown. The extra point went to Brockton, when Brookline was detected offside. Brockton kicked once more to Brookline. Kaufman was downed in his tracks on the thirty-eight yard line. Lamont gained two yards off tackle. Record let the other side of the line for no gain. In third down Ryan kicked to Farley on the thirty-yard line. The run back netted seven yards. On the next play Ryan threw Lanone for a loss of two yards. On the following plays the Red and Blue defense held and Brockton was forced to kick. Lynch caught the boot on the Brookline thirty-yard line. Here Lynch took the ball for a one yard gain and Regan gained two more. The Brookline line was offside and a five yard penalty resulted. Once again Ryan kicked to Farley, who was downed on the forty yard line, Baiorunos "muffed" a forward from Farley. Lanone gained five yards and Baiorunos three. Keough, right tackle, dropped back and kicked offside at the Brookline thirty yard line.

Here Brookline made a first down on two plays. Lamont slid off tackle for seven yards and then Regan made the necessary three yards for the first down. Lynch took the ball for a two-yard advance as the period ended, with the ball on the Brookline forty-two yard line.

When the teams again lined up for play Lynch carried the pigs in through center for an advance of two yards. At this point a penalty put the ball back five yards. A pass to Regan from Lamont failed and Ryan again booted to Farley. On the first play Farley gained six yards. Brockton tried the forward pass play that had been so successful in the first period, but this time Regan intercepted the pass on the fifty-yard mark. Coach Hines sent in Ventura in place of Theise. Lamont gained four yards on the first play. Brookline could not penetrate the Brockton defense in the next two plays and the ball went to Brockton on their own forty-six yard line. Blunt replaced Kaufman at right tackle for Brookline, and Lanone gained four yards through right hand side. A pass, Farley to Stevens, was incompleted and Brookline was penalized for interference with the receiver. Here several substitutes were made for both teams. Keith, Brockton end, was injured and Willis replaced him. Greenleaf went in in place of Regan at half back for Brookline. Baiorunos smashed through guard for eight yards on third down. Here Brockton gained twenty yards in penalties and the ball advanced to the thirty-yard line. Lowenberg went in in place of Ball at left end. Keough tossed a pass to Baiorunos for eighteen yards. Brockton tried another pass which was grounded, and the ball was put back five yards because of two incompleted forwards in a series. Baiorunos gained four yards. Troskey was substituted for Lucia of Brockton. The ball went to Brookline on downs and Ryan kicked to Troskey, who ran it to Brookline's thirty-eight yard line. Here Goldfine replaced Werner at tackle for Brookline. Brockton failed to make a first down, even with the help of Ex-Captain "Philly" O'Connell who replaced Farley. Lowenberg was replaced at end for the visitors by Leer. Ryan intercepted a Brockton pass. Brookline had not better luck than its opponents and was forced to kick. O'Connell ran back the punt twenty-five yards to Brookline's forty-five yard mark. Brockton made two first downs and brought the ball to the Brookline eighteen-yard line as the half ended. The score at that time was Brockton 7, Brookline 0.

As the second half began Farley and Keith were back in the Brockton lineup and Paterno had taken the place of Lanone in the backfield. Brookline sent out the same team that had started the game. Ryan kicked off to Brockton's fifteen yard line, and the ball was run back twenty-five yeards by Baiorunos. Paterno went around left and for three yards on the opening play. Baiorunos and Lucier carried the ball for a first down in two plays. Paterno was thrown for a four yard loss by Werner. The ensuing plays did not gain for the Crimson, and Keough kicked to Brookline. Once more Brookline was off side and a five yard penalty resulted. Ryan punted to Farley on the thirty yard line and the return brought the ball to the twenty yard mark. Lanone came back into the game in place of Paterno. A series of line smashes netted a first down. Baiorunos carried the ball to the one yard line, and Farley went over for the touchdown. Again the extra point went to Brockton when Ford, Brookline center, was offside.

As the teams lined up for the kick Willis was sent in for Keith. Lynch received the kick, and was downed on the twenty-two yard line. Record carried the ball twice for a six yard gain. Then on third down, Ryan punted to Farley on the Brockton forty-three yard line. Brockton advanced the ball three yards on the first play and on the second Lynch tackled Baiorunos on the thirty-two yard line. Here Goldfine replaced Kaufman at left tackle. Brockton worked the ball to the eleven yard line and then fumbled. Bell recovered for Brookline. Ryan kicked to midfield. Brockton advanced the ball to the thirty yard line on four plays. Hurley replaced Ford at center. Werner was injured and replaced by Blunt on the next play the Brookline line held. Then Lucier took the ball over for a touchdown. The goal was kicked, making the score Brockton 21, Brookline 0. Here Brockton sent in several substitutes Troskey for Lucier, Crowe for Stevens and Yafee for Creedon. Brockton kicked to Greenleef who fumbled. Luckily Brookline recovered the ball. Another substitute was placed in the Brockton lineup when Shealy was replaced by Chisholm at left tackle. Brookline was forced to kick Ryan to Farley. Shapiro had taken the place of Greenleef just prior to this. Ryan brought Troskey down after a six yard gain on a pass from Keough. Here O'Connell replaced Farley. Pollock, Brookline guard was injured and replaced by Ventura. Brockton was forced to kick to Lynch as the last quarter ended and the game was Brockton's 21-0.

FIELD HOCKEY

With practice going on every day, the Field Hockey team looks forward to a successful year. The Captain, Carol Densmore, assisted by Eleanor Anderson as Manager, and Betty Richey as Asst. Manager, has held practices since the beginning of the school year at Dean road. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings from ten to eleven, playing is under student management. On Tuesdays Miss Bluett has charge, and Thursdays Miss Sherman.

Sixty-two girls have already come out, the number evenly divided among the classes. The Freshman class needs more material. It isn't too late yet. Come on out any day. The team is most fortunate in having a great many veterans to help them win. They include:—

Louise Brown, Evelyn Densten, Jacquelyn Densten, Helen Novin, Jessamine Sherbert, Dorothy Sanborn, Lucienne Wilkinson, Hope Kelsey, Betty Richey, Carol Densmore and Eleanor Anderson.

The following schedule has been arranged so far, with a possibility of one more game:—Oct. 27, Waltham at Waltham; Nov. 3, Wellesley at Wellesley; Nov. 10, Choate at Brookline.

Don't forget to come to see your school triumph!

Miss Kelley has announced the following schedule for Fall sports:

Monday—Tennis for advanced players, Speed Ball.

Tuesday, Field Hockey.

Wednesday—Tennis for beginners, Archery.

Thursday—Field Hockey.

Class teams will be formed for each sport and letters will be given for both Class and Varsity teams.

BROOKLINE LOSES OPENER

Brookline played the first game of the season with Lynn Classical at the new Brookline High Stadium and lost. The score was 25-0 in Lynn's favor, four touchdowns and a point after the last touchdown by a forward pass over the goal line.

In the first quarter Lynn kicked off to Brookline. Atfer a plunge that netted no gain, Brookline kicked to Lynn's 48-yard line. Johnson of Lynn then took the ball and after a line buck, lost a yard for Lynn to the 38-yard line through tackle. Babaian then brought the ball to the 20-yard mark, Johnson succeeding in bringing the pigskin to the 5-yard stripe. Two plunges by Babaian gave no gain to Lynn. On the next try, Babaian carried the ball over for a touchdown. The try for the point failed. Lynn kicked off again to Brookline. A plunge gained nothing. Lynn at this point was penalized 5 yards. Record then made a nice gain to Lynn's 48-yard line. The next two plunges ended with the ball in Lynn's possession on the 30-yard line.

On Lynn's first play, Babaian took the pigskin to the 21-yard line. Two successive rushes brought the ball to the 2-yard line, and on the next play, Lynn made their second touchdown. Again the try for point failed.

The third quarter began with Brookline kicking off to Lynn. The opponents used a very peculiar formation for receiving the ball. The high spot was when Ford intercepted a Lynn pass and on the next play the ball was stopped on Lynn's 25-yard line. A plunge and two unsuccessful passes, netting no gain, gave the ball to Lynn on downs as Brookline was penalized 5 yards.

The fourth period started with the ball in Lynn's possession on the 40-yard line. After considerable playing Brookline received the ball on downs and after plunging for no gain, lost it to Lynn on an intercepted forward pass, resulting in a touchdown. The try for the point failed. After Lynn kicked to Brookline, 6 substitutes for Lynn ran over to the umpire. The fourth and last touchdown was made when a kick by Brookline was blocked and the ball, after it had bounced over the Brookline goal line, was pounced upon by a Lynn player.

TENNIS

A meting of Tennis candidates has been called and it was announced that three tournaments would begin soon. There will be one for beginners in Tennis, one for advanced players, and a third one for all the girls that played on the team before. Although the games with other schools do not start 'till the spring, many candidates have already reported and they look like promising material.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

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BEGINNING ANEW

Ho, Classmates! The good ship "Schooltime" has landed at the eminent shores of Brookline High School. Forsooth, the crew has disembarked for a lengthly period of occupied endeavor. Let us hope that this illustrious crew will strive to live up to the standard of the port which they have chosen for anchorage.

In short, we have emerged from the indolent days of summer to enter upon a new school year. What is in store for the year of '28 depends largely upon the efforts of the student body. The success or failure of the year is in the hands of all of us.

Uppermost in our minds should be the feeling of honest endeavor; the feeling that each individual is here to fulfill his duty to himself and to his school. Despite the fact that we have teachers and advisers to help us fulfill this duty, a consciousness of responsibility should exist among us. Should we isolate ourselves, and stand aloof from everything that goes on around us, or should we co-operate with others in helping to make B. H. S. a model high school?

Let us begin this term, not with the point of view that everything will be contrary to our desires, but rather with the optimistic prospect that the year will afford us all to which we aspire. Some of us may undergo little trials and tribulations, but we may encounter them with hopeful hearts instead of downcast spirits.

The merit of a school is rated by the worth of those who attend it. The more personal activity, responsibility, and co-operation there is among the students, the better the school becomes. Thus, in order to enhance the high standards of B. H. S., let us begin the new year right.

A GOOD RESOLUTION

Most of us in starting a new school year have probably made numberless resolutions—resolutions in connection with our school life. These resolutions in time will become more resolved or more dissolved—that, too, depends on our individual characters. But there is one resolution, irrespective of all others that each of us Senior, Junior, Sophomore or Freshman should make. The resolution to be a friend, a true, honest-to-goodness friend to B. H. S. Being on good terms with the school, having the school as our friend, that's easy, but to be a friend to the school is an entirely different matter for that involves doing, and giving, and serving, without any thought of return. Very few of us at this moment can claim such a distinction and the one barrier that prevents is our selfishness.

We expect our school to be generous, patient, and thoughtful, while we ourselves are none of these. We are only too inclined to think of the school as our privileged guide, and we value it according to its usefulness to us. This can never be friendship, for true friendship is not the desire to receive, but the desire to give. If all we want of our school is service then we are a patron of it, not a friend.

No worthy friendship could make such demands. But we go even further, we make just those demands and then accept them with mingling doubts, complainings, murmurings and ingratitude.

Let's mend our ways. A new year is here, our school is here, and we're here, back from our vacation, teeming with hope and ambition. Let's hold out both hands and say, "B. H. S. we're here, we want to be true friends, we want to do more than receive, we want to do and give, and serve!"

Sagamore Short Story

THE FEAR OF BUDDHA

Every year, Patrolman Patrick Finnegan posed for the posters for Police Field Day. Patrick was six feet tall and the secret sorrow of at least fifteen young ladies.

Tonight his handsome countenance was downcast. He gazed moodily at the face of the dead Chinaman before him.

"You little stiff," he murmered, "if it weren't for you croaking tonight I'd be at the theatre instead of this hole of a Chinese laundry. If you had any sense you'd go to Chinatown and get yourself killed there instead of Commonwealth Avenue."

Outside, the wind moaned drearily. The thin blue flame of the gas-jet hissed and flickered. But these things gave Patrick no ghostly qualms. His brother was in the undertaking business and Patrick had brushed many a corpse's hair and had tied the last knot in many a tie.

The door in the front of the store slammed. Patrick arose and went forward to greet the customer. Unfortunately a knowledge of the Chinese language was not included in his general education and he therefore could not read the laundry tickets. He had told most of the customers to come back Monday. This one was a pretty young girl. She smiled at the upholder of law and order and said:

"Oh, officer, won't you please look around for my laundry. It's only a white blouse. I've just got to have it to wear with my riding habit tomorrow."

Patrick expanded under the warmth of her gaze and set to work. Together they opened nearly every package in the place. He magnanimously offered her four dozen handkerchiefs and a set of lace curtains. As time went on Patrick grew confidential.

"Girlie," he asked, "would you like to see a dead Chinaman? I think you had better accept the offer. This will probably be your first and last chance."

The young lady demurred at first. Yet she was struck by the novelty of the situation.

"All right. I'll go if you stand right near me," she assented.

She shuddered as the gazed at the stiffened form of the dead Asiatic.

"Look," whispered the girl, "what's that peculiar black mark on his wrist?"

Patrick eyed the marked wrist thoughtfully. Finally he said:

"Well, I have my own opinion of this job but of course the chief thinks I'm crazy. Five years ago, I had a beat in Chinatown. One night, three Chinamen were murdered. Each one of them had a black mark on his wrist. The murderer was another Chinaman named Yee Wong. He was very clever and escaped. Somehow I think he's responsible for this job even though the chief swears that his body was pulled out of the Charles River last February."

The room in which the Chinaman lay was dirty and squalid. The only thing of beauty there was a magnificent Buddha.

The emerald eyes of the god stared solemnly into space. The rubies and diamonds in the base of the image sparkled as they caught the feeble rays of the flickering gas-jet.

"Isn't that marvelous!" murmered the girl as she gazed at the bejeweled idol.

"Want to see it? I'll get it down for you," offered Patrick.

"Yes, do," she replied, "but let's go into the front of the store. This place is so, so spookey."

A few minutes later both were staring speculatively at the image on the counter before them.

"Somehow Buddha does look sort of mysterious and all-knowing. I don't blame the Chinese for believing in him," remarked the girl quietly.

Patrick laughed.

"Sure, he said, "Buddha does know everything and he lets me in on lots of secrets. Now you're going to see some examples of good teamwork. "Buddha" he winked solemnly, "let's have a little rain."

Strange to say the storm which had been threatening all evening really did break. Now Patrick was quite an amateur magician. For the next half hour, he produced shirts, socks and other articles from under doors, carpets and other impossible places.

The girl was amazed at his skill. Finally, she remarked, "I'll bet there's one thing you can't do."

"What?" he asked.

"Produce your friend Yee Wong."

'That's a little hard, but we shall try."

Patrick turned and cried out in a very theatrical voice: "Yee Wong, come forth, or the wrath of Buddha shall be upon your head."

A small voice piped up: "You wanne me, cop, I come." And Yee Wong crawled humbly forth from under the counter.

The girl screamed and fled. A vision of the Sergeant's stripes arose before the eyes of young Patrick as he clapped the handcuffs on the wrists of the quaking Oriental.

"SAG" ROOM OPEN AT 2 EVERY DAY

BEHIND THE SCENES

As the manager led me through the Wilbur Theatre to the dressing room of Lynne Overman, who is playing lead in "What a Man!", I wondered if he would be very different backstage from the handsome young fellow before the footlights.

Once in the small, orderly room, my first glimpse was of a man standing before a long table, laden with more cosmetics than any girl would know what to do with, and massaging his face with cold-cream. I recognized him immediately as Mr. Overman. He is about five feet eleven inches in height, and has straight, brown hair and deep-set blue eyes, which are often lighted up by a charming smile. He continued to remove the heavy coat of grease-paint while he answered my questions, proving that two things can be done at the same time.

Mr. Overman says that he first "drifted" onto the stage, probably because he was too lazy to do anything else. But he must have been naturally adapted to this work, because he afterwards stated that acting is a nerve-wrecking profession and a strenuous life, although the only physical strain is on the voice. The type of play in which he prefers to act is farce, and he enjoys playing here in Boston very much.

When his complexion began to take on a more natural semblance, he paused to offer me a cigarette. Expressing his approbation of my refusal, and saying that "Girls would be better off without smoking, anyway," he went back to his rubbing. The layers of make-up were now nearly all off. It is most interesting—this metamorphosis of the actor to the civilian.

I then asked his views on dramatics in high schools, and he replied, "I think it is a very fine thing if under competent direction."

When I questioned him about his favorite sports, he answered promptly, "Polo and Hockey. I'm crazy about football, too," he went on enthuiastically, "but the games always come on Saturdays along with the matinees."

At present this hero of "What a Man" is staying at the Bellevue Hotel, until October 8. He has the whole day free, the only rehearsals being when a new member enters the cast, and after the evening performance he reads, writes, plays cards, and goes to bed. "Actors are really just the same as everybody else," he laughed.

Mr. Overman concluded by saying that he didn't mind being interviewed by high school reporters at all, and requested a copy of our SAGAMORE.

DOMESTIC CLUB MEETING

The first meeting of the Domestic Science Club was held Sept. 27, 1927. Twenty-one girls were present. The officers elected were: Dorothy Muloney, President; Barbara Wade, Vice-President; Ellen Smith, Treasurer; Esther Grcham, Secretary.

"YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

Hear ye children, this is the initial number of the far-famed SAGAMORE for the year 1927-1928 and would it be amiss to say a few words about Ye School Gossip?

Do ye sey no—verily I shall continue.

Our building is sorely crowded as is easily to be seen at any lunch period (especially when I want tickets).

The entering hordes of Freshmen are to be likened to the sheep wandering from the fold; they are here, there, in fact everywhere except where they should be!

Last year's Freshmen and Sophomores are one step ahead toward their goal—the favored few—The Seniors.

The Seniors strut more than ever (if possible) and are so darned important!

It is a shame you cannot go to the various nomination meetings and see the I-make-a-motion people do their loudest.

It seems the loudest ones are heard first.

For instance the Junior meeting was replete with exceeding wise cracks by Mr. Jewett, and enough persons were chosen to start a nomination club.

Need I remind all classes to vote a straight Republican ticket?

My last word (and I will have the last word) is to pledge myself to the Sag to ferret out all the gossip honestly (or otherwise) obtainable and to present it here for your approval.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Robert Hall '26. Played Football, Hockey, Track, Tennis. and Baseball. Was made all-scholastic left-field in 1926.
2. 1926—Roger Gleason.
3. Norman Shikes.
4. Morris Bronstein.
5. 1514.
6. Mr. Elmer Case.
7. Andrew Murray.
8. 1893.
9. Harold Singer.
10. Puebla de las Mujeres.

DR. ROBERTS

It was with deep sorrow and regret that the pupils and teachers alike of B. H. S. learned of the death of Dr. Roberts, a former member of the faculty, and the head of the Latin Department. The entire school is interested in knowing of the achievements of this great teacher and well beloved man.

Dr. Roberts came to B. H. S. in Sept., 1900, from a private school, Penncharter. His father was a teacher before him, the principal of a public school in Cambridge. Dr. Roberts was acknowledged to be one of the most distinguished teachers in secondary schools. He edited, in conjunction with his friend, Professor Rolfe, a series of Latin text books known as: "The Roberts and Rolfe Series". Dr. Roberts was offered from time to time Latin chairs at various colleges but he preferred to teach in a secondary school because of the closer-personal relationship with the pupils. At one time he was offered the position of headmaster of Exeter Academy, but refused to consider this position on account of his religious opinions. Dr. Roberts graduated from Harvard with an A.B. and later received a Ph. D. degree from the same institution. He gave his last ounce of strength to the work of the school and retired because of illness. Dr. Roberts fought bravely against pernicious aenemia, a disease which sapped gradually all of his strength and which eventually led to his death. His three children have all graduated from B. H. S. and are doing splendid work. His daughter, Louise, took her Ph.D. in history at Radcliffe several years ago. His older son Maurice is a public school teacher in Minnesota and his younger son Ben is pastor of a large church in Vermont.

Dr. Roberts will be remembered because of his great and noble service to Brookline High School. He developed also the pageantry of Class Day and took command of it for twenty-five years;

R Colyum

A few of us haven't woke up to the fact that school has started. "The only cure for grief is action."

Wouldn't it be remarkable if we could learn by absorption? Then all that would be necessary, would be to place a copy of Cicero's Orations or Buke's Conciliation under your pillow every night and receive an A next day.

"Work supplies the daily food but cheerfulness gives it relish." No wonder, the boys who work in the lunch room are so gay and polite.

Our last year's "Georgia" has been replaced.

Have you heard the successors of last year's trio? They Broadcast during the first lunch period at table two every Thursday.

The famous sheik of last year's class is taking a Post-Graduate Course.

Judging from the way a few of us drive to school, Pete de Poolo's mark will be well contested.

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.
Carl Sandburg.

Remember the fog last Sunday? Well, I weathered that in a thirty-foot sloop! God helps all fools! Although a light fog had rolled in during the night, I set out early, thinking the wind would soon blow it away. An hour later I was enveloped in a solid bank of murk. I couldn't see five yards in any direction. I tried sailing by compass. The tide was dropping fast! Even though I knew the bay was full of sand banks I tried to stick to the channel. I was outward bound but lost! Suddenly with a scraping sound she struck a sand bank and stuck! I brought the ship about hoping to swing off, but she held fast. I tried to pole off but couldn't. Marooned for the day! Six long hours to wait! Nothing but fog! fog! fog! Then, I composed this paragraph.

I'm wearing my room-mate's patent leathers.
What for?
The patent on mine expired.
—Jack o'Lantern.

Stumble-heels: May I have this dance?

Fox-trotter: Why yes, if you can find anyone to dance with you.

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RADIO SHOW

(Continued from Page 2)

a half hour. I asked her to cut it down, but she insisted that it would take her only 15 minutes. Well, she tal'ed for 15 minutes and was still going with great gusto, and Vincent Lopez was waiting at the Pennsylvania to 'Go on the Air'. I signalled the control-board and at the end of her next sentence they threw to Lopez and our lady-friend was talking to no one but herself! She finished finally and I signed her off and announced Lopez who was already on the air. As she left the studio she heard the studio loud speaker in the middle of a jazz number. She turned to me exclaiming, 'My goodness, you transfer controls quickly!'"

At this time a little man came between "Bill" and me and his first words were, "You are Bill Harrison, aren't you? I knew that voice the moment I heard it." (Just an example of what it is to be well known.)

"To get back to my story" he continued after this interruption, "In 1926 I managed a station on Cape Cod, and then I was struck with a brainstorm and my present idea of nightly broadcasts is that brainstorm. Judging by

(Continued on Page 7)

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ANDY GUMP SPEAKS

Well, we've been back in school a month or more (I guess more) now so we are pretty well acquainted with our new books and teachers. Most of the sun-burn has worn off along with the summer love affairs. I see some of our last year's Juliets are still being wooed by their last year's Romeos. I s'pose it is pretty serious when two are seen together two years a goin'.

By the way, any of you guys or gals that have questions on love, marriage or and other foolish diseases can write me and I'll answer you. If you don't want your question published, just enclose a ten-spot and then try and keep me from puting it in. Here is one letter I got:—

Dear Andy Gump: I love my sweetheart very much but every time he comes to see me he brings his u'e and I hate the things. What shall I do? Alicia

Ans. Try playing the piano for his benefit. I think this ought to cure him. Andy

Please write on only one side of the paper as I like to use the other side for scrap paper. That reminds me, I'd like to have the scrap paper Tunney got for lic'ing Dempsey. What I could do with a million berries is nobody's business. S'long,
Andy Gump.

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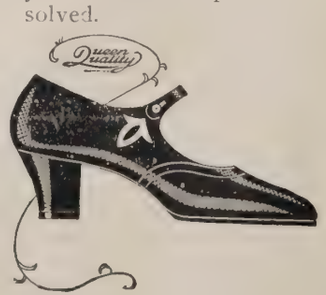

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LIBRARY NOTES

We take this opportunity to welcome Miss Strout, the new assistant Librarian. Miss Strout is a graduate of Boston University. She will be at the Public Library afternoons to help pupils in their research work.

New Books at B. H. S.

1. Emigrants by Boyer,—a story of the Northwest.
2. First Crossing of the Polar Sea by Amundsen and Ellsworth.
3. American Orations by Johnston.
4. Through Magic Casements by Carhaet and McGhee (collection of poems).
5. Chemistry and the Home by Howland Turner.
6. Economic Geography by Whitbeck and Finch.
7. Pictorial Dictionary of the French Language by Pinloche.
8. How to Work with Tools and Wood by the Stanley rule and level plant.
9. American Debate by Miller.
10. Oliver Twist by Dickens, a new illustrated edition.
11. Giants on the Earth by Rolraag, a story of the Norwegian settlements of Dakota.
12. The Conquered by Mitchison, a story of the conquest of Gaul by Julius Caesar from the point of view of a Gaul.
13. Airmen and Aircraft by Arnold.
14. The First World Flight by Thomas.
15. More One-act plays by Cohen.
16. Act of Seeing by Woodbury and Perkins.
17. Causes and their Champions by Howe.
18. Character, Conduct and Study by Cunningham.
19. Study of Costume by Sage.
20. England in Tudor Times by Salzman.

RADIO SHOW

(Continued from Page 6)

the many letters I have received commenting on them, the people in front of the loud-speakers like 'Cruising the Air.'

"I believe that this Radio-Aero show proves that the junk type of set is doomed, and the general trend is toward standardization. Soon, I imagine television will be in every home but I must say that as soon as everybody can see as well as hear the entertainers, there will be a lot of disappointed old maids."

And thus ended a very pleasant half hour with Mr. Harrison. Before I left the show I had an opportunity to meet the man who is responsible for the success of the show. Mr. Sheldon H. Fairbanks, director of the Radio-Aero show, is a genial man with a most pleasing and interesting personality. For the six preceding years he has introduced many novelties to New Englanders, but this year's show surpasses all of his previous efforts, combining the wonderfully entertaining and educational features, with the foremost science of the day. A man whose time is so fully taken could only give me a few minutes, but in that time I learned that he is always striving to please his public, gives the best that is in him to any enterprise he undertakes; can be courteous and generous to a school boy, and hopes his efforts will be beneficial not only to the business of New England, but be an incentive to the youth of the section to enter into these new fields of science and industry.

Brookline High was well represented both in the matter of exhibitors and spectators. Several B. H. S. boys are working in various booths and a generous share of B. H. S. students took in the sights.

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We are absolutely certain Pat and Mike never said all the things that are attributed to them. They wouldn't have lived long enough to do it.

Prof: When was Rome built?
Stewdent: At night.
Prof: Where did you get that answer?
Stewdent: Well, Rome wasn't built in a day.

The meanest guy in the world is the one who purposely walks on his girl's feet while he is dancing with her in order to keep his rival from having the next dance.

"Did that fellow keep going after he hit you?" the bystander asked the pedestrian, a-sprawl in the road.
"No," dazedly replied the victim, "he kept coming."

The critic wrote: The play ended, happily." What a whale of a difference a little comma makes.

Judge: Rastus, you are up here for intoxication.
Rastus: Fine, Jedge; bring on the intoxication.

"Do you believe in matrimony."
"I believe in any kind of money I can get."

Girls today are judged by their appearances, but more by their disappearances.

Spoof: I hear the fellows call her Radiolite.
Goof: Why so?
Spoof: They say she shines when you turn out the lights.

Don't you think Mary looks like a lovely flower?"
"Yes, like one of these century plants."

Sandy wanted to take his wife for an airplane ride. The airdrome proprietor told Sandy that if he did not make any noise or speak, the price would be cut to half rate. When they came down, the pilot complimented him on his keeping silent.
"Thank ye," answered the Scotchman," but you almost had me when me wife fell out."

"Pop, I want to go to college."
"What do you want to go to college for?
The traveling salesman knows just as good ones."

Madame Glyn: The first woman to make an indefinite pronoun definite.

"I hear there's a new baby at your house, William," the teacher said to a pupil.
"I don't think so," replied the boy. The way he cries sounds to me like he had a lot of experience."

I doctor myself by the aid of medical books."
"Yes, and some day you'll die of a misprint."

Mother (trying to patch up quarrel between young lovers): Now, Mildred, you must not mind Harold's fretfulness. He is just temperamental, you know.
Mildred: Oh, really! I thought that maybe he was teething."

Butterfly: C'mon, kid; gimme a kiss.
Cuthbert: Oh, no; I have grave trepidations.
Butterfly: Aw, that's all right; I'm vaccinated.

Rumors have it now that even the race between Ben Hur and his opponent (I don't know his name) was a frame up.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 2 BROOKLINE, MASS., OCTOBER 20, 1927 TEN CENTS

BROOKLINE - EVERETT CLASH

MEMBERS OF TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL, 1927-28

Class Presidents		*Marshals*
Edward Cole	Senior	Edwin Brown
Chandler Hagenberger	Junior	Jaqueline Densten
Frank Neer	Sophomore	Ruby Brettler
Chester Litman	Freshman	Fred Sherry

Capt. of Marshals—John W. Jewett

Dean of Girls—Miss Sawyer

Athletic Director—Mr. Hines

Teachers by Election

Mr. Packard, Chairman
Mr. Hollingsworth
Mr. Taylor
Miss Bliss
Miss Ricker (Sec., Treas.)
Miss Lewis
Miss Gardner

Members of Court of Justice—1927-28

Chief Justice—Eugene Record

Capt. of Marshals—John W. Jewett

Faculty Adviser—Mr. Priest

Class Representatives

Edward Cole	Senior	Louis Brown
Chandler Hagenberger	Junior	Edith Greenleaf
Frank Neer	Sophomore	Alvin Weinberg
Chester Litman	Freshman	Alice Werner

ASSEMBLY IN INTEREST OF MARSHALS

The assembly on Tuesday, October 11, called in the interest of the Marshals, was opened by Mr. Packard, President of the Teacher-Student Council. Mr. Packard said that the two reasons, why Brookline High is the best High School in the country, are its organization, and its co-operation with the students. He said that a famous French educator, sent over by his government to study the different schools and universities in the East, on the trip back was talking to a man from Brookline. The Frenchman, ignorant of the American's home town, when asked what impressed him most in America, answered that the organization of the Brookline High School could claim this distinction, for it stood out from among all the other schools and universities of the East. Much of the credit for this fine organization, Mr. Packard claimed, is due to Mr. Ackers, Mr. Jewett and Miss Sawyer.

In speaking of the co-operation between the teachers and pupils, Mr. Packard explained the self government in use in the school. First of importance is the Teacher-Student Council composed of nine teachers, the four Class Presidents, four Marshals, and the Captain of Marshals. As its ob-

(Continued on Page 2)

JUNIOR ELECTIONS

Polls were open for the Junior class elections in the auditorium on Thursday, October 13th.

Every Junior with seven points was eligible to vote.

Once more, the class of 1929 has elected Chandler Hagenburger as their president. Hagenburger is a good leader, and well respected by all members of the school.

Jacquelyn Densten has once more proved her popularity and has become vice-president.

The secretary is Edward Hannon, who was also secretary last year.

For the office of treasurer, Marjorie Norwood was chosen.

All these successful candidates are popular members of their class. They are extremely efficient to carry on the work of the class.

TO THE ALUMNI

The first and second issues of the "Sagamore" are being sent to all our alumni. Other issues will be sent to subscribers only. The subscription price is $1.00 for the year. Any who wish to subscribe should fill in the blank below and mail with subscription at once. We hope for a generous response.

I wish to subscribe for the "Sagamore" 1927-28.

Name

Address

(Make checks payable to the "Sagamore")

MAY DETERMINE LEAGUE TITLE

Saturday's football game with Everett begins Brookline's fight for the Suburban League Football Championship. Dan Rollins is back again—full-back as well as returned.

Harvard lost to Purdue and then came back and walloped Holy Cross, maybe that's the same kind of strategy employed at Brookline, who bowed to Brockton, so expect a real victory at Everett Saturday. Brookline will be 10 times as keen, 20 times as aggressive, and 30 times as spectacular than before, because of the scrimmage with Boston Trade and Country Day Schools.

The team is expected to out-rush, out-pass, out-goal Everett and the only thing we will concede to Everett is to out-fumble us. The bigger they are the harder they fall. What more can Brookline ask for than a swift field of glory like the one with Everett last year, at Braves Field, that brought the championship to the red and blue.

(Continued on Page 3)

SENIOR OFFICERS ELECTED

The Senior nominations were held two weeks ago today in the auditorium, with "Teddy" Cole, last year's Junior President as presiding officer. The nominations were addressed to the chair and recorded by John Jewett. The importance of every Senior's vote was pointed out by Mr. Jewett at the close of the meeting. He impressed upon the gathering the significance of the offices, reminding the Seniors that as the leaders of the school their officers must be capable. "As goes the Senior Class so goes the school". The officers must lead and not be led; they must be of the highest possible calibre, and they must rank among the best fellows in the school. The underclassmen should realize this highest duty of the senior and profit by their example.

The list below is the official ballot with the results of the election, which was held Monday, the tenth.

President: Edwin Brown, 23; *Edward Cole, 58, Dan Rollins, 51; Richard Simmers, 28.

Vice-President: Louise Brown, 25; Carol Densmore, 13; Mariana MacAffee, 37; *Esther Morison, 47; Richard Werner, 38.

Secretary: Margaret Cox, 37; Helen Idell, 20; *Hope Kelsey, 56; Lucienne Wilkinson, 46.

Treasurer: *Eugene Record, 83; Herbert Wilson, 35; John Jewett, 41.

*Elected

OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ALUMNA

Susanne Hoagland Ricker has distinguished herself again. She graduated from Brookline High in 1924, whence she wended her way to Radcliffe, where she has been proving her worth in true Brookline style.

In Brookline she was among the leaders. She was a member of the Honorary Society, and of the French Club, the Year Book Committee, the Senior Social Committee, and the chairman of the Senior Class Pin and Ring Committee. She was a Marshal, and a Senior Adviser. On Class Day she was a Marshal and Banner Bearer. She had a major part in 1924 Dramatics. In Miss Ricker's graduating class, she was branded class flirt in a tie with several others.

At Radcliffe she had leading parts in dramatics and she coached the Freshman play. Now in her Senior year she is vice-president of her class. She is also the circulation manager of "The Radcliffe Daily", the first daily paper to be issued in Radcliffe.

You may be interested to know that a few years ago, our own Miss Ricker of the French department learned that she was definitely related to Susanne. They are third cousins more or less.

THE MARSHAL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

ject is to make this the finest high school in the United States, the Council welcomes any suggestions for the betterment of the school; these should be made through your class representatives.

The next on order is the Court of Justice in which the penalty of any offender is given entirely by the student's who compose the Court, under their very able Chief Justice, Eugene Record. Though there is a faculty adviser beside the nine students in the Court, the teacher has no vote. Its only restriction is the matter of suspension, which may be imposed with the consent of the Head-Master.

There may be plenty of organization to make rules, but unless there is some group to see that they are carried out, the rules are worth nothing. So it remains for the Marshals to carry out the rules laid down by the Teacher-Student Council. The Captain of the Marshals is elected by the Marshals themselves, who are elected by the school.

John W. Jewett, captain of the Marshals, having been introduced by Mr. Packard, asked that everybody help the Marshals by keeping to the right, and obeying other traffic rules. As the teachers are not exempt from these rules, Captain Jewett asked that they also co-operate with the Marshals. He then asked the students' aid in the lunch room by carrying back trays and by not throwing paper around. In closing, he asked for a hearty co-operation in every way with the Marshals.

Mr. Packard next introduced Paul Meade, last year's Captain of Marshal's. He advised all Freshmen not to leave High School unless it was impossible to continue. Mr. Meade, who has been working in the Brookline Trust Company, since his graduation in June, declared that a high school education was of vital importance to earn a good salary. But of even more importance in the business world, he claimed, is a strong, fine character. He urged everybody to find some inspiration, something to strive for, and live up to, in order to gain this important requisite. Next Mr. Meade urged us to think of our parents. Are we making a success of our school life? Are we living up to the highest ideal? Will our parents be ashamed of us and be cut, as if with a knife, on our graduation night, because they have heard somebody say that their son or daughter was no good, and always running up against the Marshals? Then don't hurt the best friends you have on earth and act like ladies and gentlemen towards the Marshals and their fine captain!

Mr. Packard announced that all the Marshals sitting on the platform had been approved by the Teacher-Student Council.

Mr. Akers then said a few words and adjourned the assembly.

Le Coin Français

Tout en se promenant, un bambin déjeunait
De la galette qu'il tenait.
Attiré par l'odeur, un chat vient, le caresse,
Fait le gros dos tourne et vers lui se dresse:
"Oh! le joli menet!", et le marmot charmé
Partage avec celui dont il se croit aimé.

Mais le flatteur à peine obtient ce qu'il désire,
Qu'au loin il se retire.
"Ah! Ah! Ce n'est pas moi, dit l'enfant conterné,
Que tu suivais; c'était mon déjeuné."

Frédéric II et sa garde.

La garde de Frédéric II, roi de Prusse, était composée de soldats choisis dans les régiments de son armée. Il avait l'habitude, quand un nouveau soldat paraissait dans sa garde, de lui poser ces trois questions: "Quel âge avez-vous? Depuis quand êtes-vous à mon service? Etes-vous satisfait de votre habillement et de votre paie?"

Une fois on choisit pour le garde un jeune Français qui ne parlait pas allemand. Son capitaine l'avertit que le roi lui poserait trois questions et lui enseigna les résponses dans l'ordre exact. Dés son arrivée le lendemain le roi s'approcha du soldat pour l'interroger mais il commença par la deuxiéme question: "—Depuis quand êtes-vous dans mon armée?—Vingt ans, sire, répondit le soldat. Le roi, frappé de sa jeunesse, lui demanda: "Quel âge avez-vous donc?—Un an, sire.—"Frédéric, de plus en plus étonné s'écria: "Vous ou moi avons perdu l'esprit." Le soldat prenant cela pour la troisiéme question répondit avec assurance: "L'un et l'autre exactement n'en déplaise à votre Majesté. "Le roi lui posa une quatriéme question mais le silence profond du jeune homme montra qu'il ne parlait pas la langue allemande. Frédéric comprit alors et s'amusa fort de cette aventure.

Écolier: Est-ce que les poissons se couchent?

Maître: Oh non! . . .

Écolier: Alors, pourquoi dit-on le lit de la rivière?

Elle: Je suis tombé un jour du 6e étage.

Lui: Et vous ne vous êtes pas tué?

Elle: Tiens . . . qui vous l'a dit.

Mère: Cela me fait mal de te voir fumer une cigarette.—

Fils: Cela te ferait encore pius mal si tu le fumais.

JUNIOR MARSHAL MEETING

At a meeting of the Junior Marshals in room 33A on Thursday, October 14, Jacqueline Densten was elected to the Teacher-Student Council, and Edith Greenleaf chosen for the Court of Justice, since Chandler Hagen-Burger, on his election to class presidency, automatically became a member of both institutions.

PRIZE-SPEAKING TRY-OUTS

Prize speaking, an event of outstanding importance during the school year, never fails to bring forth enthusiastic response for its call to "try-outs." This year fifty girls and twenty-four boys came to find out the worth of their speaking voices before the judges: Miss Jane Perkins, Miss Bliss, Miss Paine, Mr. Priest, Mr. Downey, Mr. Godkin, and Mr. Totman.

Out of this group attending, ten girls and boys were chosen. They are as follows: Girls—Esther Burgen, Margaret Comstock, Dorothy Dangel, Betty Jacobs, Mary Kelley, Gertrude Lakson, Mary MacLellan, Evelyn Rudnick, Dorothy Shapiro, Geraldine Stearns. Boys—Marcus Alper, Melvin Anshen, James Flagg, Kenneth Goodyear, Robert Lett, Robert Levi, Mark Mackey, Isador Pusner, David Shapiro, Sumner Shikes.

Among these promising candidates lies the future prospect of an interesting final performance

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

(Questions)

1. Who is the above and what did he do for Brookline in: (a) The SAGAMORE, (b) Class Day.
2. Who was the president of Alpha Pi in 1924-25?
3. Who were the only two four-letter men that Brookline ever had?
4. Who was captain of marshals in 1924-25?
5. How many lettermen were there on the 1926 football team?
6. Who was "Sonna"?
7. Who was the hero in dramatics, "Officer 666" last year?
8. Who won prize speaking last year?
9. Who was the hero of last year's Spanish Play, "La Puebla de Las Mujeres?"
10. Who cares about this column anyway?

Sophomores Elect Officers

The elections of the Sophomore class were held on Friday, October fourteenth, in the auditorium. The results of the election were as follows:

For President, Frank Neer with a total of ninety-one votes. Vice-President, Eleanor Thomas with sixty-three votes. Secretary, Alice Gordon with the largest number of votes—112. Treasurer, Esther Graham with fifty-five votes.

FORMER B.H.S. STUDENT HONORS OUR SCHOOL

The other day Mr. Akers received a letter from a member of the faculty of Northeastern University, telling of the achievements of one of our former students, Alfred Ewer. The author of the letter, Mr. M. J. Schalgenhauf, wrote that Mr. Ewer had earned the degree of Bachelor of Business Administration, and that he had served as class president and treasurer. He added that Mr. Ewer had won the Dean's award for having done the most for the welfare of the college, and had shown himself the best exponent of school spirit. It is with great pride that B.H.S. should look upon the record of its former student. This is a very good example of what can be done by one of our graduates. Ewer not only excelled in studies, but also took part in baseball and hockey, and served as captain of the soccer team.

EXCHANGES

As we see Others

The Cub Reporter,
Manhasset High School,
New York.

We were glad to receive your paper last spring, and were sorry not to have the opportunity to comment on it then. It is a complete paper, considering its small size, what there is of it is very well arranged. We suggest adding a page or so, on which might be put more editorials, jokes, and feature articles and perhaps,—do you think you could undertake a short-story contest or something of the sort? We think your "General Organization" is a good idea. Keep it up!

"The Rindge Register",
Cambridge, Mass.

Yours is a good paper,—full of "vim, vigor and vitality". It reflects school spirit in, about and back of everything. We like your variety of news items, and novel contests—such as the School Song one. We want to compliment you especially on your many bright, enlivening cuts and cartoons. We can learn much from you, and would like to continue exchanges.

AS OTHERS SEE US

As Others See Us

"The Cub Reporter"
Manhasset High, N. Y.

The SAGAMORE: Well arranged, reflects all phases of school life.

MY RIVER

Years may come and years may go,
But forever let my river flow.
Oh! for the days that used to be,
When all the world belonged to me!
I knew the paths at every turn,
Where nature's secrets are easy to learn.
You may like the city,
With buildings so high,
But I would rather see the blue, blue sky
And dream, as my river goes by.

BE-AT EVERETT

— SPORTS —

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

LAWRENCE GAME

Lawrence High School scored a decisive win over Brookline in a game played Columbus Day at Lawrence. There was a large holiday crowd on hand completely filling the huge new stands of Memorial Field.

The home team was completely outclassed, and the Lawrence eleven had a great advantage in weight. The heavy Lawrence forwards punctured holes in the Red and Blue defense, time after time for the star backs, Captain Haphey and Janis. The large score 39 to 0 was not fully earned. Several of the Lawrence touch-downs came as the result of lucky breaks. This game marked the return of Pat Cannon to the backfield, and Captain Dan Rollins to his old position as fullback. Pat was a star last year, and although he was used only in the last minute of the game Wednesday, showed that he had lost none of his old time form. Dan Rollins has been out of the game for two weeks with an injured foot, and entered the Columbus Day battle late in the first half.

Captain Haphey of Lawrence won the toss and elected to receive with the wind at his back. Ryan kicked off to the Lawrence thirty-yard line. Two off-tackle thrusts netted eight yards for Lawrence, and Haphey then ploughed through center for a first down. On the very next play Janis carried the ball for the second first down on the Brookline forty-yard mark. Carlstrom and Clark, the right-half back and quarter-back, took their turns at carrying the ball, and gained four yards and two yards respectively. Captain Haphey slid through center for yet another first down. On a fake kick formation Janis carried the pigskin sixteen yards. Janis ran the ball again on the following play; but this time for only two yards. Captain Haphey and Janis together advanced the ball to the visitors' six-yard line for the fourth first down of the game. Janis put the ball on the one-yard line and on the next play Haphey went over for the first score. The extra point was kicked making the score Lawrence 7, Brookline 0.

Brookline's kick-off traveled to the Lawrence twenty-yard line and was rushed back to the thirty-yard mark. The rest of the first period was merely a repetition of the first part. Brookline had the ball for a short time and succeeded in making a first down; but the Lawrence line held, and Ryan was forced to punt. Janis carried the ball on the first play from the seventeen to the forty-seven yard line where he was tackled by Ball. Two off-tackle plays by Clark netted ten yards, Janis circled the Brookline right end for a twenty-six yard gain. Carlstrom and Haphey together carried the pigskin to the Brookline ten-yard line as the first period ended.

The second period started with the ball on the Brookline ten-yard line with four downs in which to score. Janis rushed three times for a touchdown. The try for point after touchdown by Grenda went wild. Lawrence, with the aid of a strong wind, kicked to Lynch on the ten-yard line. Lynch was not downed until he had reached the twenty-seven yard line. Lamont carried the ball on a straight off-tackle play for three yards. Lewis made three more on the other side, and on their third down Ryan punted to Clark on the Lawrence thirty-yard line. Three plays were enough to gain a first down for Lawrence on the Brookline forty-yard line. Carlstrom was stopped without gaining, and Janis tossed for a thirteen-yard loss, when he fumbled. This did not trouble the Lawrence team greatly, and they gained twenty-eight yards on a pass, from Janis to Haphey. The pass put the ball on the Brookline twenty-five yard line. Janis gained three yards and was replaced by Broaca, who gained two yards on the next play. Broaca threw a beautiful pass to the left end Matal for the third touchdown. The extra point was missed. Lawrence once more kicked off to Lynch, who was tackled on the twenty-eight yard mark, Eugene Record, star ball carrier was sent in to take the place of Regan at left half-back. Coach Hines had been saving Record, who had a bruised back. "Gene" promptly ran the ball for a five-yard advance. Two forwards were grounded and Brookline was penalized five yards. Ryan kicked on fourth down to Clark, who was downed on Lawrence thirty-five yard line. Broaca threw a pass, which was grounded, and on the next play gained five yards through tackle. Kaufman was replaced by Goldfine at left tackle for Brookline at this point. The second incompleted forward in that series of downs resulted in a five-yard penalty for Lawrence, Haphey was forced offside on the thirty-five yard line, and the ball went to Brookline. The Red and Blue started a march down the field that almost resulted in a touch-down. Lewis carried the pigskin through guard to mid field for a first down. Lynch gained six yards through center and a forward, Ryan to Record, advanced the ball to the Lawrence twenty-two yard line. Lynch was thrown for a loss as the first half ended with the score Lawrence 19, Brookline 0.

The same team that started the game for Brookline lined up for the kick-off at the start of t he second half. Janis was once more in the Lawrence back-field. Ryan kicked to Clark on the twenty-six yard mark. On first down Carlstrom gained six yards. Janis added six more yards and a first down. Carlstrom, Janis, and Clark, on successive line bucks carried the ball to mid-field. The next four plays netted only seven yards and the ball went to Brookline on the forty-two yard line. Two line bucks by Lewis did not gain for Brookline and a five-yard penalty for off-side made it necessary to kick. The kick carried to the Lawrence thirty-eight yard line. A cross-buck around the left flank of the Brookline defense, Clark to Carlstrom, to Linehan netted six yards. The Lawrence left tackle, Hamilton, was hurt on this play and time was called until he recovered. The same play gained two more yards, and then Haphey carried the ball to the fifty-yard line. Three line plays gained ten yards. Janis was thrown for a yard loss on an off tackle play. Janis dropped back and threw a forward pass, which was intercepted by Captain Rollins on the Brookline forty-yard line. Brookline could not penetrate the Lawrence defense, and the ball was returned to the home team on the Brookline forty-one yard line. A forward pass gained nothing for Lawrence, and Janis was stopped at the line of scrimmage on the second play, just as the whistle announced the end of the third quarter.

As the last period started, Lawrence carried the ball to Brookline's twenty-yard line on two plays and on the third play Haphey crashed through left tackle for a score. He then rushed the ball for the extra point, making the score 26 to 0. The Lawrence kick-off was caught by Ryan on the thirty-yard line. Two plays run by Lewis gained five yards on third down. Ryan kicked to the Lawrence forty-eight yard line. Carlstrom made five yards and Clark added ten more on the next down. Janis threw a pass to Linehan, who ran thirty yards for a touch-down. Haphey scored the extra point through right guard making the score 33 to 0. As the teams were lining up for the kick, Cannon was sent out to replace Lewis in the Brookline back-field. Lawrence kicked to Brookline. On the first play, Cannon advanced the ball one yard. Ryan's punt was blocked on second down, and recovered by Linehan on the one-yard line. On the first attempt Janis hurdled the center of the line for a touch-down. Haphey was thrown for a loss on the try for the point after touchdown, making the score 39 to 0. Lawrence kicked off once more to Lynch.

Ryan kicked to the Lawrence thirty-five yard mark. There was no further scoring, although Lawrence had the ball on the two yard line as the game ended.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

With the attendance doubling at each practice, Miss Kelley looks forward to some excellent class teams for the fall sports. At the first meeting of Speed Ball candidates, seventy-nine enthusiasts came out.

Hikes have been taken each Thursday, the last one being to the late Professor Sargent's estate, the girls hiked all around the very beautiful and extensive grounds, spending a very enjoyable afternoon. The weather at this time of year is best fitted for hiking and everyone who participates always enjoys herself. Why aren't there more girls out for it? Remember, it counts just as a class team towards your varsity "B"! The name of the hiking group is going to be changed to the Outing Club and a more extensive plan for their fall meetings is about to be formed.

BROOKLINE TO MEET EVERETT

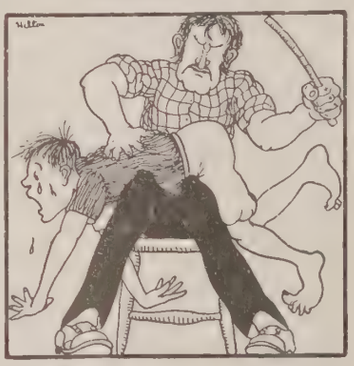
(Continued from Page 1)

Everett has a reputation gained in past years and emphasized this year, to be "tough turkey" for any team to beat. The Everett machine should not be under-estimated. They have hitched their wagon to a star-captain but when the Brookline tractor plows down the field, it keeps right on coming, while now and then Capt. Rollins gets off a brilliant forward pass for Ryan to grab. We have had some Happy Hines days before, with Everett.

Brookline's scoring depends, chiefly, on the speed and snap of "Pat" Cannon, Capt. Rollins, and "Red" Record, and the uplifht toe of "Jim" Ryan. A formidable line will face Everett.

A football victory is a three-sided affair—the school, the coach, the team. It is up to every boy and girl in school to be at the game. They have got to bring with them cheers and enthusiasm and that encouragment that makes a team face eleven wildcats, and before the halves are over they are picking their teeth after a good meal on the gridiron. It is up to the coach to put the team on the field "fighting to go" and to give them the final instructions and to watch each move. The team's responsiblity is the greatest of all; if it works together it can accomplish wonders. Everlasting teamwork every minute of play and oh! how, those lines will roll by. Brookline expects every boy and girl to do their duty on the field, and in the cheering section.

Because of the rivalry between these two schools, because of the evenly matched teams, because of the well-backed players, the game promises to be a wow! a humdinger!



How Many Deficiencies Did This Fellow Get?

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman. The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXIV OCTOBER 20, 1927 NO. 2

DOING ONE'S BIT

The echo of B.H.S. has entered upon another volume of its career. The SAGAMORE, the means by which the doings of the school are conveyed to you, has already been presented in all its glory.

It may seem a comparatively simple project—this issuing of a paper—to those who merely peruse the SAG. Without a doubt, its readers find it a decidedly interesting and recreation feature of high school life. Perhaps, go so far as to say that the SAG would be sorely missed, if by some misfortune, it were to be discontinued.

In order to publish a really good paper, each one of us should do his share, either by subscribing or contributing. Everyone is not endowed with the gift of writing, but certainly anyone is capable of procuring, in some way or other, one dollar with which to obtain a subscription. This may seem too large a sum to dispose of at one time, but the credits, in the transaction, efface the debits. If you have not already ordered a SAG, do so now. We guarantee there will be no regrets.

Financial support is not the only requisite in the maintenance of a paper. Literary contributions are as indispensable as monetary subscriptions. If the literary gods have bestowed any mark of genius upon you, do not hesitate to impart your endowments where they will be readily appreciated. Any latent powers should be brought to light. At the same time, do not become depressed if a contribution is rejected. Allow yourself a fair trial before you give up entirely.

Remember! The SAG needs your financial and literary support. Do your bit with a willing spirit. Help to better your school paper, and make it the undisputed best of any of its kind

ENTHUSIASM

"You can do nothing effectually without enthusiasm". It would seem then, that this is a quality well worth having, a quality that would prove of limitless value to us who have so much to accomplish, so much to win. But enthusiasm, like everything else in this world that is worth having, can't be had for the mere asking. That's why so few of us have it, for really, not a great many of us can go about our daily tasks cheerfully, can make play out of our work and yet attain fruitful results. To take a homely illustration—when a history assignment of doubtful length is given you, do you "go over the top with a bang", overcoming the formidable lines with a bang, or do you emit heart-rending sighs, turning each page to measure hopefully the extent and size of maps and pictures that decorate the contents.

Too often it is said that "only fools are enthusiastic." This must be because all fools have the false enthusiasm, really a kind of rashness, immagination without any bonds of common sense. This is the type of enthusiasm that leads to the Detention Room, so just believe that it is something to beware of.

On one of the main streets of Duxbury there stands, or rather did stand a lovely white house. Late last fall, through carelessness, it caught fire. Now in this particular town because fires are few and far between, the fire department is limited to a Ford truck, a single hose affair, and three volunteers. Excitement had been languishing, and so upon hearing the great news the "Three must-get-theres" left in too great a hurry for the scene of action. When they finally made their appearance they found the house well on its way to destruction, and horror of horrors, no hose in the back of their truck. In the heat of the moment their enthusiasm had soured far above the realms of the earth—too far for common sense. Needless to say, by the time reason in the form of the hose was at last attained, there was no fire to fight.

Surely this, then, is not the kind of enthusiasm we want to show around school, for rashness here does not accomplish things effectually.

At this precise moment enthusiasm is decidedly lacking in Brookline High. Our football team is well on its way to defeat and only our enthusiastic support and backing can lead it to the path of success. The same condition, unhappily is too true of the SAGAMORE. There are two things to attack with a gusto, go after them. Don't let it be said of you, as it was said of a member of one of our local churches, "This corpse has been a member of our institution for four years." Start now, attain enthusiasm and use it to solve the problems that are facing our high school.

Sagamore Short Story

A STONE HEART THAT SOFTENED

By Vic Newman

I have lots of time to observe the "collegiate" type of young people who go to our schools nowadays. You see, I own and operate a few "smart" tea rooms and I am not exactly talking up side down. In their atmosphere of speed, vanity, and super-sophistication, most of the young people with whom I have come into contact have sold themselves the idea that they are the whole cheese. Nothing before their time was ever any good, and nothing at all will be until they settle down and make it so.

Whenever a "ticky" young blade with a cigarette in his hand and a grin on his face comes over to me in one of my tea rooms and tries to give me a "sleigh ride", or tries to "string" me, my mind jumps back to the old days, when I had a reporter's job on the "Boston Bear" In those days we had to be hard-boiled.

Talking of hard-boiled people reminds me of the story of Tom Chapple, which I will never forget. He was the Chief Editor of the paper, when I worked for it. The boys in the office called him "Stony", for his heart was carved out of cold marble. Whenever there was a particularly harrowing and unpleasant thing to be done "Stony" would step in where some of the other ten minute eggs quit cold. He looked for danger and laughed at it. "Stony" was a gentleman through and through—don't forget that! He had no heart, that was all.

He was almost human when he was with his friends. His gray eyes would smile, but not very often. It was a clever man who could make "Stony" forget his sorrow and hardness, for his only daughter Helen had been killed in a train wreck some years back. Ever since that time Tom Chapple had become a discontented Sphinx. The gap left had soured him permanently, and what can you do with a man who won't be consoled?

One day, during a lull in the office, the Chief Editor stepped out of his office and called to me.

I had no idea why the boss called me into his office. Probably it was because I was sitting nearer to him. Well, anyway, I went into his office and he told me to sit down.

"Esmond, I want you to do something.'

"Sure, Chief," I said.

"Well, I just received a phone call from the Big Chief down at Police Headquarters and he wants me to go there and see him."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to come along with me. I might need you."

"Why?" I said rather quickly, "all right, chief, sure!"

Can you picture it—he was asking me to go on one of those famous "Chapple errands" with him. Stony was almost as well known down at head quarters as he was at the office. He was a friend of the Big Chief, and quite often helped him out in matters that the Detective Bureau was unable to cope with.

We hopped into a car, and quickly got down to the police station. In a few minutes we were closeted with the Big Chief.

"Hello, Tom." he said, disregarding me entirely, "Have a chair."

"Hello, Jim," said Chapple, "what's the trouble?"

"Well," said the other, a big man, with broad shoulders, "you know a couple of weeks ago someone stuck up Bloomstein's Shoe Store and got seven hundred dollars."

"Oh, yes, I remember." Chapple leaned forward. "Well, got any idea who did it?"

"That's just it, Tom. I've got an idea but nothing else. The vaguest suspicion in the world."

"What would you do about it?"

"I couldn't arrest him. No charge at all to hold him in custody. Anyway, I know where he is, and I know that he won't run away because he's too smart. I'm going to take you up there. It's up to you to find out whether he did the job or not."

We hopped into another cab and started on our way to the place where this fellow was hanging out. It was a

(Continued on Page 5)

WITH A SHAKESPEARIAN ACTOR

Conversing with Fritz Leiber, who is now playing in a series of Shakespearian Dramas at the Arlington Theatre, is like talking to Hamlet, Shylock, Caeser and other immortal characters all in one. And something of the magnetic personality, which is probably one of the secrets of this actor's success, was revealed to me in an unattractive little room back-stage.

It was here, a few minutes after a performance of "The Merchant of Venice", that Mr. Leiber was sitting opposite me. He is a tall, gray-haired man, with fine, intellectual features. I was impressed by the deep shadows under his eyes, which semed at first to be part of the make-up used to enhance the pallor of Shylock's complexion. But I guess they were genuine shadows.

True to the form of the conventional reporter, my first question was, "Why did you go on the stage?"

"Well," he replied, smiling, "you see I wanted to be a preacher—an Epsicopal preacher—but I couldn't afford the time necessary to get my degree, and as I had had some success in amateur acting, I just went. That was twenty-three years ago, and I liked it so much that here I am." He paused to ask someone to get two togas that had to be cleaned from his dressing room. So if any of you notice a couple of togas floating around on the Arlington's stage, first see if the cleanser did a good job.

Except for two years of acting in modern plays, Mr. Lieber has always been in Shakespearian rôles. "They are much more gratifying," he explained." I believe that Shakespeare was essentially a dramatist. He had no idea that his works would be used in English classes; they were intended for the stage. They have pictorial value because of the action. Even if they were enacted in pantomine, you would be able to understand the plot."

He contrasted them with Ibsen's plays, which have little action. He said that both Shakespeare and Ibsen had keen analytical power, but the former, while keeping his characters true to life, could redress them and bring out the most beauty in each.

The versatility of this man who can jump from Hamlet to Shylock over night is remarkable, and I asked him if the many lines of these various plays were not confusing. "No," was the instant reply." I have never learned the lines of Shakespeare's plays—they just seeped in. Anyway, they stick more easily than those of a modern play. Perhaps it's because of the rythm, but I think it's because they are so worth while," he concluded.

As I went out of the stage-door (chills and heart-throbs), I met a group of eager children clamoring for Mr. Leiber's picture. They probably got it.

"YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

I'll wager that many of our girls who are letting their hair grow, wish they could isolate themselves for a few months.

We had a look at the noble lads and lassies who are to guide our destinies in the corridors and elsewhere for the coming year. Methinks it would be exceedingly wise to behave ourselves.

Many olde familiar faces were among those seen on the platform and our olde friend Paul Meade was given a warm reception.

The courage displayed by some of our boys when called upon to speak from the platform is remarkable. But then—it may be inherited!

Ye olde school spirit is sadly slipping, and only the faithful few are to be seen at the away-from-home games. It behooves ye sporting boys to grab off your date for the Newton game. I notice that many lads have already done that noble deed.

The Rockingham Race wasn't the only race held on Columbus Day, much more thrilling was the one held by the B. H. S. students coming home. What a ride!

In regard to the elections, it seems that the Republicans carried off all honors, as I predicted last week.

A real bit of olde fashioned fun was had by all when a mouse was seen to run across the lunch-room floor, the other day.

A certain "200" swimmer of ours is very lucky (?) at "spinning the bottle" at the end of the 1st lunch period.

There really isn't much to write about and I wish that somebody would do something, so I would have something to write about.

Crying Out as loud as I can.

FOR THE PARENTS

The Brookline Women's Club will give a Carnival at Whitney Hall for two days starting, November 1. The money will go towards Community Service, the feeding of undernourished children; war veterans; the needs of the Children's Hospital; and scholarships for the girls at the high school.

There will be a luncheon, cabaret, and dance and also a Scholarship Bridge.

LIBRARY LINES

A Brookline citizen has offered 2 prizes of $5 each, one for adults, and one for pupils of the high school for the best photographs taken in the Boston and Brookline parkways.

The photographs may be of any size, but must be suitably mounted and in the Public Library by Nov. 1st. There will be an exhibit then of the prize winners and other photographs of interest. This is a very good opportunity for those of you with a camera and a taste for photography. Fenway Park offers good hunting.

Summer Reading

A number of the teachers have told us what they found interesting in their summer reading. Thinking that it may be acceptable also as winter reading, we offer it here to you:

Miss Liden—"Moby Dick" because of its unusualness and point of view.

Mrs. Nasmyth and Miss Young—"Giants in the Earth" by Rölvaag. This tells picturesquely of how the hardships of South Dakota pioneer life were overcome.

Mr. Downing—"Woodlanders" by Thomas Hardy.

Miss Gardner—"Revolt of the Desert" by Lawrence. This is a book of Arabian adventure in the World War.

Miss Nickerson—Temple Bailey's "Blue Window", a girl's story.

Mr. Hetherston — Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" which he read for the third time and enjoyed it as much as the first. He read some of the new books, but considers them so much froth.

Miss Ricker and Miss Poland—Guide-books.

Mr. Hollingsworth—"Review of Reviews" and scientific magazines.

Mr. Godkin:—"His Children's Children" by Arthur Train.

Miss Allen—either "Pharisees and Publicans" by E. F. Benson or "Tristram" by Edward Arlington Robinson.

Mr. Akers—"Beau Geste" and "Sorrell and Son."

Mrs. Henderson—"The Forsyte Saga" by John Galsworthy.

Miss Miller—"Talna" by Mazo de la Roche.

Miss O'Brien—"Sorrell and Son" in company with others helped her attain her bad eye.

R Colyum

It is all right for some of our girls to be modern but some of them are so far ahead of the times that being modern must seem old-fashioned to them.

* * *

Mr. Bemis has started the year off by showing a few of us what real exertion is. "Mix perspiration with aspiration."

* * *

Flappers—four out of five have it.

* * *

The lunch-room trio is evidently shy of tunes. Submit a list, someone.

* * *

Our alma mater is quite a match-maker. The "Eric" and "Oriole" of a few years back are engaged to be married.

* * *

Did you notice the caption, without an illustration, in the last issue of the "Sag"? "Who is the above and what did he do of note in Brookline High athletics?" Ask R. Cox what the answer is.

* * *

A line, to the wise guys, referred to in a recent assembly. "Life is not a holiday, but an education."

* * *

Have you noticed the unusual names some of the girls in this school possess? I have found Faith, and Hope and I am waiting for Charity.

* * *

Our Freshman class increases in size year by year. Eventually the upper classes will submit to them saying, "Fifty million Freshman can't be wrong:"

* * *

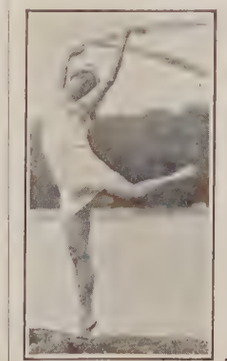
What do you think of our classy ads? Note Kathryn Pope.

* * *

Upon noticing our "car owners" drive up Welland Road every morning, I have come to realize the truth of that old saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" or its more up-to-date version, "Fords rush in where big cars fear to tread."

Answers to Questions

1. Harold Singer, '26. Editor-in-chief of the SAGAMORE, Adjutant—Class day exercises.
2. Nancy Powell.
3. Joseph Meegan, Bert Gleason.
4. Maurice Goudey.
5. 19.
6. Ethel Sonnabend.
7. Fessenden Wilder.
8. Albert Forbes, Esther Graham.
9. Eldridge Watson.
10. Nobody.



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A STONE HEART THAT SOFTENED

(Continued from Page 4)

boarding house in the south end. From their conversation in the cab, I gathered that this fellow's name was Charley Brown, and that he was a small, thin, stoop-shouldered weasel. It sounded like the description of a typical gunman. Small people, you will find, who are criminals, are usually more adept with shooting irons than any other type. This is probably because a small person has an instinctive fear of other people larger than he, and he naturally takes a recourse to something which will give him the advantage on the big fellow. Anyway, if you don't believe it, you won't have to. It's my own personal opinion.

The cab stopped before a brownstone house, the one where Brown was living and we got out.

"What about him?" said the Chief to Chapple, turning his head to me. Something about me must have crawled under the chief's skin.

"O. K." he said, "I want him to come along."

"Well, Tom, you go in. I better stay out here; if you want me, call me."

We went in. His place was on the third floor. We knocked on the door and walked in.

"Good afternoon," said Chapple to Brown, who was sitting at a table. It was an old-fashioned place, fitted up in the very beginning of the Victorian mode.

"I don't know you, stranger. What're you doing here?"

"I'm Chapple of the 'Bear'".

"Never heard of you. Say, what're you doin' here?"

"I want to ask you a few questions about something."

"Is that so? What right have you any way? Get out!"

"Oh, I have the right, all right. You don't know me, but you know who I stand for."

"Who?"

"Just a minute, Mulligan. Charley! Sit down! Don't get excited. Say—mind if I ask you something? Who taught you the stick-up business?"

It was the same story—aggressive, fearless, and relentless.

"You're lyin'! I never—"

"Yes, you never stuck up Bloomstein's store did you?"

"Why, you—"

"Charley, what is it?"

We heard a woman's voice evidently from the adjoining room. A beautiful girl entered the room and looked at us very much astonished. She seemed unable to make head or tail of the situation. Her eyes were blue like the blue on a baby' blanket, only more beautiful.

"What do you gentlemen want, please?"

"I wonder if her name is Helen?" said Chapple softly to himself, in a voice I never heard him use before. It was the anguished moan of someone mortally hurt. I couldn't understand it. I looked at him. He saw me and changed again.

"Who is she, Brown?" he barked out, with that city-room rasp in his voice. "Where did you get her and what is she doing here?"

"Blame you," cried out Brown like a wounded lion at bay, "Stop talking, like that! I can't stand it! O!" he buried his face in his hands. In a few seconds he lifted it again.

"Here, sit down," he said in a subdued voice, "I'm gonna spill the whole dope. Sure, I did that job. I needed the money—I saw a way to get it—I was caught! Caught!"

"All right, Charley. But first, tell me—where'd you meet this girl?"

Brown spoke, not as a murderer, but as if he were a youth just out of school. Love is sweet.

"It was out West. She was the cashier in the railroad restaurant. Gee, but she treated me good. First time I ever got a square break, I guess. I told her I was a travellling salesman. We got married and came back here. Tried just one more trick before getting a job. I was going straight after that, honest! Well—I'm caught."

Again he buried his face in his hands.

"Not yet, Brown. That's a fine wife you've got."

"Yeah. Thinks I'm the greatest guy that ever lived. Well, it's all over now. No use talking any more."

But now Tom. He was looking at the girl.

"What's your first name?" he asked.

"Jessica," she replied.

"H'm," said Stony.

There was a few minutes of silence; then Chapple said in his biting voice, "tonight you two take a cab up to Back Bay. Get to Harden there. I'll leave orders with him, then jump a train for the west."

Brown was speechless but the girl got the light of what he was saying. She seemed to sob.

Then she said, "Thank you, Mr. Chapple. Charles is good. Oh, how happy we'll be out west."

But Stony was not listening to her. He was buttoning his coat.

"Write to me and let me know how you're getting along, Charley. Goodbye."

On the stairs I said, "I hope they make the grade, Tom." I had never called him Tom before, no one did.

"They will," he said and sighed.

We met Mulligan waiting in the cab.

"Well?" he asked.

"Lay off," said Stony, "nothing doing, answered all my questions. He's not the guy you want, Mulligan."

"Well, I guess you're right, Tom," said the other in a disappointed voice.

"We'll have to keep on looking. Going my way?"

"No, back to the office. See you again."

We got another cab. When we were in it I said, "If you don't mind, chief, why did you think her name was Helen?"

"Starrett," he answered ever so softly, "my girl, Helen, looked just like her—she looked just like her—just like her."

I said nothing and gazed out of the window. THE END

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

"The Girls' League" is an organization formed to make Brookline High School a better, more livable place for all the girls in the school. It is a democratic league, each member of which may be of service in helping all the new girls to find their niche within these walls; in making sick and at-home girls realize they are missed; in attempting to keep the reputation of B. H. S. for "fine" girls, ever in the minds of the faculty and public. The organization has proved itself a club to which any or all girls may belong on an equal basis, and through their own committees plan jolly good times.

The following are chosen from the league to act as "Senior Adviser" to the freshmen and new girls:

Muriel Dunn, chairman; Eleanor Anderson, Marion Arnett, Louise Barrett, Helen Bickerstaff, Louise Brown, Pauline Bunshaft, Margaret Cox, Margaret Comstock, Dorothy Dangel, Carol Densmore, Marianna McAffee, Alice McCullough, Helen Mettetal, Catherine Murray, Gertrude Nisson, Lois Ormes, Edith Prince, Jessamine Sherbert, Loraine Sibley, Annie Gray, Helen Gray, Pauline Hansen, Martha Hardy, Marion Healey, Charlotte Helman, Hope Kelsey, Helen Levenson, Dorothy Logan, Marion Lyons, Mary Maher, Josephine Smith, Bertha Stonehouse, Jean Thayer, Kathleen Ure, Lucienne Wilkinson, Ruth Douglass, Catherine Minahan.

The following are "Junior Advisers:"

Agnes Alm, Alice Colby, Jacquelyn Densten, Estelle Friedman, Beatrice Finn, Edith Greenleaf, Gertrude Lakson, Pauline Miller, Margaret Stein.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

B are the books that we all have to use
R is the romance we shouldn't lose.
O are the zeros that we sometimes get,
O -an expression we all hear yet.
K is the kourting we all have to do,
L are the lazy ones that won't get through.
I is the ink with which to write,
N is the nothing that some do at night.
E stands for excellence—doing it right.

H is as happy as we ought to be
I means IT, what use I can't see.
G are the girls, we can't get along without 'em
H —those hours, gee, how we count 'em.

S is the season so brightly begun
C are the crabbers who'll never have fun.
H is h'averdupoise for those that are stout
O is the mark that will flunk us out.
O is only that we could stay here a longer time
L is for lunch-room—I mean the line.

Lawrence Andrews.

ONE OF OUR BUSY ALMUNAE

In addition to retaining a rank in her courses which places her name on the Dean's list at Radcliffe College this fall, Rosalind Kelsey ('28) B. H. S. '24, is also very much occupied with the social and athletic activities at college. She is chairman of the "Idler" reception committee which is running the first big dance of the year, October 21st,—a dance which uses two large halls and two orchestras. Miss Kelsey also originated and superintended the "stunts" at the Senior-Freshman picnic last Saturday. This involved no less onerous a task that acting as referee at the "Tunney-Dempsey" prize fight, re-enacted by two prominent members of the Senior Class. Radcliffe is dedicating six new clay tennis courts, this fall, and Miss Kelsey, who has won her class championship in tennis every year, is at the head of the committee which will welcome Mrs. Weightman and the Misses Palfrey, next Monday, Oct. 17, for exhibition matches on the new courts.

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TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

To many students the words "Teacher-Student Council" is merely a term that conveys no understanding. Yet in reality it is an important organization in the student government, of which Brookline High is rightly proud. It may be compared to the legislature that is a necessary function in all governments. It enacts legislation for the control of the students today. Matters pertaining to a more effective student discipline are discussed freely. The teachers and students meet on an equal footing to express their opinions. This equality tends to bridge the chasm existing between teacher and student and to foster the feeling that the teacher is a co-worker with the student in this organization whose aim is a better Brookline High School.

The decisions thus made by the Council are carried out by the body of Marshals whose duty it is to see that there are no violations of the regulations of the Council. Their task is not an easy one and would be doubly hard if it were not for the good sportsmanship of the students. Indeed, student government would hardly be worth the name government unless all the students gave their heartiest cooperation.

The "Teacher-Student Council" is composed of nine teachers and nine students, the former chosen by vote of the faculty, the latter being the four class presidents, the captain of the marshals, and a representative from the Marshals of each class.

THE GLEE CLUBIAN

On Wednesday, September 21, a call was issued for candidates for the Boys' Glee Club. About fifty boys responded and were accepted.

Instead of Mr. Zanzig, our able instructor of last year, we have Mr. Ring, who, we are sure, will lead us to another successful year. We are sorry to have Mr. Zanzig discontinue his instruction but we are sure that Mr. Ring will capably fill his position. Mr. Ring has heretofore led organizations in California and Boston with remarkable success.

On Thursday, September 30, a meeting was called of the remaining members of last year, in which they nominated and elected Thomas Reynolds, President; Harold Small, Vice-President; Fred Glover, Secretary; and Alvin Weinberg, Treasurer, as the officers of the ensuing year.

The first regular rehearsal was held on Wednesday, Oct. 5.

When a call for members for the Girls' Glee Club came on Monday, September 19, about seventy-five girls came forth. All the meetings thus far have been for the testing of voices.

We wonder if "the bigger they are, the harder they fall" pertains to Glee Clubs. But anyway, here's to more success than last year.

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The Browns were expecting a visit from their pastor. It was the custom of the latter to ask the small children of his flock three questions—their name, age, and, to test their knowledge of right and wrong, he asked them where bad children went. Mary, the young daughter, had received full instructions from her parents and was quite ready to answer the questions.

The minister arrived and asked, "What's your name, little girl?"

Mary answered: "Mary, sir; five years' old; go to hell."

Dog Catcher: Do your dogs have licenses?

Small Boy: Yes, sir, they're just covered with them.

We will now sit quietly while the orchestra plays that little tune entitled "You Never Can Tell What a Red Headed Mamma will Do In A Flat."

Theta: I really shouldn't go to a dance with my lungs like they are.

Beta: But, dearie, not one in ten will notice them.

Being in love is just like ski jumping. First you are up in the air and then you come down to earth with a jar. But, oh, what a thrill you get while you are still up in the air!

The clamor for the designation of a national flower seems to us to be lacking in good taste. Since prohibition was inaugurated the production of lilies has been stimulated and naturally—

"Come on, let's go to prayer meeting."

"Naw; I ain't got a clean shirt and my clothes ain't pressed."

"How about a show?"

"Go on. I'm busted."

"Then how does a date strike you?"

"Sure. I'm on."

Rock a bye senior, on the tree top,
As long as you study your grades will not drop,
But if you stop digging your standing will fall,
And down will come senior, diploma and all.

Professor: These aren't by own figures I'm quoting. They're the figures of a man who knows what he's talking about!

"Have a drink of elephant whisky?"

"What's that?"

"Take one drink and you throw your trunk out of the window."

School Teacher: Now, Willie, be a good boy and when you grow up you may have your face on coins.

Willie: Huh. I'd rather be a bootlegger and get my hands on 'em!

It was speeder's day in the police court. The first offender vowed he was traveling only fifteen miles an hour when apprehended. Next a notorious fast driver told the judge he was going only ten miles an hour.

"And how fast were you going?" asked the judge of Tim O'Brien, third in line.

"May it please the court," said Tim with a straight face, "I wuz backin' up, Yer Honor."

If she seems cold at first, brace up. Chills are often followed by fever.

MOOD (By Virginia Taylor Weiss)

I think, were I a man,
That I would keep a large tobacco can
Filled with my dreams
And I would roll them one by one
Into white papers.
Then, when that was done,
I'd smoke them . . . wistfully
Perhaps . . . . or casually.
You wonder why.
Well, cigarettes are pleasant things,
And that, I think, would be a charming way
For dreams to die . . . .

"I've never kissed a girl in my life," observed the painfully proper man. "Well, don't come hanging around me," announced the young flapper. "I'm not running a prep school."

"I'm goin' to shoot the guy thash married my wife!"

"Be shtill, be shtill! We don't want no murdersh around here!"

"Thish ain't going to be no murder. Thish ish goin' to be shuicide."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 3 | BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 4, 1927 | TEN CENTS

Brookline Loses to Everett

UNABLE TO COPE WITH AIR ATTACK OF OPPONENTS

Red and Blue Theatens to Spoil Clean Slate Record of Crimson

Unable to cope with the practical perfect forward passing game of the opposition or to get its own aerial offensive working effectively, the Brookline High School football team went down before the Everett High School eleven by the score of 33 to 0 in a game played at Everett, Saturday, Oct. 22, to open its Suburban League gridiron campaign. The Red and Blue held its own on the rushing game and by its playing in this department forced the Crimson to the air to make headway and this spelled defeat. Facing a team almost identical with that of last year with an outfit that contained but six men who saw regular service in the 1926 grind, Brookline did exceedingly well to keep down the score and that the Red and Blue threatened to spoil the clean slate record of the Crimson speaks volumes for the play of the locals. Captain Rollins starred in the backfield for the Red and Blue, and Ryan, Pollack, and Ventura did yoemen's work in the line.

(Continued on Page 3)

Girl Cheer Leaders!

There is a new attraction at the football games now, in the form of feminine cheer-leaders dressed in snappy, white uniforms. Mr. Jewett was well pleased with the rally and try-outs for these positions held in Shailer Hall on Saturday, October 29. The following enthusiastic candidates turned out to be judged by Miss Parker and Miss Horne:

Florence Nelson, Faith King, Frances Sullivan, Ruth Kaughmin, Margaret Thompson, Barbara Crane, Eleanor Roach, Helen Hewitt, Vivian Parker, Eleanor Thomas, Ruth Wolper, Alice McCullough, Jane Topham, Claire Driscoll, Carol Densmore, Pauline Miller, Lucienne Wilkinson, Mary Lynch and Helen O'Brien.

From this group the following were selected to be cheer leaders:

Eleanor Roach, Vivian Parker, Mary Lynch, Ruth Wolper, Florence Nelson, Claire Driscoll, Helen Hewitt, Lucienne Wilkinson and Eleanor Thomas.

It would have done good to some of the chronic gloom-spreaders about the decay of school spirit at Brookline High, if they could have been present at this rally, and seen some of the glowing enthusiasm that has been gathering force, all unsuspected in our midst.

NORFOLK COUNTY TEACHERS' CONVENTION

Last Friday was a holiday. The Teachers of Norfolk County had their yearly convention in Tremont Temple. The convention began at nine o'clock. A somewhat lengthy prayer opened the meeting. The first speaker who was a minister, delivered a fiery and interesting speech. He maintained that we, the younger generation, aren't all bad. After which he endeavored to show the faults of both the older and younger generation. However, after telling all about the younger generation, he evidently overlooked telling about the older generation. His speech was well received by the audience in the very well filled hall.

The next speaker was the director of Vocational Guidance of the public schools of Providence, R. I., who addressed his audience about the danger of a child being a misfit in life. After he concluded his remarks, the meeting adjourned until two o'clock.

The afternoon assembly began with the teachers being well entertained by organ, contralto, and baritone solos. The address of the afternoon was delivered by a gentleman from the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. His words were hard to distinguish but his talk was well applauded by his hearers in the half-filled hall. After he concluded his remarks, two pictures were thrown on the screen illustrating his speech. The convention closed at four-thirty o'clock.

HOCKEY TEAM TO MEET NEWTON

Next Thursday at Dean Road Playground the field hockey team plays Newton High in the only home game of the season. Are YOU going to be there? A game, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts: the coach, the team, and the supporters. The coach, Miss Sherman, has spent a great deal of time and effort in developing this team and now feels confident of success; the team, having worked hard and practiced constantly, is also sure that they can conquer their ancient rivals; now, all they need is a host of supporters, for with this they can accomplish wonders. The team needs "vox populi". Surely you can spare an afternoon to help cheer the team on to victory. Of course, you all know that the football team is going to beat Newton on Thanksgiving morning so let's add another Newton victory to our string by standing back of the hockey team in order that they may prove that Brookline is peerless. This promises to be a good game with the team, led by Captain Densmore, out in full strength.

SOPHOMORES INITIATE FRESHMEN INTO SOCIAL LIFE

Armistice Day Celebration Certain To Be a Success

To rub the green of the Freshman in a friendly way the Sophomores (big-hearted boys and girls) designate one grand day for a get-together. The three-months' Freshie is just about beginning to sense the school spirit—he's between grass and hay. His acquaintance in school has been mostly by chance, so that now the kindly Sophomore throws a party on Friday, November eleventh, Armistice Day!—What a significant date for the harassed Freshman! He will now find peace in the friendship of the sophisticated Sophomore. The Freshman has been initiated scholastically and athletically; now he will be initiated socially. Here's your chance, Freshmen, to get Soph-isticated, to the tune of that new song, "The Best Things in the World are Free."

The program has a kick in every item. It has more features than a circus. It starts in the Brookline High School Auditorium, at 2.30, with a Minstrel Specialty Act. Its all-star cast consists of Doris and Dorothea McLean, Claire Sibley, and Eleanor Thompson. Yas Sah, they're the original Gold Dusters.

Next comes that famous one-act comedy, "Pearls" by Dan Totheroh (a little comedy of youth) And what a line!

The characters are:

Peggy Lewis ..... Bernice Kirshen
Ted Lewis ..... Kenneth Goodyear
Polly Lewis ..... Esther Graham
Brown ..... Bertram Dane

Then comes the dancing! Brookline is famous for its Muddy River (where is it?), its money (that we haven't found), and its dances. These dances are real "Brook-liners." The music is created by a real orchestra on a par with "Paul" and "Vincent." "And how!" you can dance. And lastly comes the greatest attraction—The Refreshments.

So remember now! Fix it in your mind!

The time—Fri., Nov 11, at 2.30.

The Place—Brookline High.

The Girl—(We leave only this to you).

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

Whoo-oo-oo! Spooks! Thrills and shrieks! and three cheers for the Girls' League. Who would have guessed what a jolly old place the lunch-room could be? Along the counter, where at noon-time material desires are won't to be satisfied, is now perched a charming troupe of songsters and pocket-comb artists. Down the center of the room is a broad aisle with counters on each side setting forth numerous and varied attractions. Here great chances are being taken courageously. There one may, with open mouth and hopeful eye, jump for the elusive pear swaying teasingly on a string just a bit too short. But at the end of the room is the major attraction. Six shiny pans full of crates with luscious red apples bobbing temptingly within. You guessed it! The old indoor sport of ducking for apples. And what girl here would not risk her wave to procure one?

A peanut-hunt starts off the festivities and a potato-race arouses wild enthusiasm. In the teachers' lunch-room where usually nothing more than polite intercourse is sustained, a phonograph is emitting uncertain music which probably couldn't be heard even if not in competition with eight or ten dancing couples talking at the top of their lungs. But from the similar inclosure on the other side of the room issues forth no such joyous clatter. The windows are hung with black and a placard by the door reads: "Come and hear the gruesome tale!" He (as said one famous gentleman) did not have the temerity to venture in, but those fearless ones who did are said, among other harrowing experiences, to have felt the various parts of the dismembered anatomy of some unfortunate human being. One of the features of the afternoon was the fortune-telling, and you are seriously adjured, one and all, to beware the tall, dark man.

On one side of the room girls were hopefully climbing the stairs to get a look at their future husband, but the author was having too happy a time enjoying the good things of life to be curious, so I cannot tell you how that difficult thing was accomplished.

Altogether, the party was a huge success, and Eugenie Goullard and her committee are to be congratulated.

NEWTON ISSUE, NOVEMBER 23

The Brookline-Newton Football issue ,the snappiest issue of the year, appears Nov. 23rd. It will be sold that night at the football rally and at the game Thursday morning.

When in Chicago, do as the robbers tell you.

Coin Français

J'aime maman, qui promet et qui donne
Tant de baisers à son enfant,
Et qui si vite lui pardonne
Toutes les fois qu'il est méchant.

J'aime papa qui, toute la semaine,
Va travailler pour me gagner du pain,
Et qui parait ne plus avoir de peine
Quand je lui mets un bon point dans la main.

Et j'aime aussi bonne grand'mère
Qui sait des contes si jolis;
Et j'aime encore mon petit frère,
Qui me taquine quand je lis.

Maitre: Qu'est qui vous a le plus frappé, durant vos vacances à la mer?
Garçon: C'est papa, m'sieu.

Origine d'Octobre

Octobre a pour origine "October" (du latin octo, huit), parce qu'il était le 8e mois romain. Il fut pendant longtemps consacré à Mars.
Paris reçoit. . .

Paris a toujours accueilli ses hôtes illustres avec sympathie. Il lui est doux de revoir ses vieux amis, comme le général Pershing, par exemple, dont la silhouette lui était demeurée familière en dépuit de l'absence. Il lui plaît surtout de recevoir la visite de personnages qu'il connaissait à peine la veille et qui, d'une aube à l'autre, lui deviennent, pour ainsi dire, indispensables. Le maire de New-York, M. James Walker, est de ceux-là.

Il a tout pour lui. Jeune, alerte, cordial. Il représente une ville de six millions d'habitants, et il parle en leur nom. Il a des compliments d'amoureux lettrés à l'égard de notre pays. Il accumule les beaux gestes, s'agenouillant sous l'Arc de Triomphe et allant saluer la mère de Nungesser. Spirituel et plein de bonhomie avec cela, ne craignant nullement de chanter des couplets dont il est l'auteur, ou encore, dans une salle de boxe, de monter sur le ring devant l'insistance des spectateurs..

Paris se trompe rarement dans ses affections. Il a adopté le maire de New-York parce qu'il a reconnu en lui l'un des siens. . .

—Les Annales.

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM & EVE EAT?

This is a problem that many of us have been trying to figure out. Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2—a total of ten only. Now we figure the thing out far differently: Eve 8 and Adam 8 also—total 16. We think that the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians like this: Eve 81 and Adam 82—total 163. Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total was 893? I believe the following to be the true solution: Eve 814 Adam and Adam 8124 Eve—8938. Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve—total 82,056.

S. N. & B. G.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BROOKLINE HIGH?

1. Who is the fellow in the picture and what did he do in Brookline High Athletics?
2. Who was the most popular boy in the class of 1925?
3. What boy won Prize Speaking in 1926?
4. Who is going to win Prize Speaking this year?
5. What are the mottoes inscribed on the Latin Book used by our Assignment Editor last year?
6. When was the SAGAMORE first published?
7. How many Newton High football games has Brookline won in succession?

Answers:

MOTHER'S TEA

All new girls and their mothers are invited to attend a reception and tea Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Auditorium. This is an excellent opportunity for the new girls to acquaint themselves with the activities of the school. It is an especially good opportunity for mothers who wish to know just what Brookline High School has to offer their daughters.

There will be an entertainment by members of the Girls' League. The committee in charge consists of the following members: Hope Kelsey, Marianna McAfee, Marie Driscoll, Muriel Dunn and Helen Idell.

The Mandolin Club and some members of the Girls' Glee Club will help to make this reception the best ever. The activities of Brookline High will be explained by Mr. Akers, Miss Sawyer, and some of the League members.

After the entertainment in the Auditorium refrshments will be served by the Domestic Science Club in the Art Room.

1931, show your mothers the school to which you are proud to belong. Three o'clock this afternoon!

THE GLEE CLUBIAN

At a special meeting of the Girls' Glee Club, the girls nominated and elected Gertrude Nisson, President; Betty Jacobs, Vice-President; Margaret Comstock, Secretary, and Estelle Freedman, Treasurer.

Both Glee Clubs are learning selections from Pinafore. As there are both girls' and boys' parts, Mr. Ring hopes to join the Clubs in an Operetta.

Mr. Ring will thin down the Clubs after everything is settled.

At rehearsals the Glee Clubs show up very well and promise much success. We anticipate a musical year.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A FILM ACTOR

Last Friday morning, having nothing special to do, I telephoned my friend, the autograph collector, and asked who of any note was in town. He replied that Lew Cody, the film star, was at the Ritz Carlton Hotel. I informed him that I was desirous of interviewing Mr. Cody, and asked him if he would come along. His reply was affirmative, and in half an hour we were on our way to Boston.

As we were told that we could not see Mr. Cody until noon, we roamed into the Hotel Lenox, to learn if any one of fame was putting up at that famous hostelry. While I was glancing at the register, along came Madame Ethel Leginska, the well-known pianist and conductor. My friend, Mason, had her autograph in the twinkling of an eye, and we continued on our way.

We arrived again at the Ritz at quarter of twelve. After sending up our names, we had a long wait, but were finally informed that Mr. Cody would see us. Upon arriving at his apartment, we were told to enter. My friend settled his end of the affair, and I began mine. As an opening wedge, I inquired of Mr. Cody what he thought of Brookline's attitude toward the "movies." He replied to the effect that every community should have at least one moving picture house, as it affords always good, clean amusement for the public. In his opinion, motion pictures have an educational, as well as an entertaining, value.

When he was asked how many of those who have tried the movie game have become successful, he replied that the percent was very small, that the grade was made by dint of hard work.

I next inquired about the morals of Hollywood. "Hollywood's morals are very high," he declared. They are even better than that of Troy, New York." "The morale is about the same everywhere, and is very high among the movie colonies as a whole."

In conclusion, he stated that he thought school papers were fine things, offering great opportunities for persons who like to write. "You can generally judge a school by its publication," was his parting remark, as I went out the door.

MEETING OF TEACHER STUDENT COUNCIL

A meeting of the Teacher-Student Council was held recently. During the business meeting election of the vice-chairman, Chandler Hagen-Burger, was held. There was a discussion of means to lessen the percent of tardiness and of absences. We must not let our haughty rival, Newton, excel us in any respect, particularly in this one. Further discussion took place in regard to a means to arouse more interest in football games in order to obtain a greater support from the student body at the games. All can understand the feelings of a person speaking before a strange and critical audience. In this view can't you picture the feelings of the visiting team, in this case, your home team?

R Colyum

According to our lunch-room notes milk bottles have come back into style. Ask our most religious teacher.

Fresh: Have you ever run amuck?
Soph: Naw, I drive a Ford.

Editor: Who wrote these jokes?
Contributor: I did, sir.
Editor: Hm, you must be older than you look.

Is 13 an unlucky number? There are 13 letters in BROOKLINE HIGH. But that doesn't prove anything. I think it's lucky. Here's proof: Who won last year's football championship? Who beat Everett in a one-sided game? Who will capture this year's football laurels?

I saw "Dan" and some other "footballers" throwing quoits during a gym period. Beware, Newton!

According to the talk that's circulating among upperclassmen, there are going to be quite a number of "One-eyed Connelly's at the Sophomore-Freshman Reception.

Love's Old Sweet Song. When do we eat?

Pessimist: A Californian on a trip East.

There are many things about Brookline High that we love. For instance: the five-year course that so many of us are taking.

Connor and Rae are back!

BE-AT CAMBRIDGE

— SPORTS —

SUPPORT YOUR TEAM

EVERETT GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

After Captain Rollins had won the toss, Ryan kicked off to the Everett 30-yard line to open the game. On the the first play Di Mott, who had kept to the edge of the field after the kickoff, took a forward from Fisher and raced thirty yards before being brought down. Everett then got first down on three line plunges and Di Mott made five more on the next play, but the next was smothered at the line of scrimmage and the Crimson was then penalized five yards for offside. A forward on fourth down was good for seven yards, but the ball went to Brookline on its 28-yard line. On the first play Record fumbled and the ball was pounced upon by Everett. A line buck lost three yards for Everett, and as a result the next play was a short pass which made three yards. Brookline then held again, but on fourth down Di Mott caught a long forward over the Red and Blue goal line for the first score. The attempt for the extra point by drop-kicking failed.

Brookline again kicked to Everett. Ryan booting the ball to the Crimson 32-yard mark. An off-tackle play was good for a yard and an offside penalty gave Everett five more after four off-tackle and end runs advanced the ball only nine yards. Fisher ran thirty-two yards to the Brookline 30-yard line on a false forward. Here the Brookline defense held and the Red and Blue took the ball on downs. Ryan immediately kicked to Fisher who was downed in his tracks on the Brookline 35-yard line as the first period ended.

Fisher was thrown for a one-yard loss at the start of the second period and when Graffam attempted to run a cross-buck he was thrown for a two-yard loss. Two Everett passes were then uncompleted and Brookline gained possesion of the ball on their 34-yard line. Record slid off tackle for four yards but Rollins was stopped at the line of scrimmage when he tried the other side of the line. A short pass, Ryan to Rollins, gained three yards and on last down Ryan punted to the Everett 30-yard line, where Fisher, signaled for a fair catch. Everett tried two line plays for a gain of but three yards and on third down Fisher's forward was intercepted by Roberts on the Everett 40-yard line. Rollins fumbled and recovered six yards back of the line of scrimmage, but made up for this loss on the next play, with a seven-yard advance. A short pass to Ryan carried the ball to the Everett 35-yard line, and then the Red and Blue made first down on the Crimson 27-yard line. Rollins fumbled once again and recovered for a loss and then Ryan kicked. Six plays were sufficient for Everett to race seventy yards to the Red and Blue 9-yard line. Then a pass gained two yards, but a second was incomplete, after which Fisher scored on a long end run. Di Mott barely got over for the extra point.

Everett kicked to Roberts, who returned the ball twenty yards to Brookline 29-yard mark, as the half ended.

At the start of the second period the Everett ends and backs came onto the field wearing bright red pants to complete a crimson uniform. Ryan kicked off for Brookline and the receiver was downed on the Everett 40-yard line. After two first downs had put the ball on the Brookline 40-yard mark, Di Mott gained four yards, but on the next play Fisher lost four and then a forward was knocked down, and Fisher punted over the Brookline goal line. Rollins was thrown for a five yard loss, and then Ryan threw a pass, which was intercepted by Fisher, who carried to the Brookline 35-yard line. Di Mott snatched a pass from Fisher on the Red and Blue twenty-three yard line, and Fisher gained two yards through center, but on the next play was stopped for a one-yard loss. Everett once more rescored to a forward and Conn caught a pass for the third touchdown. Dragonne made the pass for the extra point on a forward.

Everett kicked to Brookline and Rollins was tackled on the Red and Blue 13-yard line. On the first play was tried a pass, but Di Mott intercepted and raced for a touchdown. The kick for the extra point was good.

Everett kicked to the Brookline 32-yard line. Three Red and Blue plays netted but little yardage and Ryan kicked to Fisher, who was downed on the Everett 40-yard lien. Savage snatched a Fisher pass for first down at mid-field. Everett then tried the Brookline center for one yard, and a pass was grounded after which Graffam punted to Roberts on the Brookline 19-yard lien as the period ended.

Brookline was penalized five yards as play was resumed and after a fumble lost twelve yards more. Ryan kicked to the Brookline 40-yard line. Everett tried three passes, the last going over the goal line for a touchdown. A short pass gained seven yards for Brookline, and a second pass was completed for no gain, but a third was grounded and then Ryan kicked to Fisher on the Brookline 48-yard line. A poor pass from center lost twenty yards for Everett, a forward pass was grounded and a second pass was intercepted by Roberts. A pass from Ryan to Regan gained thirty yards for Brookline, a second was caught by Rollins for a three-yard gain, and then Everett was penalized fifteen yards. Regan gained three yards and Roberts five on line plays, and a pass from Rollins to Regan gained a first down on the Everett 16-yard line. Rollins slid off tackle for two yards and a forward to Ryan gained four more, but another pass was intercepted, and Brookline lost its last chance to score. Everett lost two yards on a line play and then Roberts intercepted a pass on the Crimson 33-yard line. On the first play Dragone retaliated by catching a Brookline heave and racing seventy yards for the final score. The point after touchdown was not made.

Everett kicked to Rollins on the Brookline 30-yard line. A line play gained two yards as the game ended.

HOCKEY TEAM DEFEATS WALTHAM

The setting of October sun winked wisely upon a group of cheering girls at about four-thirty on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 27, for he knew the cause of their exuberance. They were the Brookline High School hockey team and had just conquered the powerful Waltham eleven with the decisive score of 4-1, in the first varsity game of the season. Surely they had every reason to cheer. They played a brilliant game of hockey, revealing splendid teamwork and perfect control. Betty Richey, the spirited little sophomore, was the star of the game, making three of the goals. She seemed irrisistible as she tore down the field carrying the ball before her; the Waltham fullbacks could not stop her, and her swift drives for the goal sent the ball past the goal-guard like lightning. However, without the wonderful support of her teammates this playing would not have been possible. Splendid work was also done by Captain Carol Densmore and Margaret Maher, who made the other goal.

The second team was also victorious, winning by a score of 2 over Waltham's 1. Jacqueline Densten and Alice Dawson were the stars of this game and played with spirit and determination.

Brookline is proud of her hockey team and cannot give it too much credit for they have worked hard to attain the degree of perfection which they have reached. It is now up to us to show them that we appreciate their efforts by giving them our support.

The following is the line-up of the Waltham game:

VARSITY		SEC. VARSITY
E. Anderson, g.		g., Barbara Richey
D. Sanborn, rfb.		rfb., M. Noland
M. McGrail, lfb.		lfb., C. Orr
A. Werner, rhb.		rhb., M. Badaracco
C. Densmore, chb.		chb., A. Dawson
M. Maher, lhb.		lhb., M. Badaracco
L. Brown, rw.		rw., E. Greenleaf
J. Sherbert, ri.		ri., B. Greenleaf
Betty Richey, cf.		cf., J. Densten
A. McCullough, li.		li., R. Badaracco (C. Driscoll)
L. Wilkinson, lw.		lw., M. Taglino

Interclass games were held during the week and the Seniors beat the Sophomores with the score 2-0. The Juniors beat the Freshmen with the score of 1-0.

EVERETT FORFEITS WINS

Everett High School has been obliged to forfeit all of its games played with teams abiding by the twenty-year age limit. The news that Captain "Angi" DiMott, star backfield player, had been playing when over the age limit, leaked out soon after the game with Brookline. As a result of this forfeiture and the 6-6 tie with Rindge Tech, Brookline enters the Cambridge Latin game in second place in the League standing, with the Orange and Black of Newton leading by a substantial margin.

BROOKLINE AND RINDGE DEADLOCK IN SUBURBAN LEAGUE GAME

Brookline fought Rindge to a 6-all tie in their game at Tech field last Saturday. The Rindge score came as the result of a fumble in the second period that was recovered by the Cambridge team's right end, who raced 30 yards for a touchdown. Cannon starred for the Red and Blue. His run of thirty yards in the third period gave Brookline its first touchdown of the year. "Bt." and Captain "Clammy" Rollins contributed several long runs that put the ball deep in Rindge territory.

Ryan kicked to Greenridge to open the game. The Rindge full-back was downed on his forty-yard line. Ross was twice held for no gain and on third down Rindge kicked to Roberts on the Brookline 30-yard line. A poor pass from center lost 20 yards for Brookline. Rollins kicked to the Rindge 45 yard line. Poor passing by the Brookline center made consistent gaining impossible. The first quarter furnished no scoring, although the Red and Blue threatened several times. Halfway through the second quarter the ball went to Brookline on downs on the 30-yard line. Record gained a yard on an end run play in which Roberts was hurt. Regan, who replaced Barrett at quarterback, tossed the ball to Rollins and Corr, Rindge end, picked it up and raced 30 yards for the Rindge 6 points. Brookline opened up a powerful offense late in the second quarter and as the period ended, had the ball in Rindge territory.

Brookline kicked off to Rindge at the start of the second half. Rindge ran two plays for an advance of 9 yards and fumbled on third down. Brookline recovered on the Rindge 48-yard line, only to lose the ball when the Rindge line held. Captain Rollins punted to the Rindge 20-yard line. The Cambridge team in turn lost the ball on downs on the 30-yard line. Rollins gained four yards. "Gene" Record added two more.

On third down "Jim" Ryan threw a pass to "Paddy" Cannon, who raced for a touchdown, evening the score. Captain Rollins elected to drop-kick for the extra point, but the kick was low. During the remainder of the period the ball see-sawed back and forth in mid-field. As the last period opened Roberts re-entered the game at quarterback. Record gained four yards on an off-tackle run. Cannon snatched another pass and ran thirty-five yards to the Rindge 18-yard stripe. A line-buck and a pass together netted 9 yards. Here Brookline fumbled and a wonderful chance for a score was lost. A rally that came to late in the game to provide a score was started when a pass to "Danny" Rollins gained 15 yards and another pass to Cannon netted 18 more. At this critical moment with the ball deep in Rindge territory the game ended.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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THREE KINDS

We (not Lindbergh) have noticed that the students of B. H. S. may be divided into three classes. There's as great a difference between them as there is between an "A" and an "E"—and there is a slight difference there, you will admit. So read on and find out in which class you belong. It's a game.

First and foremost are the pupils who come here to learn. They have to work, and realize it. Are you one of them? Are you one of those who come here to help yourself, and incidentally to help the school at the same time? B. H. S. helps those who help themselves. Of this first class much need not be said. Their ability, sincerity and assiduity will spell success for them, and will reflect credit upon their school. They are the frosting of the cake.

Next we have those who try hard, but whose intellectual powers are too limited to grasp things readily. This group is neither to be pitied nor censured. They will have a measure of success, because perseverance will accomplish much.

Last and least are the "slackers". The detention room thrives on them. They don't help the school, themselves, or the world—in short they don't do anything worthwhile because they think that anything worthwhile isn't worth their while (a little complicated, but you get the idea). If you belong in this class, you hinder B. H. S. by coming to it. It is this group which causes people to say that high schools and colleges breed nothing but indolent good-for-nothings. If you are in this class, the safest plan for you is to jump into one of the first mentioned classes or else give up the ghost and gracefully make your exit.

We have spoken vehemently and at some length, so it is now time to lock up the office and go home

OUR SCHOOL SPIRIT

Here in Brookline we hear a great deal about school spirit. We know it as a quality for which all schools and colleges strive. We know that all educational institutions that attain it are looked up to and respected. We know that our high school in Brookline has been the proud holder of this trophy. For many years now we have basked in the light and glory it has shed. It has been the ladder by means of which we have climbed to the top of our world, and siting there, secure and happy, viewed our less fortunate rivals. It has been the cement that has held this dignified old mass of stone together. Because of its firmness and fineness we have defied all winds, wethered all storms. All this we know, for we have heard it many many times. What we don't know, and what some one ought to tell us, is that this valuable quality is no longer ours. As a body we have proven unworthy of the having. We have no school spirit!

We have held our school spirit as a little boy holds an attractive balloon. All his small friends gather about him, envious, awed, admiring. Amid the exclamations of so many, the little boy becomes careless, excited, perhaps disdainful; and suddenly, on lowering his gaze to his prize, he finds that his hands are empty, his balloon has vanished! His small friends, discovering that without the pretty balloon the little boy is not so interesting, suppress polite giggles and the little boy awakes to find that he has become an object of derision.

This is just what has happened to us. Our grip upon school spirit has become lax—when we reach the point where we realize our loss we shall see just how forlorn, how helpless, how ridiculous we appear to others.

This year some of our teachers and many of our students are demonstrating in various stadiums fine Yale spirit, fine Dartmouth spirit, fine Princeton spirit, fine Harvard spirit—and no B. H. S. spirit. Give this matter your careful consideration, it is sad to see outsiders straining their necks to watch the flight of that evasive balloon. If we want to "sit on the top of the world" we have to have a ladder to get up there. If we want our school to stand together we have to have good cement. Let's be cement and a ladder for B. H. S. Let's give one good big jump for that dancing balloon!

Sagamore Short Story

THE RE-INSTALLATION OF THE GHOST

By Nacnud

"Ghosts!" said my aunt Eliza, turning up her aristocratic eyelids "There are no such things!"

"I saw it with me own eyes, ma'am, walking right in front of me, an' gnashing its teeth, an' groaning and whinin' most 'orrible!"

"Bah!" replied Aunt Eliza, chasing the cat off the sofa, "Don't tell me!"

James didn't. James knew my aunt. But I realized that the honest old butler must really have seen something; so when my aunt quitted the room I went up to him and said:

"Did I hear you say that someone was trespassing in the garden, James?"

"You did, sorr", he replied, "but"—and here he sunk his voice to a husky whisker, "but it was no human bein' sorr—it was a ghost. It was. . . . ."

"James!" came my aunt's voice from upstairs, "James!"

"Coming!" said James as he hurried out of the room.

Annoyed at this interruption, I opened the door that led into the garden, and —walked right through the ghost! Now this was my first view of a ghost and I was greatly interested.

"Hullo, old fellow" I said, wanting to show that I was quite sociable. But the ghost only snarled and spat brimstone at me. However, my friendly countenance must have reassured him, for he gradually ceased snarling and burst into tears.

Somehow I had never imagined that a ghost could cry, and I was fascinated by the sight of his tears, as they travelled down his skeleton-shape and hung like animated diamonds from his yawning, gaping ribs.

At last he spoke, and spoke very well for a thing without inwards:

"Know that I was not always a mere apparition like I am now."—here he sighed most woefully—"Three hundred years ago I was one of the ghastliest phantoms that ever haunted a house; but alas, I have deteriorated; I can hardly clank my chain at nights, and my phosphorescents gleam in departing—"

Suddenly I heard footsteps, and fearing that we would be discovered I motioned the ghost into an adjoining room and closed the door. Sitting down in a large arm-chair the ghost continued his discourse:

"As soon as I died, I began to look around for a lonely place to haunt—for unless a ghost finds loneliness he begins to deteriorate. But every uninhabitated place had a ghost, and I was nearly giving up my search and becoming a banshee when I found this house—all mouldy, desolate and ivy-grown. Here I have lived until you came. Then my troubles started: I began to lose all my strength, until now my utmost limit is to make myself invisible, and to create a chilly atmosphere." Here the ghost began to weep copiously again. Indeed, so pathetic did he look that I could not keep my own tears back, and for several moments the briny waters flowed unchecked.

When I had dried my tears I determined to cheer the ghost, and to try and help him become his former self.

"Were it not for my aunt I would vacate this house and leave you in peace" I told him, "but I know my aunt won't leave".

Even as I said this I saw a gleam of inspiration come into the shrivveled eyes of the ghost:

"I have it!" he cried, "I have it!" And just at that moment my aunt walked into the room!

"H'm-m-m" she said, regarding me unspiciously, "all alone, I see." Here I gave a gasp of relief—the ghost had made himself visible to me alone!

"The room seems very chilly" continued my aunt, and indeed the room *had* become very cold.

"If I had thought that this house was going to be difficult to heat I would not have taken it" she concluded, approaching the fatal arm-chair and sitting right down upon the ghosts bony knees!

"Merciful goodness" she went on, "I feel absolutely freezing. . ." and indeed she must have, for the ghost had his arms around her, and was emergentically blowing down her neck.

I gradually began to understand the ghost's purpose: he was going to freeze my aunt out of the house!

"You're wanted on the telephone, ma'am," said James, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

Now the ghost must have had some terrible spite against poor James, for as soon as he appeared I could see a malevolent gleam come into his eyes. But before he had time to act my aunt reentered the room, very excited looking and flustered:

"Oh!" she said, "how extremely honored I am! That was Mr. Phyfe who called up to say that he and Mrs. Phyfe are coming up for dinner to-morrow night. Oh . . . I must away and prepare" she gushed, *"Mr. Phyfe,* mind you!"

Now Mr. Phyfe is our curate, and I like him as much as I like the way he spells his name. Therefore as soon as all had retired that night I slipped on my dressing-gown and entered the bedroom where I had left the ghost.

Some moments elapsed before I could discern his shadowy outline. He seemed to have been expecting me, and the cold chill had departed from the room.

"Tomorrow night you will have a wonderful chance to make my aunt leave this house" I hurriedly told him. "The curate and his wife are coming for dinner, and my aunt is very anxious to make an impression. You will be doing me a good turn if you annoy the curate" I added, significantly, "so do not be afraid. Another thing—without his glasess the curate is helpless; do your best."

As I went to bed that night I knew in my heart that my stay in this house was limited—I had caught the ghosts' expression as I left him, and I was contented. II

The guests were not expected until 7 p.m., but my aunt was busy all day preparing a sumptuous repast.

Promptly upon the stroke of seven the Rev. and Mrs. Phyfe were announced. For some time we sat chatting in the living-room, and then my aunt rang for James, that he might serve dinner. But James was not to be found. James was at that moment recovering from a heart attack in the uttermost depths of the cellar. ('I have never been able to discover just what it was that the ghost did to him.)

After a slight delay my aunt served dinner herself, and then asked Mr. Phyfe to say grace. Mr. Phyfe took off his glasses and complied. It lasted four and a half minutes—at the end of which time he discovered that his glasses had mysteriously disappeared!

Now one thing that our curate hates to give in to is that he is short-sighted, therfore he determined to do without his glasses, although I could see by his actions that he was very uneasy.

"Have a cookie, Mr. Phyfe" said my aunt with the best of intentions.

Mr. Phyfe, attempted to reach one—and buried his hand up to the wrist in a particularly sticky salad. "Gazooks!" said Mr. Phyfe. (he did not really say that, but it sounds better).

"Augustus!" said Mrs. Phyfe is an severe voice, "you forgot yourself."

Just at this moment I saw the ghost become gradually visible. But nobody appeared to see him except myself— although everybody *felt* him.

Has the room not become very cold?" my aunt asked me.

"Cold?" I replied," perhaps there is a window open. . . . . ."

A low-voiced moan interrupted me, and turning, I saw with horror that the ghost had somehow managed to rob Mr. Phyfe of his false teeth, and was in the act of dropping them into the aforementioned salad!

Why my aunt should require salad at that particular moment I cannot explain, but take some she did.

"Horrors!" she yelled, as presently her teeth met something unyielding and rough;" I would not have believed this of you, Mr. Phyfe!" she exclaimed, as her eyes encountered that reverent gentleman's tooth-less gums.

A lengthy description of what followed is unnecessary. Suffice it to say that Mr. and Mrs. Phyfe hurriedly departed, and that my aunt went to bed—from which she soon crawled in wide-eyed dismay, to spend the remaining hours of the night bathing her feet in warm water, in a vain endeavor to heat her freezing body.

I was not much surprised, therefore, next morning when my aunt, her acrimonious manner quite returned, told me that she "would not spend another night in that house, no, not for all the balm in Gilhead".

When, sometime later, we crossed the threshold for the last time I could almost swear, indeed I am quite positive, that *something* crept up behind me and gave my hand a grateful squeeze.

ANSWERS TO WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BROOKLINE

1. Henry Myerson, '27,—Varsity Track, Varsity Football, All-scholastic guard, 1927.
2. Al. Vinton.
3. Wallace Fowlie.
4. Ask any one of the chosen few for the semi-finals. He will tell you.
5. "Talis est vita", "Cave Canem", "Festina Lents", "Dunn anima est, spes est." Translate these for yourself.
7. 1893.
8. 2—1925, 1926.

TO OUR STANDARDS

We may not be clever, but we will endeavor,
To keep up the standards of dear B. H. S.
We'll set an example for freshmen quite ample,
To teach them our standards, the truest and best,
The standards we'll work for and try to uphold,
The ones that keep Freshmen from being so bold.

As the numbers increase, and to manhood we grow,
These rules are the ones that we always must know.
We must keep up the standards of dear B. H. S.
So here's to those standards, the noblest and best.

You never will rue all the good these will do,
You'll think of them later, as life you go through,
You'll cheer for those standards in honest delight,
And be glad that they helped you to keep to the right.
You'll praise all the standards of dear B. H. S.
The ones that have helped you, the noblest and best.

She threw him in the gutter, but he said he'd be darned if he sewer.

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LIBRARY LINES

During the Teachers' Convention recently, Mrs. Siebens visited the Waltham High School Library. She found it very attractive and interesting, but thinks it not so well patronized as ours. This is probably due to the fact that they have not the privilege of taking out books during the day.

These are a few of the new books at the Public Library that high school pupils might enjoy.

FICTION

Mystery Stories

Fletcher—Passenger to Folkstone.
Chesterton—Secret of Father Brown.
Doyle—Case Book of Sherlock Holmes.

Historical Novels

Chambers—Drums of Aulone. (Story of the French and Indian Wars.)
Sabatini—The Tavern Knight. (Story of the Middle Ages.)
Nason—Three Lights from a Match.

The World War

Buchan—Witch Wood.
Scotland at the time of the belief in witches.
Tomlinson—Galleons Reach.

Sea Tales

Lincoln—Aristocratic Miss Brewster. (Cape Cod story).
Cather—Death comes for the Archbishop. Spanish missions in the West).
Montgomery—Old Bayberry Rd. (A story for girls).

Non-fiction

Thomas—Count Lucker the sea devil. (A German war hero).
Morrow — The Father of Little Women. (Life of Bronson Alcott, father of Louisa May Alcott).
Van Loon—America.
Horn—Leader Horn. (Travel on the African coast).

New Books—Oct 25

Lindbergh—We.
Winslow—The Health Program of Brookline.
Pan American Union—Seeing the Latin Republics of South America.
National Geographic Society—China.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mildred Nisson, '27, is at the Academy of Speech Arts.

Irma Dangel, '25 has just received a scholarship at Radcliffe.

Fessenden Wilder, '27, is at St. James School in Maryland.

Marvin Chandler, '27, Edward Densmore, '27, and Henry Myerson, '27, are at Exeter.

Edward Langenback, '26, is a freshman at Dartmouth.

Le Roi Brereton, '27 is a freshman at Norwich University, Vermont.

Dorothea Dunn, '26, is touring with the Queen High Company.

Barbara Pike, '25, is instructing at the School of Occupational Therapy in Boston.

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Exchanges

"The Sophomore"

In regard to your request for comment on your new plan of editing your paper we have much to say. We think it a very good plan of yours because we have always thought that the news of a school paper which came out only four times a year had become dry by the time of publication. Of course, there are parts of the magazine which are good at any time—such as the jokes, editorials, short stories, foreign departments, and poems. But as you say, it is not much good when it comes to school news and current events. We therefore heartily recommend your new plan and are sure it will work out splendidly. We think, however, that it is very wise to retain your custom of editing a real, live, and full magazine, along with the tri-weekly paper, even if it only is twice a year! You show real ingenuity and ambition!

"The Echo"

Glad to receive your paper again, as we did last year. We are sorry not to see any Exchange column in your first edition of the year. We noticed under the Editorial Board that there was supposed to be an exchange editor,—in fact two,—and yet looked in vain through the paper for the exchanges. As to improving the paper, we would suggest seeing if it couldn't be arranged a little better, and perhaps if it couldn't be made to look a little less—well, we might term it, "messy". For such a short paper, there are quite a few ads, and if these could be cut down and a few more articles with "snap and go" to them, added, it might improve the paper. Here's hoping to see an exchange column with perhaps a few suggestions concerning our paper and remarks concernning our criticism of yours, in the next issue.

THE SAGAMORE.

PATRONIZE YOUR ADVERTISERS

YE SCHOOL CRIER

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
It is rumored that
Barbara Friechie did not have that
Battle of wits with Stonewall Jackson;
Leonardo da Vinci did
Not paint the Mona Lisa;
Queen Isabella and her jewels
Have been ruthlessly dropped
From the Columbus romance;
Santa Claus is a myth! ! !
The Cherry Tree Incident proves
George Washington to be the
Prince of Liars;
Since George Washington was,
Ananias was not.
Someone will yet try
To tell us that
Lindbergh————!
Come all ye and hear glad tidings!

Evidently "R COLYUM'S" lunch room trio does not like publicity, as it is strangely silent now.

But why bring that up?

Judging by the number of fellows and girls who came out for cheer-leading, there will be more leaders than cheerers!

YE CRIER wonders how two well-known members of our staff will look as "Pierrots".

Ye noble Seniors who are now struggling with "Hamlet" or "MacBeth" have some consolation in the thought that the worst is yet to come in the person of "Burke's".

There was strange activity going on about the stage the other day—just a reminder that the Senior Social Try-outs are not so far off.

YE CRIER understands that at least 20 persons went to R. Cox last week to find the answer to the question in the "R COLYUM". How can they be so dumb?

YE CRIER has some choice bits of gossip that he will impart if you come to the SAG room which by the way is open every day at 2.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Hear Ye!

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Chicagoan: I'm homesick, that's all.

Him: Let's go for a stroll.
Her: Is there any moon?
Him: Oh, about a pint.

What These Celebrities Should Recommend

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Peggy Hopkins Joyce—Wedding rings.
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Gene Tunney—Bicycles.
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Tex Rickard—All Day Suckers.
Henry Ford—Tinware.
Mayor Walker—Travelling bags.

"That's Paul Whiteman allright—but where's the orchestra?"
"There it is right behind him."

I heard a new one the other day. I wonder if I told it to you."
"Is it funny?"
"Yes."
"Then you haven't."

Man: "Say, conductor, can you run any faster than this?"
Conductor: "Yes, but I must stay in the car."

"Who was the coldest man in history?"
"Michelangelo, because he made a wall frieze."

"Do you know what happened when the Ancient Mariner stopped one of three?"
"The other two were insulted."

Chicago's motto has been changed to, "Have you had your lead today?"

"What's that lipstick doing on your face?"
"Oh, that's just my girl's trade mark."

"My boy, there is a reason for everything.
"No, sir, you forgot women."

Clothes often take the man.

"You're so dumb I wouldn't call you a ham."
"Why not?"
"A ham can be cured."

"What is an organizer?"
"Aw he's the guy who makes music in the church."

Bashful Young Man: "Would you—er—advise me to—er marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl?"
His Adviser: "I'm afraid you'll never be able to marry either, old man."
B. Y.M.: "What not?"
"Well, a beautiful girl could do better, and a sensible girl would know betetr."

"Pop, what's a monologue?"
"A monologue is a conversation between husband and wife."
"I thought that was a dialogue."
"No, a dialogue is when two persons are speaking.

He: "I call my new flivver 'True Love'."
She: "Why?"
He: "Because it never runs smooth."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 4 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 23 1927 TEN CENTS

BROOKLINE READY FOR NEWTON INVASION

Garden City Outfit Positive To Clinch Suburban League Title

Every Newton man will be ready for the objective game of the season against Brookline on Thanksgiving morning. The Orange and Black, aided by the return of Mullen and Andres, besides presenting a formidable lineup, will seek to win its first game from the Wealthy Towners since 1923, and consequently annex the Suburban League championship. Newton's gridiron record appears better than that of the Brookline eleven, but the records will have little effect when the teams clash Thursday.

Newton Prepared

While the starting lineup remains a toss-up, Captain Cole and Schernfern will no doubt hold down the wing positions. Both men have played a remarkable game and Scheinfern looks like an all-Suburban choice. Another candidate for the mythical team is Creighton Gatchell, Newton's scrappy center who has yet to be outplayed by an opposing pivot man this year. The other line positions will be capably taken care of by any of the following: Harrington, Hamilton, Marsh, Shea, Robblee, Wentworth or Swan. The first two named are particularly adept in blocking punts and will bear watching in the annual contest.

Newton is very fortunate in having so many substitutes available and there is little to choose between the backfield men. Duane, whose uncanny ability to select the right plays has earned considerable commendation, will probably earn a starting position. Bennett, the best punter on the squad, will see action at fullback although he may be supplanted by Brown, who is the star line plunger on the eleven. Mullen, the fastest man on the team, is now fit for action, and if the field is dry, he will undoubtedly turn loose more than once. Joe Gilligan, brother of Tom and Francis of Newton fame, may start at halfback, while Phil Andres may draw the assignment. Sutcliffe is one of the most dependable backfield men and will undoubtedly see plenty of action. Brookline can count on seeing a well oiled machine, coached by Mr. Sullivan. The popular Newton mentor is handling the team for the first year, and has made a fine record. The Orange and Black have defeated St. Mary's, Cambridge Latin, Somerville, Everett (by forfeit) Rindge and Beverly, and the team has lost to Medford and Lawrence in hard fought games. The eleven has been practicing for over a week for the final game, and everyone is primed up for the big contest.

Red and Blue Out to Repeat Last Year's Victory

We meet our neighbors again on the Brookline battle field. Face to face across the pigskin Brookline opposes Newton. For 364 days of the year the twin cities live in peace and accord. But a glorious day of turmoil and strife punctuates each year, and by a strange paradox it is an event of Thanksgiving. For 33 years Brookline High and Newton High have met on this day of days. Shoulder to shoulder for 364 days, and then shoulder against shoulder on the 365th.

THANKSGIVING DAY WARRIORS

Brookline Squad

No.	Name	Position	Age	Weight	Height
2.	R. Werner	End	17	170	6- 1
4.	H. Pollock	Guard	16	182	5-11
5.	F. Neer	End	15	150	6-
6.	B. Lamont	Back	17	155	5-10
7.	J. Hurley	Center	18	176	6-
8.	A. Dexter	End	17	170	5-11
9.	J. Ryan	Tackle	17	185	6- 2
10.	E. Record	Back	17	170	6- 2
11.	P. Cannon	Back	18	147	5- 5
12.	M. Ford	Center	17	152	5- 7
13.	D. Rollins (Capt.)	Back	16	160	5- 8
14.	F. Connor	Tackle	18	175	6-
15.	W. Kaufman	Guard	17	174	6-
16.	B. Roberts	Back	16	145	5-10
17.	T. Ventura	Guard	18	165	5-11
18.	J. Rae	Tackle	18	161	5- 9
19.	T. Regan	Back	17	152	5- 7
26.	J. Ball	End	18	155	5-11
36.	A. Lewis	End	17	155	5-11½
45.	C. Dunker	Center	18	147	5- 9½
48.	S. Lewenberg	End	17	167	6- 1½
28.	D. Blunt	Tackle	16	150	5-11½
31.	H. Redmond	Tackle	18	152	5-11
40.	H. Lynch	Back	17	125	5- 5

Newton Squad

4.	Shea	Tackle	19	157	6-
6.	Shein Fein	End	16	146	5- 5
7.	Cole (Capt.)	End	17	144	5-10
8.	Lovely	Guard	17	161	5-10
9.	Gilligan	Back	18	157	5-11
11.	Gatchell	Center	17	163	5-11
13.	Andres	Back	16	148	5-10
14.	Mullen	Back	17	137	5- 9
15.	Duane	Back	16	148	5-11
16.	Harrington	Guard	17	161	5-11
17.	Bennett	Back	17	182	6-
18.	Hamilton	Tackle	19	162	6-
19.	Payne	End	17	155	6- 1
21.	Marsh	Guard	19	167	5-11
22.	Sutcliffe	Back	18	150	5-10
26.	Robblee	Tackle	17	138	5-11
27.	Reynolds	End	18	143	5- 7
28.	Wentworth	Tackle	16	170	6-
	Brown	Back	19	174	5-11
	Pescosolido	Back	16	151	5-10
	Railey	Back	18	146	6-

Brookline Determined

The pigskin lets out a lusty squeal at 10 o'clock Thanksgiving morn; it's the signal for Brookline to make a fierce attack right down pigskin common against the Newton line. The first goal is always the sweetest.

Newton has been our traditional enemy on the gridiron since the early gay nineties. We hope that there are many grads who have played the games in all these years in attendance that day. Their spirit will help us win the fight. We cannot lose with the veterans of 33 years of combat looking down upon us.

We want to christen our new stadium with a victory over Newton. This battle means more than just a football game, won or lost, for we carry on history and tradition. That is why Brookline students are always filled with enthusiasm, hope and desire, with the Newton game ahead, even though the ancient rival has a team that plows relentlessly through tough interference.

Although Brookline started the season off on eleven wrong feet she followed with well-earned ties and victories.

Encouraged by these none too impressive victories Brookline now turns her face to the northwest to await the invasion of Newton. The success of a Brookline football season depends almost entirely on how she fares with Newton. And her objective battle this year will be a battle indeed, for Newton possesses a smooth team.

Perhaps the enormity of the task that lies before Brookline can be shown by the comparative records of the two elevens. But in this game of up-sets and set-ups, it is impossible to judge with any degree of accuracy the out-come of the battle.

The Brookline team is sure to show a more aggressive, peppy and powerful attack than ever before. In the daily scrimmages the team has shown an unbelievable improvement in all stages of the game.

The Red and Blue offense will be sustained by powerful and repeated at-

(Continued on Page 5)

Newton Confident of Victory

NEWTON CHEERS

Newton — Newton — Newton
Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah
TEAM TEAM TEAM
Newton
Rah-Rah
Cole

NEWTON TEAM

NEWTON FOOTBALL SONG

Newton! Newton! Newton
High wins today!
Newton! Newton! Newton
High, our Team is in fray!
When the sons of Newton
break thru the line,
Our shouts will rend the
sky.
Newton! Newton wins today!
Newton High!

CAPTAIN COLE

Don't Whisper
Don't Stutter
Don't Pray

CHEER

NEWTON COACHING STAFF

TABULAR HISTORY OF BROOKLINE-NEWTON GAMES

1894	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1895	BROOKLINE	22	NEWTON	0
1899	BROOKLINE	11	NEWTON	6
1900	NEWTON	15	BROOKLINE	6
1901	NEWTON	5	BROOKLINE	0
1902	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1903	NEWTON	18	BROOKLINE	0
1904	NEWTON	16	BROOKLINE	5
1905	BROOKLINE	5	NEWTON	0
1906	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	0
1907	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	6
1908	NEWTON	4	BROOKLINE	0
1909	NEWTON	6	BROOKLINE	0
1910	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1911	NEWTON	3	BROOKLINE	0
1912	BROOKLINE	10	NEWTON	0
1913	NEWTON	21	BROOKLINE	0
1914	NEWTON	33	BROOKLINE	0
1915	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	6
1916	BROOKLINE	16	NEWTON	7
1917	NEWTON	44	BROOKLINE	0
1918	NEWTON	39	BROOKLINE	7
1919	NEWTON	34	BROOKLINE	0
1920	NEWTON	13	BROOKLINE	0
1921	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	0
1922	BROOKLINE	0	NEWTON	0
1923	NEWTON	16	BROOKLINE	13
1924	BROOKLINE	0	NEWTON	0
1925	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1926	BROOKLINE	9	NEWTON	0

Newton, 17 Wins Brookline, 10 wins
Tie Games, 3

SUMMARY OF THE MORE IMPORTANT PENALTIES

1. Offside—5 yards.
2. Offside, both sides—No penalty.
3. Illegal use of hands and arms by offense—15 yards.
4. Holding, etc., by defensive side—5 yards.
5. Interference with fair catch, etc.—15 yards.
6. Interference with opponents before ball is put in play—5 yards.
7. Taking out more time than four times during a half, etc.—5 yards.
8. Roughing kicker—15 yards.
9. Running into kicker—5 yards.
10. Substitute communicating before first play—15 yards.
11. Substitute failing to report—5 yards.
12. Unnecessary roughness, etc.—15 yards.
13. Delaying game—5 yards.
14. Interference on forward pass by defense—Loss of Ball.
15. Interference on forward pass by offense—15 yards.
16. Starting forward before ball—5 yards.
17. Pushing, pulling, interlocked interference, etc.—15 yards.
18. Forward passing, intentional throwing to ground—15 yards.
19. Fair catch, taking more than two steps after catch—5 yards.
20. Leaving field during one-minute intermission—15 yards.
21. Many going on field without permission 15 yards.
22. More than one man going on field—15 yards.
23. Illegal return to game—Half distance to goal and disqualification.
24. Slugging—Half distance to goal and disqualification.
25. Attempt to draw opponents offside—5 yards.
26. Coaching from sidelines — 15 yards.
27. Crawling—5 yards.
28. Delaying in starting game or second half—25 yards.
29. Feint to snap ball—5 yards.
30. Hurdling—15 yards.
31. Kicking loose ball—Loss of Ball.
32. Loss of "down" for one of various reasons—(See rule Book).
33. Neutral Zone, encroachment on—5 yards.
34. Player out of bounds—5 yards.
35. Tripping—15 yards.
36. Unfair play—5 yards.
37. Unsportsmanlike conduct — 15 yards.
38. Clipping from behind—25 yards.
39. Foul by defense on try for point—Points awarded.

Brookline in Battling Trim

B.H.S. FOOTBALL SONG

We'll hit the line for Brookline
For Brookline wins today
And we'll show the sons of Newton
That the red anl blue holds sway.
Rush down the field again
Victory or die
And we'll cheer the good old team then
Till the last white line goes by.

CAPTAIN ROLLINS

BROOKLINE HIGH CHEERS

1

Broo'kline, Brookline, Brookline
rah, rah, rah
rah, rah, rah
rah, rah, rah
Team, team, team.

2

B — r— o — o — k — l — i — n — e
B—r—o—o—k—l—i—n—e
B-ro-o-k-l-i-n-e
Team, team, team

3

WHISTLE! STAMP! CLAP!
——YEH!——
BROOKLINE! LET'S GO!

4

YEH! BROOKLINE, LET'S GO!

5

B. H.—B. H. RAH RAH
B. H.—B. H. RAH RAH
HOOORAH! HOORAH!
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
RAH! RAH! RAH!
TEAM — TEAM — TEAM

BROOKLINE TEAM

FOOTBALL SIDELIGHTS

The Brookline follows are very kind indeed. Two of them lay a man out and afterwards pick him up.

*

The Somerville players blossomed out with Dartmouth's ideas. Some of them appeared stockingless.

* *

If it hadn't been for "Izzy's" horseshoe the game might not have fared so well.

* *

Ed: There's a rumor around that after the game some of the players went to the Hotel Halfback.

Dick: That's a peculiar name for a hotel.

Ed: Well, they call it the Halfback because everybody that goes there kicks.

* * *

The Somerville band leader must have been to the Indiana game for he is a close second to the 7 foot baton swinger of the Indianas.

* * *

Every bump on Johnny Rae's legs brought us nearer victory and there were a lot of bumps on them.

Henry Pollock, Well-Known Brookline Guard

PROBABLE STARTING LINEUP

pos.	name	no.	age	ht.	wt.
l.e.	Ball	26	18	5-11	155
lt.	Werner	2	16	5-11	182
l.g.	Ventura	17	18	5-10	165
c.	Ford	7	17	5- 7	152
r.g.	Pollock	4	16	5-11	182
r.t.	Rae	18	18	5- 8	161
r.e.	Lewis	36	17	5-11	155
q.b.	Roberts	16	16	5-10	145
l.h.b.	Record	10	17	6- 2	170
r.h.b.	Cannon	11	18	5- 6	152
f.b.	Rollins c.	13	16	5- 8	160
l.t.	Ryan	9	17	5-11	185
	Possible Starters				
c.	Hurley	7	18	6-	176
l.h.b.	Regan	19	17	5- 7	152

BEAT NEWTON!

The Red and Blue pigskin-pushers, after a mediocre start in the pre-league contests, suddenly arose in all their 1926 power to come within a game of the Suburban League Championship. Startling, indeed, but nevertheless true—believe it or not. Brethren, (and sistern) if Brookline beats Newton on Turkey Day, the Foss Cup will have to be split in two. Last year, we got it all; this year, if the set-to goes in the right direction, there'll be trouble, and lots of it—unless the "man higher up" decides to rent the Braves Field Rink for another post season melee.

Combining breaks, fairly good student support, the return of Frank Connors and Johnny Rae to their regular positions, and the all-around good playing of Capt. Dan Rollins, Barrett Roberts, Henry Pollack, et al, to mention nothing of the unwarranted, but exceedingly beneficial and graceful exit of the far-famed Angie DiMott of Everett from said Everett line-up, have been the innocent causes of it all.

There are several reasons why Brookline should NOT beat the Garden City outfit, but they would hold only in an ordinary contest. It is a fact that the men of Hines out-do themselves in the great annual game with their traditional rivals. For that reason, all the pre-game predictions and comparisons mean less than nothing at all in this particular case. So why waste valuable time and paper talking about it?

BROOKLINE'S SEASON RECORD

Brookline	0	Lynn Classical	25
Brookline	0	Brockton	21
Brookline	0	Lawrence	39
Brookline	2	Everett (Forfeit)	0
Brookline	6	Rindge	6
Brookline	7	Camb. Latin	7
Brookline	7	Somerville	0
Total	22		90

Coach Hines and Faculty Manager Woodlock

BROOKLINE FRESHMEN SWAMP NEWTON

In a recent "Marshal Assembly," Mr. Packard stressed the necessity of the upper classmen setting the example for the lowly and innocent freshmen. The Brookline Freshmen defeated Newton by a score of twenty-five to seven. Go ahead and follow their example, Varsity!!! If the Varsity lines up to what the Freshman expect from them—Lord, have mercy on Newton.

As the Freshmen were leaving the field, the last thing they said was "Wait until 1931." Undoubtedly this year's varsity members said the same thing four years ago.

Well, 1928 is here. Go too it team!!!

The victorious freshmen were:

l.e., Popkin
l.t., Roud (Connor)
l.g., Kerins
r.g., Jamieson (Marony)
r.t., Nayor
r.e., Spankery (Conner)
q.b., Bellingham (Carey)
r.h.b., Prendergast
l.h.b., Minahan
f.b., Horn

Don't FORGET TO CHEER

BROOKLINE IN DEAD-LOCK WITH CANTABS

Blocks Punt For Touchdown—Trailing In Second Half

Much Improved Red and Blue Team Plays Slashing Game

While Brookline High failed to break into the football win column in its game with Cambridge Latin it did keep its Suburban League record clear of defeats by carrying the annual battle between the schools to a 7 to 7 tie. It was a much improved and a fighting Red and Blue team that was seen in action and on finding themselves after Hilliard, the slippery Cantab colored back, had wriggled through to an open field for a dash to a touchdown, the locals outplayed the Crimson in a fast and slashing contest until the whole forward line broke through on a punt which Rae blocked to send the ball behind the Cambridge goal where Ball fell on it. Ryan, giant tackle and dependable heaver of forwards, was out of the game with a leg injury, while Record, fleet-footed back, remained on the sidelines because of the treacherous going but Rae and Connors of last year's champions were back in the line and all the regulars and replacements performed well. The game gave further evidence that the Red and Blue is a team of great possibilities and one that will hold its own in the remaining games. In fact, the improvement and the aggressiveness shown were the outstanding features of the game from the Brookline standpoint, for the playing of the team indicated that it is developing according to the pre-season plans of Coach Hines to point for the Newton game and will be at top form for the annual Thanksgiving Day clash with the ancient rival.

When Captain Rollins won the toss Redmond kicked off to open the game, booting the ball to the Crimson 35-yard line. On the first play Latin made eight yards but on the second rush Hilliard was thrown for a 3-yard loss. A third rush gained only two yards and Cambridge punted to Roberts on the Brookline 35-yard line. A line-buck netted but a yard and on second down Rollins kicked to the Brookline 48-yard line. Three plays gained eight yards for the Crimson and a kick on fourth down was downed by a Cambridge end on the Brookline 1-yard line. On first down Rollins kicked to Harlowe on the Brookline 25-yard line. Two plays gave Latin a first down on the Brookline 11-yard line. Morris was tossed for a loss of a yard, a line play gained another, and a forward netted four more but on fourth down a fumble was recovered over the goal line by Brookline for a touchback.

Resuming play on the Brookline 20-yard line Cannon gained two yards on an off-tackle play, but on second down Rollins kicked out of danger to the Cambridge 42-yard line. Two end runs gave the Crimson a first down on the Brookline 47-yard line, but Cannon then tackled the carrier for a 1-yard loss, a pass to Hilliard was grounded and on third down Latin kicked to Roberts on the Brookline 21-yard line. Rollins immediately kicked back to the Red and Blue 45-yard line. Hilliard gained five yards and Morris added two more as the period ended with the ball on the Brookline 35-yard line.

At the start of the second period the Crimson failed to make much progress on three rushes and kicked the ball offside two yards from the line of scrimmage on the Brookline 38-yard mark. Brookline rushed for small gains twice and then Rollins kicked to the Latin 25-yard line. Perry ran off tackle for five yards on the first play and then Hilliard eluded half a dozen tacklers and raced seventy yards for the first score. Harlow added the extra point with a well-directed drop-kick.

Cambridge kicked off after the touchdown and recovered on the Brookline 45-yard line. On the first play Rollins threw Perry for a 6-yard loss. A center buck by Morris netted two yards and a line play another and then Cambridge kicked to the Brookline 30-yard line. Regan gained a yard, but on second down Rollins kicked to the Cambridge 30-yard line where Rae recovered when Hilliard fumbled. A bad pass from center lost six yards, but a forward to Rae gained twenty yards and a first down. Brookline then opened a passing attack, but the forwards were knocked down by the alert Latin backs and the ball went to the Crimson. Two line plays netted five yards and Cambridge kicked to the Crimson 44-yard line as the half ended.

At the start of the second half Redmond again kicked off for Brookline sending the ball to the Crimson 40-yard line. Two downs netted Cambridge but little yardage and the Crimson kicked to the Brookline 33-yard line. ere the game resolved into a punting duel with Brookline gaining on two exchanges. When Cambridge attempted another punt all the Red and Blue forwards went through and Ball recovered, Rae blocked on the Crimson 10-yard line, Ball recovering in the end zone. Cannon added the extra point on an off-tackle play to tie the count.

Ball kicked off to the Crimson 42-yard line when play was resumed. Cambridge failed to get very far on three rushes and punted to Roberts, who fumbled on the Brookline 36-yard line, Cambridge recovering. On the first play Hilliard lost a yard, but a pass and a center-buck together netted a first down on the Brookline 25-yard line. The next play was stopped for no gain and Hilliard was thrown for a 4-yard loss as the third quarter ended.

Opening the last period, two Cambridge passes failed and the ball went to Brookline on the Red and Blue 20-yard line. Rollins gained five yards through tackle and Cannon added two more on the next play, but on third down Rollins kicked to the Latin 10-yard line. Cambridge immediately kicked back to the Crimson 44-yard line. Three line bucks advanced the ball nine yards and on fourth down Cannan failed to make the required yard by inches and the ball went to the Crimson on the Crimson 38-yard line. Three first downs in succession carried the ball to the Brookline 33-yard line. There the Red and Blue line held, however, setting Cambridge back a yard on the first play, yielding this on the second but throwing Hilliard for a 5-yard loss on the third to force the Crimson to kick, the ball going over the goal line.

Starting play on its own 20-yard line Brookline gained a yard on a line buck and then Rollins punted to mid-field. Cambridge staged a desperate last minute rally that carried the ball to the Brookline 24-yard line as the game ended.

The team meets Somerville in another league game next Saturday at Brookline Field, play starting at two-thirty o'clock. This should be a close and interesting battle for the Red and Blue has gained much experience in its past games, while the ability to hold Rindge Tech and Cambridge Tech and Cambridge Latin to tie scores has given the team great confidence and it should be a worthy opponent. The locals are still in the running for the league title and as a win next Saturday will give them an excellent chance to repeat they can be depended upon to give their best. Coach Hines gave the regulars a rest Monday, but since then has put them through strenuous daily practice and further improvement has been effected in their play. "Big Jim" Ryan will again be out of play with water on the knee, but all the other regulars are fit and many of the replacements will probably see service.

"Coefficient" football, which is played on an age, weight, and height basis, will be given a tryout by Brookline High next Tuesday, with a game with the Rivers School team. Coach Hines will not use the first Red and Blue team or any of the varsity squad in the contest, however, and it will be an eleven of second and third string players that will face the private school outfit. The game has been arranged purely as a trial and whether or not the local school becomes a convert to this comparatively new idea for the gridiron will depend on how the innovation takes.

BROOKLINE	CAMB. LATIN
Lewis, le.	re., Pierson
Werner, lt.	rt., Favreau
(Redmond, Connor)	(White)
Ventura, lg.	rg., Ross
Ford (Hurley), c.	c., Davis
Pollack, rg.	lg., Polp (Magee)
Rae, rt.	lt., Bergen
Ball, re.	le., Kats
Roberts, qb.	qb., Harlow
Regan, lhb.	rhb., Perry
Cannon, rhb.	lhb., Hilliard
Rollins, fb.	fb., Moris

"Joe is the most optimistic person that I have ever seen."

"How zat?"

"He hasn't spoken to his wife for three years, but he believes that his turn will eventually come."

"Give the most important date in history?"

"1904."

"Why, what important event happened in that year?"

"I was born."

BROOKLINE DEFEATS SOMERVILLE

The Red and Blue, showing the patient efforts of Mr. Hines, gained its first victory of the season in decisive fashion, winning over the strong Somerville eleven 7-0, in the last game before the annual Thanksgiving morning tussle with Newton. This victory leaves the ancient rivals, Brookline and Newton, alone in the fight for Suburban Championship honors. The visitors from Somerville never threatened to score after the first few minutes of play. Captain "Danny" Rollins and "Paddy" Cannon raced through the Somerville line at will. The score came mid-way in the second period, when rushes by "Dan" and "Paddy" carried the pigskin from mid-field to the four yard line. Here Record was stopped with only a foot to go for a touchdown. On the next play Cannon slid off tackle for the score, and on a fake kick went over for the extra point.

At the start of the game the visitors kicked-off to Werner, who was downed on the 47-yard line. Successive rushes failed to make a first down and Rollins kicked to Somerville's 35-yard line. Somerville rushed through the Brookline line for two first downs finally being stopped on the Brookline 20-yard line. An exchange of punts put the ball back in Somerville territory, where a fumble was recovered by Brookline as the first period ended. When play was resumed the Red and Blue started with a rush. Rollins tossed a beautifully timed pass to Cannon for a 20-yard advance. Two line bucks through the tackles gave a first down on the 17-yard line. Here a poor pass from center lost 23 yards, and the first chance for a score was lost. Rollins was forced to punt to Somerville. The ball was downed on the 7-yard line. The visitors, in turn, were obliged to kick, the boot going to Roberts at mid-field. Rollins gained 5 yards off-tackle and then threw a pass to Record for 6 yards and a first down. An off-side penalty put the ball back 5 yards. Once more Captain Rollins proved his right to his title by skirting the tackle for a 17 yard advance. Two line-plays and a pass to Record carried the ball to the four-yard stripe, where Record failed to make a touchdown by a foot on a line-buck. With first down, one foot to go for a score, Cannon crashed through the goal-line defense for a touchdown, and added the extra point a moment later off tackle. During the remainder of the game Brookline was content to retain the 7 point lead, and Rollins' long kicks kept the visitors constantly on the defensive. The Red and Blue used no plays other than the simple line plunges and short forwards with which every team is equipped, thus giving the Newton scouts no inkling of the attack that the Orange and Black will encounter on Turkey Day. The team showed great promise and should give Newton a battle royal Thursday morning in the only game of the season that really counts.

Le Coin Francais

L'Orphelin quand votre bonne mère
Le soir, vous tient sur ses genoux,
L'Orphelin couche sur la terre . . .
Petits enfants, y pensezvous?

Vous avez tout en abonance,
Caresses, bon bons et joujoux:
Luie ne connait que la souffrance . . .
Petits enfants, y pensez-vous?

Quand personne ne vous sureille,
Parfais vous gaspillez vos sous . . .
Il est sans pain depuis la Veille;
Petits enfants, y pensez-vous?

Tendez la main a la misère,
Vous qui le pauvrez . . . C'est se doux
De faire du bien sur la terre!
Petits enfants y pensez vous?

La femme . . . Tu as invité des Américans à diner? ce que nous allons être humilies'

Le mari . . . Pourquoi? le diner sera mauvais?

La femme . . . Non . . . mais eux qui habitent la Cinquième Avenue . . . notre maison n'a que trois étages.

La Marseillaise

Elle est née à Strasbourg, en terre gauloise, d'un cri d'amour pour les opprimés et de haine contre les tyrans.

Elle a été baptisée à Paris, où flambe l'âme due monde nouveau.

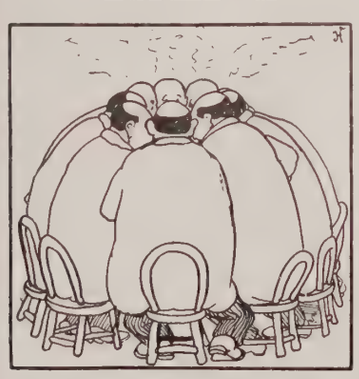
Elle s'est promenée à travers toute l'Europe en y semant l'Évangile des Droits de l'Homme.

Elle est l'hymne de guerre qui rallie tous les civilisés des deux hémisphères à la croisade, afin d'anéantir les derniers barbares.

Elle sera l'hymne de triomphe, le MAGNIFICAT de justice, de lumière et de liberté, que l'humanité chantera, au bout de sa marche à l'Étoile, quand elle entrera dans le Paradis reconquis, par la suprême victoire ouvrant pour toujours la porte de la paix.

Au jour où la terre mourra dans le ciel, parmi toutes les chansons de toute sa vie, qu'elle se rappellera pour bercer son agonie grandiose, l'air et les paroles qui lui remueront le plus tendrement le coeur, c'est toi qui les lui souffleras, MARSEILLAISE, et ainsi le ciel lui-même les propagera encore jusqu'au fond de l'éternité.

—Jean Richepin



The Teachers' Meeting

RED AND BLUE OUT TO WIN

(Continued from Page 1)

tacks which will grind out much yardage, on steady marches down the field.

It will be impossible for the Garden City warriors to make great gains against such a combination.

With Captain Dan Rollins, one of the season's best ground gainers, plunging through the line and "Red" Record, the fastest man on the team, carrying the ovoid on sweeps and end-runs, a spectacular and brilliantly played game is assured. "Pat" Cannon provides the picking-the-hole ability and flashy open-field running. Brookline's ends, Ryan and Lewis are marvels at down-the-field work on the punts. Captain Rollins also supplies those familiar, beautiful, lofty spirals, while "Jim" Ryan furnishes, with his educated toe, the placement and drop kicks. Barrett Roberts plays a stellar game as the snappy quarter-back and as the sure-catching defensive fullback.

In the squad Brookline possesses four sure-nailing tackles, Rae, Werner, Connor and Redman. For guards she has those two good old stand-bys, Pollock and Ventura, who have stopped many a powerful plunge. For her centers Brookline has two sure-fingered boys in Ford and Hurley.

Coach Thomas Hines considers, as the smartest football maxim: "Give 'em what they don't expect!" He has cooked up many new ideas for the coming game, like: the versatile attack, the lateral pass game, the eleven men in every play idea, and the do or die spirit.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Will someone please define school spirit? An editorial in a recent issue of the SAGAMORE bewails the fact that we have lost ours. Where is the evidence of it? Our socials are a success. The SAGAMORE is well supported. Volunteers for Prize Speaking are not lacking. Class presidents are taking a great interest in the contest for a high percentage of attendance and are rapidly enthusing the rest of the student body. The Teacher-Student Council is well attended and the pupil-members are as eager as anyone else to work for the good of the school. A number of our pupils willingly gave up a holiday recently to act as ushers at the Norfolk County Teachers' Convention and any number more could have been had for the asking. Good order is apparent everywhere about the building and the boys and girls are in great part responsible for it. The marshals are doing a good piece of work, as always. The football team is working hard and is said by everybody to be playing a clean game. The attendance upon the games is increasing. Visitors to the school invariably remark upon the fine spirit of co-operation shown in the class rooms and our scholarship is rising. What is there to be pessimistic about? The Brookline High School is one of the best high schools in New England. It can be made the very best. Let's lift up our heads and go to it.

CLASS PRESIDENTS VISIT SCHOOLS

The four class presidents and the captain of the marshals, John Jewett accompanied by Mr. Jewett and Joe Levin as chauffeur on Tuesday, November the first, made a visit to three high schools for the purpose of observing student government.

The first school they visted was Watertown High. The enrollment there is exceedingly small, being only six hundred pupils. There is no student government in this school. The students do not have a voice in the government of the school; consequently it does not appear to have the same spirit as a school which has student government. Watertown cannot be compared with our high school because of the great difference in size.

Our representatives journeyed next to Arlington High School. The enrollment of this school is eight hundred. There is no Freshman class. The school has the 6-3-3 plan. There are six years of grammar, three of Junior High and three years of Senior High. After seeing the student government of B.H.S. Arlington High adopted it with slight differences.

The Teacher-Student Council is composed of three committees. The Committee of Law and Order corresponds to our marshal system. This committee does not have the power of our marshals. There is no Court of Justice. There is, however, a Social Committee which is in charge of social affairs. The Publicity Committee tries to do things for the general improvement of the school. The Teacher-Student Council is composed of delegates elected from four rooms: three from each Senior room, two from each Junior room and one from each Sophomore room. It is considerably larger than our Council.

The students of B.H.S. ate lunch at Arlington High and from there proceeded to Lexington High. The enrollment as in the two other high schools is small, being approximately 500.

The Student government is copied from the B.H.S. Their Court of Justice hasn't had a case in four years! Although the marshals do not have the power of our marshals the school spirit seemed best at Lexington High.

B.H.S. can rightly be proud of their Student Government. The two schools that did have Student Government were not to be compared in this matter with the student government of B.H.S.

SPANISH CLUB MEETS

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Tuesday, Nov. 1, at the home of Miss Adams, head of the Spanish Department. The officers elected are: president, Lucy Benejano; vice-president, Polly Hansom, and secretary-treasurer, Bertha Stonehouse. The club is very fortunate in having three members who speak the Spanish language fluently. The president gave a delightful talk on her former home in Havana, and another student spoke interestingly of his college, the University of Havana.

MR. PACKARD SPEAKS

Thursday evening, November 1, Mr. Packard was a guest of the Yale Club of Boston at their annual fall dinner. The other chief guest of the evening was Mr. W. L. W. Field, headmaster of Milton Academy. These two educators were asked to discuss for the club that much mooted question of the day, "Who Should Go to College?" Mr. Field speaking from the viewpoint of the private preparatory schools, and Mr. Packard for the high schools, as he is so well qualified to do out of wisdom gained from more than thirty years' experience in preparing boys and girls for college. It was evident, from the frequent, lively applause, that what Mr. Packard had to say was finding its mark in the hearty approval of his hearers, among whom were to be found many prominent business men and men of affairs from all over New England.

In explaining the reason for the sudden onslaught upon the colleges, Mr. Packard stated that people now realize the insufficient preparation afforded by a high school education and that college training is necessary for success and happiness in life. The fact that it is considered "quite the thing" to be the holder of a college diploma, and the business prosperity of the last few years have been partly responsible for the rush to college.

The problem of limitation to those who are most likely to profit by the privileges of college is still unsolved. In spite of the thorough examinations and rigorous entrance conditions, many college students fail to complete the course.

Mr. Packard is convinced that those pupils who display an aptitude for a calling for which college training is necessary, students with a taste for books and faculty of concentration, and others of fair ability for whom the effort is not too strenuous, should be encouraged to go to college. He thinks that all those who have to be coached and crammed to enter should stay away.

The foregoing is a brief summary of Mr. Packard's talk as he had it outlined on paper, but he had hardly more than commenced with the paper when he discarded it altogether, and delivered himself of some plain for the right remarks, urging upon his hearers as capable business men to see to it that their boys be as wisely guided in their choice of a college and in their preparation for it.

Gangway!

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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YOUTH'S OPTIMISM

"Youth! Youth! how buoyant are thy hopes!
they turn
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side."
Jean Ingelow.

Indeed, it is a universal truth that youth looks toward the brighter things in life; that youth has a tendency to face the world smiling, while age sees more readily the darker phase. "They turn toward the sunny side:" it is only natural that the hopes of young people would be "buoyant." They have not yet experienced the harder, more wordly stages of life upon this earth. Thus, youth possesses the faculty for living in hopes; the power of obtaining an optimistic view toward the facts of life.

Despite this philosophy that many a great man—Hazlitt, Stevenson, and countless others—has brought to light, there are some of us, right here in B. H. S. (who, truly, represent that stage of being called youth) who do not see the sunny side of life. They discern, betimes, a pessimistic prospect. However, it would be foolery to think that everything in this world is good. There are, sad to relate, the hardships that man has had to encounter since the time that Eve ate the forbidden fruit. If one is able to grasp a difficult situation with the hope that his problem will be solved in the best way possible, then he has mastered this philosophy of youth's optimism.

In applying this to our everyday life in school, there are the ones who have already become discouraged by a poor beginning. There is still a chance for betterment. At least, if the situation is handled immediately and if the person possesses a willingness to carry it through to a favorable outcome, then will he be thankful for the attitude that prompted him to success. It is the hopeful state of mind of the person that renders him capable of achieving his attempt. A slight display of optimism will go a long way.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

The story goes that when Congressman Henry Clay Miner arrived at Syracuse, N. Y., as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention and registered "Henry Clay Miner and valet," a brawny son of Erin followed him and registered with a flourish, "Michael Murphy and valise." Michael was impelled by an age-old implse, the impulse to "keep up with the Joneses."

If, one day upon looking out of our window, we discover that our next door neighbor has invested in anything more formidable than a Ford, we are subject to a violent sense of inferiority. When we are writhing about in the clutches of our rattling Lizzie and they roll by in their superior blast, the sun is blotted from the sky and our existence is bitterly miserable. There is only one way to right things, one way to redeem ourselves, so, as quickly and as inconspicuously as possible we dispose of the cause of our shame and acquire something which we shall not be loth to parade before the eyes of the rest of the world. This again is the general proceeding so true of human nature, which we have entitled, "Keeping up with the Joneses." If we substitute school spirit for a car, and they are similar in as much as a car carries along a family body, and school spirit carries along a school body, we come face to face with the fact that we too, need to "keep up with the Joneses." Brookline's car as it comes to the bad places in the road, rattles distressingly, wheezes despairingly. This is unfortunate, for our neighbors are all doing well. They have steady cars. We ought to have one too; we ought to be the "Joneses," not the ones who have to do "the keeping up." When we meet Newton we want to roll by in a Rolls Royce.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE CREMONA VIOLIN

By Nacnud

The three of us—Rothlin, Maine and I—had been sitting in my library one evening whiling away the twilight's languid moments in listening to the dulcet tones of Rothlin's magic flute.

"Ah me" Maine had said, "if I could play like that—" but he never finished his lament, for at that auspicious moment my butler burst into the room, with a harassed look on his generally austere face, and told us that a "strange looking person had forced himself into the kitchen."

Needless to say, we all hurried to the servants' quarters where we discovered, to our open-mouthed amazement, a respectable neighbor of mine sprawling in an infinitely disrespectable fashion upon the kitchen floor!

"Jones!" I called to him, "what on earth has happened?"—at which sound he raised his head in a pathetically dazed fashion, and murmered in a strange, hushed voice: "My house—haunted—violin—oh!"

"But you are mad?" I burst out, "No such things as ghosts exist! Remember, man, that you are no longer a child!

"I cannot help it" he replied wearily, "I heard it; that is all"—and his voice died away as he fell, utterly exhausted.

An embarrased silence fell upon the three of us, which was broken at last by the impulsive Maine: "I wonder what it was he heard? This is what comes of living alone; if I did not know him so well I would say that he is intoxicated—but Jones never touches liquor. I wonder"—he concluded, biting his nails in perplexity, "I wonder what he heard!"

"For myself," Rothlin broke in with a determined voice, "I intend to visit his house tonight. Jones knew what he was talking about—men like him are not subject to hallucinations. Are any of you coming?" he ended briskly.

"I shall go with you," I eagerly cried, for Jones had made me extremely curious.

"Nonsense!" laughed Maine derisively, "but do you really mean it?" he asked, as he saw our set expressions. "In that case I shall come also, although I am sure nothing will come of it."

We provided ourselves with flashlights —for by this time darkness had completely set in—and leaving Jones in the care of the butler, we set out.

After we had walked about five minutes, and had almost approached Jones' house, I suddenly remembered that there was a path which would allow us to come at the house from the rear. We were about to avail ourselves

(Continued on Page 8)

SOB STUFF

George Tyler Spencer was employed on the staff of the Metropolitan "Blab." The name of the paper really wasn't the "Blab," but that title will serve for all present contingencies, so why worry? George was what is known as a feature writer, and he was a good one, too—if you asked him. He could take a small matter of personal interest, and play it up, and build it up, and augment it with a few pictures of the old homestead, accompanied by a snapshot of the orphaned daughter at the age of three, until he had a good three-column "spread.' When the editor wanted to wring a tear from the hard-hearted public, he would send for George; and George would listen stonily, put his nose to the trail, and come back with enough sob stuff to satisfy even old Mrs. O'Hare, the scrub, who took her reading seriously, and just adored a good cry.

So when the editor summoned George one afternoon in June, George mentally catalogued the job as one long sob, and ordered his pals in the reporters' room to limber up his typewriter for his return.

"George," said the editor, "I have a peach of a story for you; a perfect whopper. Just the kind that you lap up. Take this—and please close the door on your way out."

George glanced at the paper in his hand; a small clipping to the effect that one Dorothy Erstaus had been discharged from St. Vincent's Hospital, with her leg entirely cured. The said Dorothy, it seems, had been struck by an auto which had immediately driven away, and had not been found. According to a report which George found upon consulting the files of back numbers, she had been the sole support of her aged father; consequently her father had been hied to the home for aged men. It had all the appearances of a real article, George thought happily, as he cleaned the steps, four at a time, only halting in the reporter's room for his hat.

"I'm off! he shouted. "If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The next picture we have of our Mr. Spencer is as he climbs the old brown steps of the dwelling where Miss—what the devil was her name?—ah—Miss Erstaus was staying. He rang the bell with a consoling sort of ring. He believed in getting people in the right mood before opening his interview. A girl of about twenty answered the door.

"Is Miss Erstaus at home?" queried our Mr. Spencer. You can see that his methods differ from those of the reporters about whom you read. But who can say definitely that *there* is a reporter? They are a class which is notorious for the difficulty they bring

(Continued on Page 9)

EXCHANGES

The SAGAMORE acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following magazines this month: "The Lighthouse," Port Huron, High School, Port Huron, Mich.; "The Light," Bristol High School, Conn.; "The Cub Reporter," Manhasset, New York; "The Mercury," Worcester, Mass.; "The Vermont Cynic," Burlington, Vermont; "Acrial," Atherton High School for Girls, Louisville, Kentucky; "Wakefield High Booster," Wakefield, Mass.; "The Clark News," Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; "The Bowdoin Orient," Brunswick, Maine; "Ye Register," Latin School, Boston, Mass.; "Tech News," Tech High School, Springfield, Mass.; "The Distaff," Girl's High School, Boston, Mass; "The Herald," Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.; "The B. U. News," Boston University, Boston, Mass.; "The Shuttle," High School of Practical Arts, Boston, Mass.; "Index," South High School, Worcester, Mass.; "Trade Winds," Boys' Trade School, Worcester, Mass.

As We See Others

"Tech News":

We have been glad to receive your paper and have read it with pleasure for several months. We have not commented on it before because we have never been able to find an exchange column in your paper. Why don't you have one? We think a column of this sort adds a lot to any paper and helps in exchanging good ideas.

As to your paper, it always seems to be filled with interesting material. It is well planned considering the variety of subjects treated. Your editorials are good, but why don't you try a short-story contest or something of the sort?

It's of interst to people of this High School to see that you are giving "Captain Applejack," because we gave it in this school for our Senior Dramatics several years ago. Here's wishing you all the success. We hope to see an Exchange column established in your paper soon, and would like to see some comments on our paper.

"The Shuttle":

A good little paper full of "fun and frolic". We suggest, however, that you have a little more school news in proportion to your editorials, short stories and poems. Your cartoons are good and likewise the arrangement of the magazine. We wish your Exchange was a little longer and more complete. Otherwise, yours is a right interesting little magazine for a bi-monthly paper. We were glad to receive a new exchange.

"The Herald":

Yours is a good paper with room for improvement. In the first place we might suggest better araringement of material—athletic news, editorials, school news, and so forth separated from each other. Your senior officers, by the way, judging from all appearances (if the picture was any good) are good choices to guide your senior class.

"And another thing",—We noticed the name of an Exchange editor on your staff, and yet,—hunt through though we did, we could find no exchange column. Was this just a mistake in that one issue? We hope to see a column in your next paper.

LIBRARY LINES

All this week has been Children's Book Week. In the public and school libraries posters made by students in the art room, are on display on Wednesday the 16th at 3 p.m. Miss Jordan, Supervisor of Children's Work at the Boston Public Library, spoke at the Public Library on the subject, "What Shall Our Children Read?" The Brookline Public Library with children's tastes especially in mind has compiled a worthwhile reading list.

The girls helping in the library for the year are as follows: Elaine Skidmore, Helen Wright, Dorothy Kellough, Marion Wilband, Lois Hall, Amy Burns, Beatrice Stone, Adeline irk, Eileen Reid, Elizabeth Fahey, Leona Beck, Anna Martin, Josephine Melican, Ethel Feinsilver, Aline Romanow, Florence Nelson, Suzanne Abrams, Marjorie Tarbell, and Leona Moss. These girls are to take trips each month throughout the year, visiting libraries of Boston. Last year they went through the Widener Library at Harvard, and this year they went to the Wellesley library, to see the Palmer collection of English poets.

The library will have a copy of the *New York Times Book Review* from now on, thanks to the kindness of Mrs. Nasmyth's history casses.

The Boy's Glee Club has joined with the Girls' Glee Club in giving the library a subscription to "Music and Youth".

SCHOOL HEARS PROFESSOR HAMILTON

At the regular Tuesday assembly, Nov. 5, the school had the pleasure of hearing one of today's foremost authorities on drama. This famous critic, Professor Clayton Hamilton, is a well-known writer, and was formerly the professor of drama at Columbia University.

He opened his talk with a very brief sketch of E. H. Sothern, the famous American actor, who is going to play the leading role in a satirical Irish comedy entitled "General John Regan," written by George A. Birmingham, well-known novelist and playwright.

He then gave us a brief account of the play. The scene is laid in a little Irish hamlet. An American tourist stops there and wishes to learn about Gen. John Regan, the liberator of Bolivia. The people of the village have heard of no such man, but in order to attract American tourists, find a birth-place for, and accept this legendary hero. The play built about this is very humorous.

At the completion of Professor Hamilton's address, we left the hall with the determination that when "General John Regan" came to Boston, we were certainly not going to miss it.

New Books in the library: Meigs—The Trade Wind, ($2000 prize story of the sea); Becker—Adventures in Reading.

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Hear Ye!

The day of the classic conflict is nigh and as usual, knowing all the choice gossip YE CRIER has found out that Brookline will beat Newton by an overwhelming score.

* * *

Marty's luck has changed in the lunchroom and someone else carried all the trays back. Now I know we'll beat Newton.

* * *

Never saw so many Sophomores as I did at the Reception the other day.

* * *

They should be called the Stumbling Sophs judging by the state of my once-noble shine.

* * *

YE CRIER understands that the cheerleaders are holding secret practice every day. Wonder if they'll have a huddle system?

* * *

Ye SAG gets bigger and better every year. What do you think of this 12 page issue?

* * *

We wonder just what all these traffic directors, Scottish girls, beribboned damsels, and sundry other peculiar actions mean?

Ye Senior Social will be ready in a blaze of glory. Poor Miss Hannon is already feeling the trials and tribulations of the coaching position.

* * *

Need I remind you again that we will hand Newton a lic'king worthy of a Roman Army.

* * *

Be ye all there present!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

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For the second time within a year, the Boston School of Interior Decoration and Architectural Design, formerly at 31 Newbury Street, Boston, has been obliged to add to its quarters; this time, the entire three-story building at 279 Newbury Street, corner of Gloucester, has been taken.

The increased enrollment of the school, is attributed to the fact that the instruction given is largely that of a studio training, and also to the fact that the classes are kept small and individual instruction is given by the Director and Associate Director. The object of this personal instruction is to bring out the latent abilities of each of the students, either cultural or practical. The direct purpose of the instruction given is to fit the students who may have inclinations toward art work, to secure positions or engage in the fascinating profession for themselves. The close affiliation of the students with the Adelphi Studios gives the advantages of the practical training of understudies.

All persons interested should register at once, for classes are now forming.

THE CREMONA

(Continued from Page 6)

of this short-cut when Rothlin, who had been walking on ahead, suddenly came to an abrupt halt, and motioned us to stop.

"I could almost swear I heard something," he whispered hoarsely, "something like"—and here he paused instinctively—"like a violin!"

I began to feel a strange excitement creep into my blood; I listened intently, but except for the sough of the evening breezes as they sighed through the branches of the surounding trees; and for the cry of some lone night-fowl echoing eerily from the distance, all was quiet.

"Imagination" Maine growled laconically. But even as he spoke I saw a startled look appear in his sapient eyes: "Listen!" he almost screamed, clutching me with hands that violently trembled, "Listen!"

And then I recognized the tremulously liquid tones of a violin, very low, yet infinitely penetrating; sorrow-laden to be sure, but played in a frenzy like unto that of lupine rage or of unutterable delight!

How long I stood there listening I do not know, for I suddenly awoke to the fact that the music had ceased, and saw the agile Rothlin sprinting homewards, with Maine lumbering after him to the utmost limit of his obesity.

When we were united again in my hospitable library our fears slipped somewhat off our shoulders; yet we had been as afraid as men of our years could be.

"Did we really hear it?" Rothlin asked, with a child-like wonder on his perspiring countenance—and indeed when I thought upon it, the whole occurence appeared so strange, so absurdly impossible, that I really could not have sworn to the fact that we had.

"Certainly we did" ejaculated Maine, "didn't Jones hear it too?"

Jones! yes, we had forgotten about Jones! "How is he?" I demanded of the butler who had auspiciously appeared.

"He is asleep, sir," he replied, and we had perforce to go to bed.

Part II

As Jones did not appear for breakfast next morning, we all three adjourned to his bedroom. I thought at first that he was still asleep, but after a while he raised his mournful eyes and looked interrogatively at each of us in turn.

"Yes! we heard it" Maine burst out, whereupon Jones heaved a sigh emanative of relief. "Then I was right!" he cried with a sudden fervor, "it *must* be so!"—and he made as if to spring from the bed.

"Yes, yes" Maine insinuated soothingly, "but tell us about it, tell us about it!"

Jones threw a wild glance at him, but he soon became calm, and hesitatingly said:

"It is my own fault! I should have burnt it. . . .

"Burnt what?" I demanded in impatience.

"I am going to end it all" he cried, ignoring my inquiry, "come with me and see it done!"

Nothing loth, we followed after him, imagining wild things, I suppose, until we reached his house, whereupon we were led up a very narrow stair to the attic.

"Open that chest," Jones directed us, pointing to a large rectangular affair that loomed indistinctly through the dust, "open it, but oh!, make haste!"

It was with no small trepidation that we approached this coffin-like shape. Maine gave a tug at the lid, but only succeeded in disturbing the accumulated dust of ages.

"Let us pull together," Rothlin suggested, and after a stiff pull the lid at last yielded, with a reluctant creak of its rusty hinges.

At this point Jones gave a nervous cough, and, stooping over the chest, began to grope about in the cavernous depths: "At last!" he cried, as he triumphantly withdrew his arm, and conceive our awe, our utter amazement to see him bring forth a violin—a priceless Cremona—fashioned with a rare and exquisite beauty!

"Ah!" was all Rothlin could say, the aesthete in him triumphing over the baser emotions, "ah!"

Maine and I could only stand and stare.

"Come" said Jones, after what seemed a long interval; and he led the way down to his library.

"What is it all about?" Maine demanded when we had seated ourselves, "What are you going to do with the violin?"

"I intend to burn it," Jones replied quietly.

"What! "Rothlin almost yelled, "Burn it! Never!"

"I know that you will be thinking me mad Jones continued with a wan smile, "but reserve your judgments until you have heard my story:"

"Before my uncle died he wrote a will in which he strictly enjoined his heirs to be sure and destroy his violin immediately after his death.

"I was the only relation; everything came to me—but I did not destroy the violin. I could not! It seemed a sacrilege to destroy such a work of art.

"I used to keep it in my bedroom; but somehow I always felt uneasy in its presence. Ultimately I put it where you saw it today.

"That was many years ago, and I had completely forgotten its existence—until recently, when I began to hear strange sounds. And the rest you know"—he broke off abruptly, and went into an adjoining room, where we heard him commence to build a fire.

Part III

"Eh?" cried Maine when he had recovered from his surprise—his pronounced obesity making him appear like some chubby, and very astonished puppy, "eh?" And that just described our feelings.

Presently Rothlin arose, and took the violin, into his hands, gazing at it the while with envious eyes. He was still holding it thus when Jones returned, who took it with no great gentleness from his grasp, and before any of us could utter a syllable, rushed off with it to throw it into the centre of the fire!

Outside a wind was blowing lustily, and that would, perhaps, account for it—for as the blaze was at its height I thought I heard a low-toned wail. Neither of my companions heard it, however.

After the fire died out Jones left us suddenly, and retired to his room; whereupon we reluctantly departed.

"Do you think" I whispered, when we were about to separate, "do you think that it could have been *that* violin we heard?"

"Yes!" Rothlin replied in a voice pregnant with awe, "did you not notice the strings? The resin upon them was perfectly fresh. It must have been played very recently—but how on earth could it have got out of that chest?

"I wonder" Maine muttered, "I wonder."

The End.

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SOB STUFF

(Continued from Page 6)

to one who attempts to classify them.

The girl smiled, "Oh, yes."

George smiled, "May I speak to her?"

"Well, I'm not sure. Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mr. George T. Spencer." As if anybody who *was* anybody knew Mr. Spencer. The girl led George through a dark hall, into a morbid living-room. Then she sat down. George sat down, too, with his hat in his hand. He looked at her.

"Isn't Miss Erstaus home?" he said.

"She is," replied the girl demurely. (Do they reply that way in these days?)

"Is she—er—" George fingered his tie nervously. The situation was getting rather tense. "Is she—ah—that is I—look here—er—is she indisposed?"

"Of course not. Why—oh my dear man, of course you couldn't know! I am Dorothy Erstaus.'

"Are you Miss Erstaus?"

"Of course."

"Miss Dorothy Erstaus?'

"Surely.'

"Surely?"

"Yes.'

George mopped his brow with his handkerchief. The conversation was not exactly what you might call brilliant. "Look here," he began, "is your father in the home for aged men?"

"My father? Who told you that? My father has been dead eight years. What do you want anyhow? You aren't a reporter, are you?"

George sensed that she hadn't a very strong liking for reporters. Moreover, he noticed that she was very, very pretty. George lied like a martyr. "No," he said. "Er—suppose you come to tea with me, and Ill explain the whole business."

"I'm not in the habit of taking tea with strange men," she said. But she noticed George's face. George's face, which had bravely led its owner through all the details of the Stratford murder; which had unwaveringly swum through the weeping sequences of the Mulligan separation case; George's face, his proudest possession, had a hang-dog look. "But I will go with you. Somehow I don't feel at all strange with you."

"No," said George. "It's funny, but most people don't."

* * *

Two hours later, George swung blithely into the editor's office. That worthy held out his hand for the copy.

"No story," said George firmly.

"What?" said the editor. "You mean to say that with that lead, you have no story?"

"No story," said George happily, and slammed the door on the way out.

The End.

GET READY FOR THE SENIOR SOCIAL

The best Senior Social ever is to be presented on Dec. 18. The announcement was made at the assembly Nov. 1st. Mr. Aker opened the assembly by a few words and then introduced Richard Simmers, chairman for the program. The main points of Simmers' talk were as follows:

Where: Auditorium.

When: Dec. 18.

How much?: $1, .75 and $.50.

Dancing: Luncheon $.25 (with stub).

Why: To help send two or three boys to college.

Simmers also advised the boys to select their girls *now* in order to have a ripping good time.

"Bud" Wilson was the next speaker.

Miss Hannan, the very capable faculty leader of the social, also spoke. She told of the tryouts, which are to be held on Thursday, Nov. 10. The talented members of the school were urged to be present.

The assembly then came to a close Pauline Bunshaft played a suitable march while the students returned to their respective classes.

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Sophomore-Freshman Reception

On November 11, one-9-two-7,
The dear little freshmen thought they were in heaven.
Of course the reception we sophomores gave,
Was enough to bring Washington up from the grave.

Auditorium filled, and the freshies all thrilled,
To see our "Pearls" widely billed.
Bernice and Harriet the actresses were,
While the actors were Bertram and Kenneth Goodyear.

As the curtain drew down at the end of the play,
We all to Shailer did make our way,
For here on the platform an orchestra perched,
And soon all our jazz tunes they lustily jerked.

But then came the best part, the ice-cream was served,
And straightway from the hall all the boys and girls swerved.
Our program soon ended, our feet sorely worn,
But all will admit that they're glad they were born.

On Friday, Nov. 11, by 2.30 sharp the auditorium was filled with the Sophomore and Freshman classes and the day's entertainment was begun. Eleanor Sibley opened the program with a song and dance number which was quite entertaining and exceedingly well done. After that the Sophomore president gave a little speech of welcome after which the main event of the afternoon took place. "Pearls" a play, produced under the supervision of Mr. Godkin, amused the audience being exciting, humorous and well acted. The characters taking part were:

Peggy Lewis ... Bernice Kushen
Polly Lewis ... Harriet Dangel
Ted Lewis ... Kenneth Goodyear
Mr. Brown ... Bertram Dane

The theme:

A string of pearls had been stolen in the wrapping room where Ted worked. He had given such a string to Polly for a birthday present. The girls soon jumped to the conclusion that Ted had stolen the pearls. Mr. Brown calls and they think he is a detective. For hours Ted had gone out with him and had not returned. He surprisedly walks in whistling and at once Peggy, being the older sister, demands the truth with a good deal of force. They discover that he had bought the pearls on the installment plan and Mr. Brown had called for the last payment. The girls soon apologize and it ended "all living happily ever after."

Dancing was then enjoyed in Shailer Hall and refreshments were served in the old lunchroom. The Social ended at 4.30.

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TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

The Teacher-Student Council in its last meeting, which was held on November ninth, made a report on the attendance and tardiness. The attendance record has improved to a certain extent but the tardiness record is below the standard desired.

The Council appointed a committee for the purpose of considering ways and means of improving the situation. The members of the committee are: Mr. Taylor, Miss Lewis, and the presidents of the four classes.

The Teacher-Student Council discussed also the report of the Presidents of Classes and Captain of Marshals, who visited three near-by high schools under the chaperonage of Mr. Jewett. It was suggested by Mr. Packard that these same students study the conditions of B. H. S. with the view of making improvement necessary.

GIRLS' OUTING CLUB

Yea! Brookline! Let's go!!

On Thursday, Nov. the 3rd, the Girls' Outing Club left the gymnasium at 2.30 with a merry shout. Our program was scheduled as a hike to the Fenway. What a joy of a time we had! We walked briskly, singing good old Brookline's football songs, walking under arches and bridges shouting "Rah!! Rah!!" at the tops of our voices and were surprised to find that we weren't showered with stones. We also sang with a lot of spirit and enthusiasm:

"Yi, yi, yi, yikers,
We are the hikers.
We are the girls of Brookline High,
Always a-grinning, always a-winning,
Always a-feeling fine."

We soon silenced our silver tongues (?) as we passed Notre Dame, Simmons College and the Art Museum.

Our trip back was pleasant and cheerful and we certainly looked like a dusty lot when we returned.

Girls!! Come on and join!!! We want some more members!!!!!

ANDY GUMP SPEAKS

Well, the big event is near at hand. The thing that we have been talking about for ever so long. Newton! Ah, boys and girls or I should say, ladies and what brings you to school every morning, let us show Newton that we have as good-looking girls, as big voices, etc., as they have. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing all your shining faces on the morning of the dead turkey at the field.

I have been doing some detective work lately and have found just how our fair sex keep that youthful figure. They eat a salad and a piece of cake for lunch. Imagine some of our husky fellars living on that!

Have you heard the new suspender song "It all depends on you"?

Dear Andy:

A group with whom I go has had an argument and I wish you could settle it for us. The question in debate is—Should the boy or girl write first?

"Jerry C."

Ans: I have two solutions to this puzzle. If you are the girl and he wants to see you again, he will surely write you first if he is a gentleman. On the other hand, if he has money and you would like to enjoy his company I advise you to write him first. I haven't had much experience in this since we have had an extension put on our phone because I am a Franklin. A penny saved will buy a lollypop.

Andy.

Was walking through the bug house t'other day when I came across a man evidently in deep thought. I paused at this spectacle and suddenly he exclaimed, "Ah, I have it! They take the holes out of doughnuts and put them in macaroni".

Some roses are pink
Pink as a pill.
If you don't get an A
Somebody else will.

I wish you all a very turkey Thanksgiving. Don't forget to give the bones to Fido. "Goo" bye!

Andy Gump.

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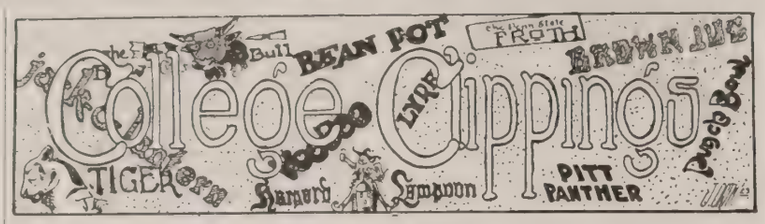

Paul: That wasn't real Italian spaghetti we had for supper.

Vera: How do you know?

Paul: Because real Italian spaghetti drops off your fork and goes "Wop" on your plate.

"Is your girl suspicious?"

"Is she! My girl is the sort that puts 2 and 2 together and gets 22."

Another Debt: I see that you are raising a mustache Bill.

Bill: Who told you so?

"George has a new inferiority complex."

"What sorority is she?"

A modern Scarlet Letter is one that a college man writes to his girl back home.

When better drinks are mixed we will still have prohibition.

What this world really needs is a fireproof celluloid collar.

"Pardon me, my good man, but what drove you to drink?"

"Thirst, curious parson, thirst."

Gloom: Did you hear about young Robinson? He died on his wedding day.

Henpeck: Heck, some guys have all the luck.

A motto for motorists: Pedestrians should be seen and not hurt.

"How can you chew your gum so long?"

"Oh, I soak it in gasoline to get more mileage."

Fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs you.

"Isn't that the telephone?"

"No. You must have heard the napkin ring."

(Don't be angry, children, it's all in fun.)

First Bro: Got in Dutch tonight. I ran into grace.

Second Bro: Grace who?

First Bro: Oh, I got in the dining room late.

"That girl is grace personified."

"What did you say her last name was?"

In case of an auto wreck, who should speak first? And should the man precede the lady through the windshield?

"My wife is like a stableful of decrepit horses."

"Yeah? How's that?"

"Nag, nag, nag.'

When Susie was a litle baby she was petted quite a bit. She is now eighteen, and the situation is pretty much the same.

"Say, niggah, how come you so banged up?"

"I was talking when I should have been listening."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 5 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 9, 1927 TEN CENTS

SENIORS PRESENT PHENOMENAL SOCIAL

NEWTON CLINCHES SUBURBAN LEAGUE TITLE

Last Minute Drop Kick Humbles Red and Blue

For the first time in four years Newton defeated Brookline in the annual Thanksgiving Day game. The score, 3-0, was in no way indicative of the game, for seldom has a team been so completely outplayed as Newton was and still come home a winner. With seven short seconds remaining "Joe" Gilligan kicked a field goal that gave the Orange and Black not only a win over Brookline, but the Suburban championship as well. Newton got the breaks from start to finish. On the second play of the game "Gene" Record dropped a pass when there was a clear field to the Newton goal line. Again, in the opening period, the Red and Blue carried the ball forty yards, and, when two 15-yard penalties were inflicted, gained all but three yards of the lost ground. Penalties proved disastrous for the Red and Blue, and there is no doubt that the score would have been different if it had not been for the ground lost in this manner.

Captain Rollins was once more the brilliant leader that he has been in former games and ended his High School career in a blaze of glory Record and Cannon gave good accounts of themselves. Cannon should be a star of the first magnitude next season. Roberts also has another year of football in Brookline. In the line no one played outstandingly well, that is above the rest, but as a whole the forward wall was as near to perfection as any scholastic group can be.

Redmond kicked off to open hostilities, the ball going to Brown on the 22-yard line, and being rushed back sixteen yards. The Orange and Black was stopped on a plunge at center, but gained seven yards through the line on two rushes, and when Brookline drew a five yard penalty, got a first down at mid-field. Duane reeled off nine yards on the next play and after Bennett was stopped for no gain made the other yard necessary for a first down. Newton then made 9 yards on two plays, but when a 15-yard penalty was called Bennett punted to the Brookline 6-yard line. The first two Brookline plays failed while a poor pass from center resulted on a six-yard loss on the third down and then Rollins punted to mid-field. Duane was stopped on an attempted end-run, but after Brookline drew another offside penalty he and Bennett made ten

(Continued on Page 2)

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD

Upon arriving at 9 Brimmer Street, the home of Commander Byrd and his family, I sent my card in to the person who, on two different occasions, has been the man of the hour, Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd. His flight to the North Pole astounded the world, as did his brilliant transatlantic flight of June 28-29, 1927. He was accompanied on his polar flight by Floyd Bennett, a competent mechanic, an enviable pilot, and an amiable fellow. On Commander Byrd's flight across the Atlantic, his companions were: Lt. George O. Noville, radio expert, Bert Acosta, pilot, and Bernt Balchen, co-pilot and co-navigator.

I was shown into the Commander's room where at his hands I received a cordial welcome. After a short, personal conversation, I asked him why he preferred a tri-motored plane for his flights. He replied that although a single motored plane has a large cruising radius, a greater speed, and less resistance, it has not the factor of safety of the "America," and is not suitable for obtaining scientific data. When I asked him what the transatlantic air liner of the future would be, he smiled and said: "It will be a combination of the N-C-4 (the first plane to cross the Atlantic by air), and the "America". His theory for accounting for the loss of 24 lives in transoceanic attempts this year is that the planes, in all probability, went into tailspins, from which they never recovered, and then dropped into the sea, to be crushed by the pressure of the waves.

His future South Pole expedition will have a personelle that will include the crews of recent flights, scientists, weather men, Eskimos, and newspaper men. "Over a thousand people have expressed their wish to go," he told me. He said in concluding an interesting interview, that the future of aviation depends largely on the interest of the people, financially and otherwise, and the influence and success of future aeronautical projects. As I left Richard Byrd to his charts, he said in an emphatic tone, "Every community should have an organization or unit to stimulate aviators, especially among the younger generation."

DARLING '25 MAKES PHI BETA KAPPA

R. C. Darling, who graduated from our school in 1925 and is now a member of the class of 1929 at Harvard University has recently been elected to Phi Beta Kappa Society. The SAGAMORE wishes to congratulate him on the distinction which he has brought upon himself and his school.

Annual Frolic Destined To Rival Former Successes

Says one Black Crow to another, "Come on, let's be sociable."

Says the second Black Crow, "I'se the most sociable de're is."

"You may think you is, but you ain't till you bin to the Brookline Social."

Well if dat's so, I'se gonna be de head man in dat show.

At great expense (time and talent) the Senior class of 1928 will stage on Friday night, Dec. 16, in the Brookline High School auditorium its all-star social, it's pageant of performers, its dancing daughters, its singing sons, all for the purpose of making social successes of all classmen at Brookline.

In the modern manner the old-time show comes back with its fun and merriment as a motif for the coming Senior Social. The "vodvil" show setting everyone in the whole stage company a chance to do his (or her) stuff before the spotlight.

As in all well-balanced vaudeville performances there will be dancing, singing, comedy and tragedy, making it a treat for the eye and a delight for the ear.

All the notables in our school life will be there, class leaders and football stars and the rank and file of all classes—some in the show but for most part in the audience. What a chance for merriment, when you know everyone on the stage.

Every miss of their lines will be a scream. But don't take from this the idea that the stage work will be amateurish for Miss Hannon has a well deserved reputation for successful productions.

The great surprise of the night is, the who's who on the stage. No one knows the personnel of the performance, not even its publicity manager Art Anderson.

(Continued on Page 3)

TWELVE NEW MEMBERS ENTER ALPHA PI

The most sought for and most coveted honor a pupil may obtain is membership in the Honorary Society. To gain entrance, one must not only be proficient in his studies, but must also gain credits for outside activities.

Initiations are held twice a year; in the middle of the Junior and Senior years, and in the beginning of the Senior year. At least two points are required in scholarship, and not less than two in activities. The total must comprise six points. The member having the highest number of points is automatically elected president. At present, this honor is held by Marianna McAfee. The society has not yet chosen its secretary, as two girls are tied for the next highest number of credits. One of these two will be chosen at an early date.

This year the folowing Seniors have the distinction of being future members of this select group: Milton Finger, Marion Arnett, Polly Hanson, Bertha Stonehouse, Howard Carven, Mary MacLellan, Jessamine Sherbert, Muriel Dunn, Isidor H. Summer, Martha Hardy, Helen Idell and Esther Morison. Their points were gained as follows:

MILTON FINGER	Points
Orchestra '25, '26, '27	1½
Semi-finals prize speaking '25	½
Marshal, '27	½
Scholarship	11⅛
Total	13⅝

BERTHA STONEHOUSE	Points
Glee Club, '25, '26, '27	1½
Four minute speaker, '26, '27	½
Marshal, '27	
Scholarship	9¼
Total	11¾

POLLY HANSON	Points
SAGAMORE Staff, '26, '27 Associate Editor, '26, '27	2
Scholarship	11⅜
Total	13⅜

(Continued on Page 6)

HERB WOODS STARS AT PENN

Herbert S. Woods, a former student of the Brookline High School, is among the members of the freshman football squad of the University of Pennsylvania, who have just completed a successful gridiron season. Woods played end for the yearlings who defeated their traditional foes from Cornell by score of 49-0.

While at our school, Woods played on the hockey, football, and baseball teams, and was a member of the band, orchestra, French Club, Student Council and Court of Justice. He was also president of the German Club and the class of 1927 in both his junior and senior years. While here he made a mere half dozen letters!

LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY

An interesting and different type of school assembly was held in the Auditorium, November 22nd, under the auspices of the history department. We were presented with a model assembly of the "League of Nations". The meeting itself was carried on according to the rules of procedure as actually held in the "Salle de Reformation" in Geneva, Switzerland.

Richard Simmers acted as President of the assembly representing Uruguay, and speaking always in French. Chandler Hagen-Burger translated as "official interpreter." Thomas Duncan surrounded by his several secretaries acted as Secretary-General. Before the meeting opened Rosemary Keefe gave a prologue to explain the working organization of the League.

The first item on the agenda was the election of permanent officers of the Council of the League. Owing to lack of space it was possible to have but twenty-four of the nations represented on the platform in an alphabetical arrangement corresponding to the actual seating plan of the League.

The acting delegations of the different countries were as follows: Africa, Richard Cavanaugh; China, Joseph Graham; Cuba, Daniel Warren; Greece, Thomas Reynolds; Holland, Sidney Lemberger; Siam, Francis Forsythe; Australia, Ralph Devila; British Empire, Ruth Greenburg; Denmark, Helen Horack; France, Ernest Greenhood; Norway, Winifred Greenhood; Czechoslovakia, Albert Mason; Germany, Henry Greenleaf; Canada, Neil Nevergelt; Japan, Joseph Donohue; Uruguay, Cecil Gabbett; Albania, Thomas Duddy; Belgium, Albert L'Esperance; Colombia, Barrett McMullen; Finland, Gordon Neaver; India, Forrest Sheinwald; Venezuela, Clinton Heitman.

The time allotted for the Assembly permitted four speeches only from the delegates. For Japan, Joseph Donohue spoke of the importance of the World Press Conference held under the auspices of the League. For Holland, Sidney Lemberger, told of the necessity of co-operation between the big and little powers in order to advance the ideals of peace. For Germany, Henry Greenleaf voiced the opinion that as France and Germany had won all the fame and glory in war, the only competition now left for them was to lead the world in peace endeavors.

Ernest Greenhood spoke for France and the speech was translated by David Zintz. He told how prime ministers arrive at decisions in committee meetings and why the League makes progress slowly.

Messengers wearing blue armbands bearing the letters S. & N. brought important messages to the presiding officer or to delegates.

At the close of the speech of the French delegate the meeeting was adjourned supposedly until three o'clock. The whole affair proved to be the most remarkable assembly ever held in the halls of B. H. S.

Flags of the fifty-six nations added a valuable and colorful touch to the assembly.

The speeches used were dictated in Miss Young's classes and typewritten by Miss Maycock's divisions. Miss Gambrill coached the addresses which were given in French.

If it had not been for the courage, interest and enthusiasm of Mrs. Nasmyth this assembly would not have been possible. The whole school as well as the history classes are greatly indebted to her for her never tiring willingness to help the students of B. H. S.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE NEWTON GAME

Jim Ryan made the most tackles of the morning. He dished up a spectacular performance in the line throughout the entire game.

Newton's tackling wasn't so much to rave about. They were pursuing Brookline's backs like 11 blind mice.

Since Barrett hurt his ankle he has been very careful of it. When a man went to tackle him he gracefully lifted up that foot. Many times the would-be-tackler only caught the air!

"Tanky" Baul must have developed a real muscle after the game started. He got so strong that his shoe strings broke.

We all wonder how Gilligan felt after he kicked the goal and all the Newton players jumped on him.

There was some friendly spirit between the schools. The bands played together between the halfs.

The Newton band did not come on the field first, but when it did it outpointed Brookline in members.

Girls must predominate at Newton, for every time a cheer went up it was overpowered by a shrill obligato of screams.

In the Somerville game "Dan" got A-plus in rushing. Thanksgiving day he graduated "magna cum laude."

The Red and Blue forwards surely opened up tunnels for their backs, according to the way "Dan" and "Red" went through.

It looked as though there were no "gate crashers" at the game. The field was well patrolled with most capable police officers.

A certain former pupil of Brookline was at the game. He did not meet many young ladies because he did not wish to remove his hat. There was no hair underneath!! They call him "Noisy" but he is greatly subdued.

Just the same it may be said here that it was a fine game! Both teams fought hard and it sure was a tough game to lose! Everyone on the team deserves the greatest credit.

NEWTON GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

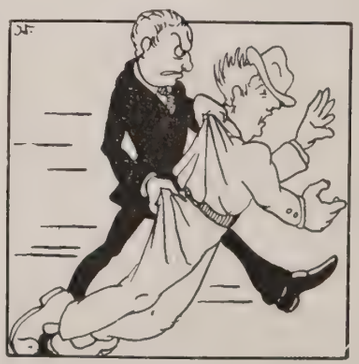
yards on two plays for a first down on the 28-yard line. Here Newton was pushed back ten yards on two plays and when two forwards were incompleted Brookline got the ball on its own 38-yard line. Rollins tore off eleven yards on the first play and added fifteen more on the second. The Red and Blue leader carried again on the third play for a two yard gain, but a fifteen yard penalty lost half the advance and a similar set back on the following play put Brookline back on its 35-yard line. A Collins to Roberts forward netted seventeen yards and then Record smashed through tackle for thirteen yards more. A short pass to Werner failed to make the required distance and the ball went to Newton on its own 29-yard line. In two rushes Duane gained 8 yards as the first period ended.

Newton lost two yards on the first play of the second quarter and Bennett punted to Roberts on the Brookline 27-yard line, where Roberts received and ran back three yards. On three yards Rollins, Cannon and Record made a first down on the Brookline 40-yard line. Here Newton held and on third down Rollins kicked to the Newton 40-yard line. Brookline stopped Newton twice and threw the opposition back 5 yards on third down, but another off-side penalty off-set this and then Bennett punted to Roberts on the Brookline 35-yard line. A lateral pass netted two yards on the first play, and Rolins went three yards on the next, but Brookline suffered another 15-yard penalty and Rollins punted to the Brookline 37-yard line, where Duane fumbled and Rae recovered for Brookline. Record gained two yards through tackle but a pass was intercepted by Newton and carried to the Brookline 44-yard line. Newton gained only a yard at left end, but an off-tackle play then went for 8 yards and Brown went through center for a yard and a first down at mid-field. Here, Gilligan, who had replaced Sutcliffe in the Newton backfield, reeled off seven yards around end, but after a Newton pass was incompleted he was thrown for a four-yard loss on the second try at end. Bennett then punted and the ball rolled toward the Brookline goal line, but suddenly stopped on the one-yard line, where Roberts fell on it. After two line tricks had gained nothing for Brookline the half ended.

Brookline again kicked off to start the second half, but Redmond sent the ball only to the Newton 42-yard line, where the receiver was downed close to the side line. Newton wasted a down to run the ball out of bounds, but was unable to pierce the Red and Blue defence in two tries and on last down punted to Roberts on the Brookline 21-yard line. A quick kick from scrimmage formation traveled only seventeen yards, but Newton's offense failed to function, and after gaining only one yard on three tries Bennett attempted to kick. The ball was blocked and recovered by Rae on the Newton 47-yard line. Rollins started with a ten yard gain, but on the next play the referee detected Brookline off-side and a pretty 8-yard gain by Record was not allowed. A forward pass was not completed and on last down Newton recovered a Brookline fumble on the Newton 48-yard line. Gilligan made only a yard on a wide tackle play, and Bennett punted to the Brookline 20-yard line, where Roberts received and side-stepped several prospective tacklers to advance ten yards before being downed. Another exchange of kicks gave the ball to Brookline on its own 38-yard line. Rollins slid off-tackle for a five yard advance which was followed by a three-yard gain by Record as the third quarter ended.

At the start of the final period Rollins punted to the Newton 37-yard line where Duane signalled for a fair catch. In an end run Bennett was thrown for a loss of four yards and then punted to the Brookline 30-yard line where Roberts was tackled as he caught the ball. Brookline was unable to gain on two downs and Rollins kicked to the Brookline 48-yard line. Newton lost four yards and Bennett then punted back, the boot going out of bounds on the Brookline 20-yard line. Rollins reeled off eight yards and Cannon made eleven. Rollins hit the line twice for gains of one and three yards respectively, and on third down a blocked kick went off-side on the Brookline 20-yard line. Three plays gained only three yards for Newton and then Gilligan tried a drop-kick which failed. Brookline took the ball on its own 20-yard line, and after gaining three yards on two rushes, Rollins kicked to the 48-yard line. A Newton forward-pass was grounded, but Bennett made three yards through the line and a pass to Gilligan gained twelve yards and a first down on the Brookline 33-yard. Shienfein caught a pass for seven yards after Duane had made three yards through the line. On two plays Bennett carried the ball to the Brookline 10-yard line, but here the Red and Blue held, and with but seven seconds remaining, Gilligan kicked the goal from the 16-yard line.

The Newton kick went to Rollins, who raced it back 16 yards as the game ended.



Mr. Nash bouncing a crasher at the senior social.

SENIOR SOCIAL

(Continued on Page 1)

It's a real business, organizing a big show. The great big business and dance man is Dick Simmers.

All the Brookline world, that night, is a stage, with Fred Janvrin as its manager.

During the Social and up to the small hours of the night the Crimson Ramblers will give "blue heavenly music." They have all that "Paul" and "Vincent" have, for they have rocked the crowned heads of Europe to and fro in rhythm with their syncopating jazz. For their music alone all Brookline should turn out.

No one-eyed Connelly can crash the gate that night and what is more, when the capacity of the house is sold, gold pieces wont get you in. Imagine all these things for four, six and eight bits. The ticket office is oper everyday for your ticket orders. Buy early. We expect a full house because this great big money's worth is for only one night.

You will be escorted and directed by many pretty flower girls and handsome ushers.

Remember now, next Friday night at 8.00 o'clock in the auditorium.

"May I have the next dance?" (overheard at the Senior Social).

AN INTERVIEW WITH E. H. SOTHERN

Of course I realized that an actor like E. H. Sothern was doubtless very busy and all that. However, I also knew that he'd be thrilled to be interviewed by a Sagamore reporter, so I calmly strolled back-stage in the Hollis Theatre to thrill him. He was standing in front of a river with a few boats strewn over its still surface for effect, when I approached and said, "Don't mind me, Mr. Sothern, I only work here, anyway." As Aesop said 2,000 years ago, believe all this and I'll tell you some more.

Frankly, there may be something in this world more difficult than getting an interview with E. H. Sothern, but you'll have to prove it. By dint of considerable drag I succeeded in being introduced to him. Success? Not exactly. I was far from calm, and he was anything but thrilled, but I managed a few weak questions—at least one.

This was, why, after having played Shakespearian roles for so long, he had returned to comedy, and whether he had any preference. "It is not a question of preference", he explained, "it is like being serious or humorous. Sometimes one prefers one mood, and sometimes another. An actor ought to be able to do all kinds of plays."

One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Sothern is his appearance. At an assembly some time ago, Clayton Hamilton stated that Mr. Sothern is sixty-eight years of age; he looks like a man of about forty-two. When I saw him he was in formal dress, having just officiated at the unveiling of General John Regan's statue, and he certainly displayed the same vigor off the stage as on it.

And as I departed, I vigorously hoped that the time might be forthcoming when eminent actors and insignificant reporters will be united in some common cause.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

The Sophomore girls upheld the reputation that the Girls' League has established for being a lively organization, by the peppy party they presented last Friday, December 2, in the Lunch Room. Everybody felt Christmas in the air and the decorations made the girls hear Christmas bells.

The meeting commenced with a competition to see who could get the most words out of "Children's Hospital.'

Miss Sears then gave a delightful talk on the French Christmas carol "Saint Nicolas."

Then came the fun! The whistle blew and everybody started with much zeal to make scrap books. The lunch room was full of eager girls, each racking her brain, to get all the artistic points for her scrap book.

After that the girls tested their ability to solve puzzles and answer questions.

The judges then announced that the prize for the best scrap book was awarded to Esther Schaffman.

The party then adjourned, the girls having had a marvelous time and feeling sure that the scrap books they had made would give many happy hours to the children in the Children's Hospital.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Plymouth—"Broadway", a drama of the cabarets. A play well worth seeing. As it is about to leave town, one should see it now.

Shubert—"My Maryland", is one of the season's musical hits. It is filled with love, drama, comedy and romance. Olga Cook is being starred in this production.

Colonial—Starting Dec. 8, "Rosalie", with Jack Donahue and Marilyn Miller. This promises to be one of the season's hits.

Copley—"No. 17", a mystery play, starring the manager-actor, E. E. Clive. Well worth seeing, to the lovers of mystery stories.

Majestic—"Oh Kay!" a musical comedy with Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

Arlington—"In Abraham's Bosom", the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1927. Enough said. It must be good.

Repertory—"Merchants of Glory", a comedy. The writer recommends the Repertory theatre to all B.H.S. students as a very fine place to be entertained.

Wilbur—"Perrgy Ann", a little something different in the way of a musical comedy.

Hollis—"Tenth Avenue", a comedy drama, starring William Boyd and Edna Hibbard.

Capitol—"Now We're in the Air" starring Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. Also usual features.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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B. Nicholas — Keith Wedlock
James Ferguson — Joseph Gray

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HYPNOTISM IN EDUCATION

The nature of hypnotism is still a mystery, though its effects are often startling!

A patient in a hospital recently underwent a serious operation, while in the hypnotic state, without any sense of pain whatever though he was conscious at all times and was keenly aware of every movement made by the attending surgeon. A newspaper article tells of another patient whose wisdom tooth was extracted without pain, while the party was in an hypnotic condition induced by a voice coming over the telephone!

Self-hypnotism is common, also. The **I can** and **I cannot** of the School boy is often the direct result of some form of hypnotism though it often goes under the head of will-power, lack of concentration, inborn talent or the lack of it, or indolence. Our schools are full of pupils who have been hypnotized in one way or another into a belief that they cannot do this or that and that it is of no use, therefore, even to make a try at it. Or they have been taught that a given subject is "hard" and that therefore they cannot understand it. How many times does one hear such statements as this—"I never could do anything with mathematics, my mother never could either" or "You cannot expect a girl to do Physics." One of the teachers said to me only yesterday, "I do not wonder that pupils find the subject difficult, I barely squeezed through it myself, when in college." This in spite of the fact that girls usually stand higher in our classes in Physics than boys.

Discouraged at home and held back by one's natural tendency to take the easy course in life is it any wonder that so many pupils fail to attain the highest results?

The idea expressed in the following poem is a healthy one.

THINKING

If you think you're beaten, you are:
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't
It's almost a cinch you won't:
If you think you'll lose, you're lost:
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.
If you think you're outclassed, you are:
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can win a prize.
Life's battles don't **always** go
To the stronger or faster man,
But sooner or later the man who wins,
Is the man who thinks he can.

Suppose we all try the positive side of hypnotism in place of the negative side for a while and observe the result. There's a lot of good cheer in that jolly old couplet rehearsing the exploits of a bumpkin from the country; "He didn't know that it couldn't be done so he tackled the thing, and he done it."

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

It was the white ward of an American base hospital. Around one of the beds the nurse had drawn a curtain so that the wounded man and his visitor might have what little privacy a bare, white sheet afforded. "Number One" had sniffed when he saw her putting up the sheet. He was the oldest inmate from point of time (he had been in the ward two months), and his contempt for visitors was genuine and deep-rooted—he never had them. But then his was a most exceptional case; he ought to have died long before now, but he still hung like a leech, to the eternal amazement of the nurse, who awoke every morning with the sincere belief that that day would see the end of him. She never quite recovered from her daily shock at finding him still alive.

But we are not concerned with "Number One" at present, though some day his story may be told.

Within the curtained-off space, the wounded man was talking. His hot moist hand lay upon the cool, dry one of his visitor, as if to prevent him from going.

"So we fell in love," the soldier was saying. The visitor was impressed with the fact that he had pale, blue eyes. "We used to go on picnics Sundays. The hills were glorious in the fall, with their gold and russet, brown and fading green, we were like a pair of babes in the woods. We'd come home dog-tired, sometimes soaking wet, if it would rain, but we didn't care, we were in love.

"We were to be married in the spring, but the war came first. I enlisted very soon after it broke out. We had to leave for training camp and I didn't see her for ever so long. She used to write to me though, funny little letters, telling me about the city, what was happening there; she promised to wait for me. Like a fool I believed her. Still, perhaps she meant it at the time; I'm rather bitter now, but I have good cause to be, as you'll find out. I answered her, who wouldn't? I swore I'd come back to her, but I didn't know what war was like then, sir. I had a fool notion it was all hurrah, and when I found out it wasn't, it nearly broke my heart. She finished the job.

"Perhaps she didn't know," said the visitor kindly. "You know the mail service was an awful jamboree. Letters wouldn't come from France for months, and then they would come all at once."

"She knew. Wait." He stopped as if to recover his breath. Then—"She came down to see me once before I left. We had our heaven back for one hour. I've lived a long time because of those few, fleeting minutes. She gave me her picture."

"May I see it?" said the visitor.

"Tore it up. Afterwards. When we

(Continued on Page 7)

ROOM MATES

By Josiah Lewis

"Can you imagine that, fellows? Think of me in the same room with that shrimp of a book-worm," complained Jim Burdell to the men at the fence.

Big Jim Burdell was mad. He had come back to Princemouth College a sophomore—a big man in his class. Some predicted that he would make the All-American in his second year while others said he was the best stroke-oar the college had had in a long time.

On his return to the college to begin his second year, he had hoped that he would get an athlete or at least a jolly fellow for a room-mate, and here he was in the same quarters with a person who didn't know what a football looked like.

"That's what I get for engaging a dormitory too late in the season," bitterly said Burdell.

"Oh! say, he can't be so bad," exclaimed a college friend, "at least he can help you in your studies when you're down!"

"But ye gods!—to think of living with him for a whole year," yelled Big Jim in exasperation.

The object of this talk, Percy Stevens, was at that moment engaged in looking at some botanical specimen. Thus he spent his whole afternoon. On returning to his room, he encountered Big Jim with a book in his hand.

"I suppose you have an interesting book there?" politely said Stevens.

"It's on Football!" was the brief reply.

"Football? You should be reading something more instructive. Personally, I could never see anything in the game."

"Oh, rot!" snapped Burdell disgustedly. And, then—"I suppose you're going out for some sport."

"Coxswain of the crew," said Percy—the grind.

—And so autumn and winter passed. Burdell devoted most of his spare time to athletics while Stevens studied his geometry.

The first call for crew came in March; Stevens and Burdell both reported. Funny enough, too, Stevens seemed to be making the grade. After much strenuous practice, he made second coxswain on the Varsity. He steeved in only one race out of the first four races and lost that one, not because of lack of ability but because his crew was outclassed.

The big race with Washington was approaching when the first coxswain broke his leg. (He had to do this,

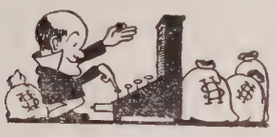
(Continued on Page 5)

R Colyum

Last year's famous magician and sheik will surprise you in the coming Senior Social.

Mr. Hines remarked that this year's football team was the best he had ever produced.

Do you remember Trainor of "Such a Little Queen?" You will meet him again pounding the piano during the Senior Social.



Mr. Woodlock counting the receipts of the Brookline-Newton game.

The head newspaper boy of the SAG —Ed Brown.

A fat newspaper like the Newton issue of the SAG would be possible each issue, with greater student-body support.

The Christmas rush has begun. The grouch's annual: Do your Christmas shopping surly.

ROOM MATES

(Continued from Page 4)

you know, for Percy to get into first place.) Gloom spread its mantle over the college. Nobody had any faith in Percy, the grind.

"And after everything was coming along so nicely", came morosely from Burdell.

"Oh! shucks. Give Stevens a chance," protested Vanbrugh, "it wasn't his fault that we lost that race he steeved."

"I tell you he's a hoo-doo," came back the retort, "who ever heard of a bookworm steering a crew?"

The talk steered into other directions. "Going to the Prom?" asked someone.

"You bet I am!" was the emphatic retort of everyone.

The Prom was the best social event of the year. It usually came two days before the big race. All the fair ladies; cousins, aunts and whatnots of the university men came for miles around.

This Prom, like all the others, finally came.

Everybody was present, including Percy Stevens, looking much out of place in his tuxedo.

Burdell particularly noticed at this dance a rather good looking girl with violet eyes—yes! her eyes were violet. He had tried vainly for an introduction but none of his particular friends seemed to know her. That night, Burdell dreamed of violet eyes.

The day of the crew race dawned bright and fair, as all crew race days do. Stevens was coxswain while Burdell was at stroke.

The two crews were lined up; the pistol barked, and the race was on! Princemouth got an early lead, and for three miles kept it.

Now Washington slowly but surely crept up. The two were nearly even when suddenly, in the path of the Princemouth shell, a steam launch, its motor shut off, drifted by the watch of the officials into the wake of the Princemouth crew.

A warning yell from the spectators; a jerk, a twist and another jerk, and Stevens, the grind, steered the shell safely onto the course.

By this time Princemouth's opponents were two lengths ahead.

"Steady! there, all's O.K. 'one, two, three, four, five.' Steady, there, Burdell, wake up! Faster!" came cooly from Percy Stevens.

Princemouth slowly crept up and came in half a length ahead of Washington. Yells for the coxswain and for the crew rose to the sky.

Burdell was conscious of a grudging admiration for Stevens. He almost had a mind to ask him to be his roommate again the following year, but he stopped in time.

After getting dressed, Burdell walked out of the boathoue. Outside, he saw Stevens with the girl of the violet eyes.

Later in their room, Burdell asked Stevens, "Say Percy, who was that girl?"

"She's my sister," replied Stevens.

Big Jim Burdell hesitated no longer. Any fellow who could steer like Percy could and who had such a sister, must be a regular "guy."

"How about rooming with me, next year, Stevens?" inquired Burdell carelessly.

"Sure!" grinned back the grind.

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* * *

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* * *

Famous for beautiful girls, wonderful boys, great football teams, and good scholarship, is B. H. S. Now even the cheer-leaders make us famous by having their picture taken in action by a reporter.

* * *

Ye Crier was told the other day that the thing Ye Faire Co-ed doth most envy in a male studente is his genuine lack of inferiority complex.

* * *

Just what does she mean by that?

* * *

As that Rede-headed Black Crow says in the Senior Social, why bring that up at this time?

* * *

Working on the stage at Brookline High has its compensations—now Ye Crier understands that a certain prominent member of the SAG staff also known as stage manager saw Broadway the other night while on an **errand!**

* * *

Symphony Hall is known for its debates, the SAG roome for arguments between two members of the business staff.

* * *

Ghosts—in—our—school!! Miss Parker says the door to 314 is haunted! Amateur detectives are incited to investigate at their own risk.

* * *

Frank Ball of the gym dept. will select his "all-team" in tog football this week and it will be published in the next issue.

* * *

Some of our girls decided to play bridge at noontime but Mr. Jewett had other ideas.

* * *

We wonder whether R. W. is really ding-toed or whether that's the way he is supposed to dance in the Senior Social.

* * *

Ye Crier had the goode fortune to happen in the auditorium the other day when Charlie Watson was playing for a rehearsal and boye how he can "palpatate the ivories"!

* * *

Some of the girl archers are not so goode as yet, as we observed the other daye.

* * *

"Mac" and "Hopeless" are at it again in the Senior Social. They sure can step.

* * *

Juste got mine woman for the Senior Social. Have you got yours yet? Don't forget to come!

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

Ye are all expected!

Oyez!

SWIMMING TEAM

Although everybody is thinking about the outcome of our football game, our swimming coach, Mr. MacNamara is in a pensive mood.

Last year Brookline won the swimming championship for the seventh consecutive time, and having lost only four regulars,

Ralph Fay, star backstroke and relay man is captain. As "Johnny" Rae is up in his studies he will be a big asset to the team. "Marty" Ford, hard tackling center of the football team, will again be seen in action. Sumner Shikes, John Couts, Conway and Enyon are the other regulars. McTigue and Broadbent have improved of late and should be up with the rest of them very shortly.

ALPHA PI

(continued from page 1)

MARION ARNETT	Points
Glee Club, '25, '26, '27	1½
Athletic "B"	1
Scholarship	4⅝
Total	7⅛

MARY MACLELLAN	Points
Prize speaking semi-finals, '25, '26, '27	1½
Glee Club, '26, '27	1
Scholarship	11½
Total	14

JESSAMINE SHERBERT	Points
Glee Club, '26, '27	1
Athletic "B"	1
Scholarship	5⅝
Total	7⅝

MURIEL DUNN	Points
Glee Club, '25, '26, '27	1½
Mandolin Club, '27	½
Marshal, '27	½
Chairman of Senior Advisers	1
Scholarship	13¼
Total	16¾

MARTHA HARDY	Points
Girls' Mandolin Club, '26, '27	1
Girls' Glee Club, '25, '26, '27	1½
Scholarship	5
Total	7½

HELEN IDELL	Points
Glee Club, 25, '26, '27	1½
Four Minute Speaker, '26	¼
Advertising Staff, SAG, '27,	¼
Scholarship	5⅜
Total	7⅜

ESTHER MORISON	Points
Gym Captain and Manager, '26, '27	2
Swimming Manager, '27	1
Vice-President Senior Class	1
Three Athletic "B's"	3
Scholarship	3½
Total	10½

ISIDOR H. SUMMER	Points
Baseball Manager, '27	2
Scholarship	4⅝
Total	6⅝

HOWARD CARVER	Points
Band, '25, '26, '27	1½
Ass't Adv. Mgr. of SAG., '26 '27	1
Scholarship	7⅛
Total	9⅝

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

(Continued from Page 4)

hit France her letters kept me going; and after we moved up into the front-line, I used to keep her picture here, over my heart. One day, when we had been over about three months, she sent me a note, telling me of the arrival of my last letter, and asking me to tear up everything of hers in my possession, because she was going to be married. She named the man. I knew him. He wouldn't go to war. He hadn't the guts.

"I seamed to see red then. I was stark tearing mad. I vowed I'd go back and shame her, hurt her until she knew some of the pain I felt. I had to wait, but that rather helped along my anger. I used to talk to myself o'nights, tell myself how much I would hurt her, gloat over it. There was an old Scot who shared my watch. He was the ideal companion for me. Wouldn't speak for hours on end. Just sit, and grunt, and smoke his stinking pipe; and somehow, I could feel his sympathy just oozing out of him. Then I got mine. It was in the drive on Saint Mihiel. We went over the top in open formation, and we hadn't gone far before Campbell, that was the Scot, went west. Just gave a kind of sigh, and collapsed just like that. Then I keeled over. When I came to it was to find myself jolting along in an ambulance, with a cursing, raving lunatic across from me. I felt a dull pain around the upper part of my chest. It's funny how the most unimportant things pop into your head in times like that. I thought of the fact that I had lost my identification tag a few months before. They wouldn't know who I was. I started up to tell the driver who I was; strange, I couldn't move. It felt as though the Woolworth Building was plunked down on top of my chest. I rapped on the back of the front seat. The driver stopped and came trotting back to find out what the hell was the matter, anyway, huh?

"'Dammit, make him shut up,' I said. The wounded man was carrying on like all get out.

"'Can't, buddy. Don't like it any more than you do. Shell-shock. Bad case.'

"'Have we much farther to go?'

"'Bout two miles.'

"'What's on my chest here Take it off, will you?'

"'Nothing there, buddy. It's 'most all shot away.' Then he beat it, to avoid more questions.

"Everything went black then; I was floating off in space into black, dark pit. When I next came to, I was here in this ward. My brain seemed to be cleansed of every thought save one; to hurt that girl. I read in a Paris edition that I had been found dead. Some poor beggar buried under my name. They would read about it at home. Good! I was a dead man! I—then I figured out what must have been the most diabolical plan human mind ever devised. They would believe me dead. There was the pith of the matter. But I was going back to hurt her.

THE GLEE CLUBIAN

In the production of **Pinafore** which will be presented by the Teachers' Club sometime in February, the Girls' Glee Club and the Boys' Glee Clubs will compose a part of the chorus. Teachers of Brookline will take the leading parts.

Also it does not seem that Mr. Jewett lost his voice when they put him in with the girls in his early days. His voice reverberated above all the others and in tune too.

Teacher—"This plant belongs to the begonia family."

Freshie—"Ah! and you are taking care of it while they are away?"

Senior (looks at problem)—"Ha, ha, can't you work that one?"

Freshman—"No."

Senior—"Why a fool ought to see that!"

Freshman—"That's where you have the advantage over me."

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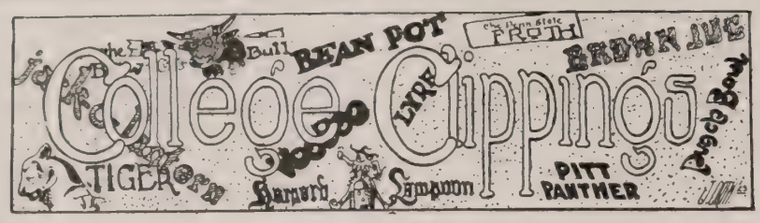

It's a Cruel World

Senior—Deep wisdom; swell head; brain fever; he's dead.

Junior—Fair one; hope fled; heart broken; he's dead.

Sophomore—Football; 'nuff said; neck broken; he's dead.

Freshman—Milk famine; not fed; starvation; he's dead.

Wife—"Our new maid has sharp ears."

Hubby—"Yes; I noticed that all the doors are scratched up around the key holes."

Caesar (cutting himself while shaving)—"Drat!!! Blankety—blank—blank—blank!!!"

Calpurnia (without)—"What ho, m' lord."

Caesar—"What hoe? What hoe? Gillette, blast it, Gillette."

He was Done

For Sale—Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner has been in it for seven years; best reasons for leaving.

He put his arm around her waist,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about two weeks.

"Papa, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"

"It depends on how near he comes to hitting me."

She—"Do you love me still, my dear?"

He—"I would but you never are, you know."

Teacher—"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Freshie—"Why, er-r-r-r-r, it was built in a time of famine."

Little Girl (on train, chewing gum viciously)—"Mother, I do like these trains."

Mother—"Why?"

Little Girl—"Because they have such delicious chewing gum under the seats."

Marie—"I'm collecting for the suffering poor."

May—"But are you sure they suffer?"

Marie—"Oh, yes, indeed! I go to their house and talk to them for hours and hours."

Caesar's dead and buried,
And so is Cicero;
And where those two old gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.

Smart Young Man—"What do you think of Brown?"

Indignant Old Gentleman—"Brown, sir! He's the sort of man that smacks you on the back before your face and hits you in the eye behind your back."

Brown—"What are you thinking of, Peter?"

Peter—"Oh, I was just wandering what used to run on the railroad tracks before they invented trains."

Latest definition of a backbone by a physiology student—"Something that holds up your head and ribs, and keeps you from having legs clear up to your neck."

Money talks—we're speechless.

Father—"Marie, what time is this you're getting in?"

Marie—"Oh, about 1 o'clock." (Clock strikes three).

Father—"My, how that clock stutters."

Freshie—"If ignorance were bliss, I'd be blistered all over."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 22, 1927 TEN CENTS

SENIOR SOCIAL SURPASSES EXPECTATIONS

What does the public want?—Talent, Talent, TALENT.

Where does it get it?—at Brookline High School.

If Ziegfeld, Ned Wayburn, Morris Geste, and Clarence DeMille ever want real talent, juvenile stars, for the "gay white way," let them interview any man, woman, or child present at the Senior Social last Friday. They will learn of the talent of Brookline's best.

Up to the last minute the "who's who" of the cast remained a secret. But now—for the benefit of those who couldn't attend I will tell you of the leading characters and of the high-spots of the night. A snappier-moving, flashier-produced show never before has graced our stage. The show was just one brilliant act after another.

The Brookline High School Orchestra under Mr. Zanzig's baton opened the evening with a masterpiece.

The show started with a lucky-seven chorus led by Betty Brigham, called the Grey Gliders. They were certainly high-steppers.

In this act and in most of the dancing acts, that world-known jazz orchestra, The Crimson Ramblers, rocked and swayed the dancers and even the audience in rhythm to their syncopating yet symphonic jazz.

In the next act The Two Black Bobs, Bob Cox and Bob Haynes, broke all remaining ice between the stage and the house, with humor. Remember—"If you-all are goin to the pig pen keep your hat on so I'll know ya."

"Dan" Rollins our leading soloist followed with two songs. McCormack better watch his laurels.

(Continued on Page 2)

SCHOOL HEARS COLONEL FURLONG

On Tuesday, December 13, the school had the pleasure of hearing Col Furlong, the noted lecturer and traveler, who is the only white man who has explored thousands of miles in Patagonia and the surrounding regions gave us a lecture on "My Exploration in Patagonia and the Surrounding Regions." The talk was illustrated by slides.

In the first part of his lecture Col. Furlong gave us many interesting facts concerning the geological position of South America, and her bond of relation with the United States.

He then took us to Beunos Aires, the capital of Argentina. We visited the chief places of interest in Buenos Aires with Col. Furlong as our guide, and then started out for Patagonia and the surrounding regions.

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE AERO CLUB MEETING

The Aero Club, which was recently started by a few boys interested in aviation, held an election last Tuesday, November 13. The results of the election are as follows: President, George W. Mason; Vice-President, Sidney Dobbs, Secretary, Robert Stone, Treasurer, John Hickey.

On Wednesday evening, November 14, a very interesting meeting of the club was held in the exhibition room of the Brookline Public Library. George Mason presided over a business meeting which was concluded as quickly as possible. He then turned the chair over to the Vice-President, who immediately gave Mr. Downing, the Faculty Adviser, the floor. Mr. Downing introduced Mason and Stone, two members of the club, who presented an "Aero Skit" which was very successful, and was enjoyed by all present.

The feature of the evening came when Mr. Robert E. Gregg, Jr., of the Harvard Flying Club, gave a very interesting talk on "Military and Naval Aviation." He related some personal experiences which were so close to being fatal, that some of the members of the club shivered as he told them.

In closing he emphasized that any pilot who became careless while in the air was very likely not to live long.

Veteran Red and Blue Natators Should Uphold Previous Record

It seems that our swimming team under the able tutelage of "Jay" Macnamara has never had the proper recognition from the students of Brookline High. Swimming team has four component parts, ie., the coach, the team, the student support, and the schedule.

It is not necessary to say anything about student support, because that has been fairly good but there's always room for improvement.

The TEAM and well may it be in caps, is a corker. It is a veteran team composed of 7 letter men from last year. Ralph Fay, the backstroke star, captains this splendid team. His time for the backstroke is rarely approached by school boys. Marty Ford, the 50 and 100 yd. flash, is in perfect condition and expects to beat all comers—over his distance. Johnny Rae, who was ineligible last year, cannot help but break the breaststroke record this year. Blaine Eynon will do his stuff nobly by performing various flips and swan dives. Shikes will pick up seconds to Fay's firsts at will. Conway to Rae in the breaststroke. John Coutts will show the bottoms of his feet to many in the 200 yd. event. MacTigue, Broadbent and MacEttrick are "comers" and may be expected to garner many extra points. There are many others out for the team who may be expected to do or die for Brookline High if the occasion arises. Two members of the 1926 record-

(Continued on Page 2)

THE HONORARY SOCIETY ASSEMBLY

The weekly assembly on Tuesday, December six, was devoted to the interests of the Honorary Society of B.H.S. Brookline High School is able to boast of being the first school to establish an Honorary Society whose requirements for membership are not only a high standing in scholarship, but also in athletics and outside activities. The credit for this idea is due mostly to one of our former students, Gordon Leach, who first made the suggestion to the faculty. The Honorary Society has been in existence for a number of years, and during that time has conferred upon many B.H.S. students the honor of its membership. At the assembly of December six, twelve members of the senior class were awarded the coveted key of the Society.

To obtain membership in the Honorary Society is the greatest honor which can be attained by any pupil of the school; and congratulations are owing to those twelve members of the present senior class who have elevated the standards of B.H.S. by attaining membership in the Society.

"JIM" RYAN
Noted tackle who was chosen as All-Scholastic by several newspapers

SPANISH CLUB

This year the Spanish Club has amended its constitution in order to include those who have attained an honor record in Sophomore Spanish. The privilege of membership has been extended to: Phyllis Robinson, Melvin Linksky, Nathalie Mallard, Roger Wentworth, Marguerite Harding, Stanley Levenson.

The above have received either an "A" or "B" grade for the first quarter.

The two who have been chosen as directors are: Phyllis Robinson and Roger Wentworth. These, with the officers and the two members already chosen, Dan Rollins and Janice Levy, will constitute the Executive Board.

The next meeting has been postponed to December 20th so that it may be a Christmas celebration. Every year at this time the Spanish Club has a very novel meeting. Sometimes the members sing old Spanish songs, and usually they have a miniature representation of the Manger.

Le Coin Francais

Le plus beau cadeau

Tu cherches, doux petit, un cadeau pour ton pere.
Ne laisse pas errer ton discours vagabond.
Car le plus beau cadeau que tu puisses lui faire,
C'est d'être bon.
Tu le vois souvent grave et quelquefois sévère,
Mais son coeur vibre trop pour jamais se fermer:
Va! Le plus beau présent que tu puisses lui faire,
C'est de l'aimer!
Il t'aime,—et le bonheur que de tous il préfère,—
C'est le tien, cher oiseau si frêle, si peureux,
Et le plus beau présent que tu puisses lui faire,
C'est d'être heureux.

Les Oranges de la Légion

Chez nous, les beaux fruits d'or font l'orgueil du nos tables. En Amérique, ils servent tantôt de comestibles, tantôt de projectiles. Se bombarder à coups d'oranges bien mûres est une réjouissance populaire fort goûtée de nos sportifs amis. L'objet tient parfaitement en main. Il est assez ferme pour suivre une trajectoire donnée, assez mou pour exercer des dégâts minimes sur un but aussi vulnérable que le visage. Bref, c-est l'idéal du genre.

Nos visiteurs caressaient, paraît-il, l'intention de se livrer à semblable exercice sur nos boulevards. Cent mille oranges, commandées en temps voulu, devaient finir sur la chaussée, après avoir joyeusement folâtré dans les airs.

Or, les légionnaires comprirent que ce divertissement onéreux pourrait être mal interprété ici. Et ils eurent la charmante pensée d'offrir les cent mille oranges sauvées du massacre aux malades des hôpitaux.

—Les Annales

On "descend" à l'Hôtel

Dans un hôtel de Paris:
—Vous reste-t-il une chambre?
—Oui, monsieur, au sixième...
—Et on appelle ça **descendre** à l'hôtel!
(L'Autorité.)

MAJOR FURLONG

(Continued from Page 1)

Our explorations in the deserts of Patagonia was particularly entertaining and instructive. In fact, time and time again, there could be heard many gasps of amazement and wonderment from the interested audience.

Another feature of Col. Furlong's lecture was his playing of two folksongs on the harmonica, which are to the people of Patagonia, what "Me and My Shadow," or any other popular tune is to us.

Although the lecture lasted until after half past two, when the light went on again a large percentage of the whole school were still in their seats.

Anything that can keep the student body after two o'cloc's must be good so we can say that of Col. Furlong's talk.

WINTER SPORTS BEGIN FOR GIRLS

Winter Sports started with a rush on Monday, December 5. A goodly number of girls reported for Gym Team practice on that day. Captains for the Freshman and Sophomore teams were elected. They are Roselind Badaracco, Freshman, and Betty Richy, Sophomore captain. After Christmas, the first of the series of the interclass meets will be held. Later in the season, the Varsity Team will be chosen. On Mondays there will be light games, on Tuesday, Pinguard which is taking the place of basketball. At the first meeting much enthusiasm was shown. This will be a Class team only. Wednesday there is dancing and swimming and these, like the other activities, draw a large crowd. Swimming starts definitely after Christmass. Thursday will be Captain Ball and Outdoor Club.

A new system has been started by means of which 500 points are necessary to receive the Old English "B." The old one was found inadequate because of the large number of girls receiving the award.

Point System for scoring individual attainment in earning the "Old English B."

All points are arranged on a 100 point basis.

In considering participants for a team —the following qualifications will be considered:

1. Health and physical condition.
2. Ability of "skill".
3. Faithful at practice.
4. Spirit.
5. Scholarship and standing in department of physical education.

The following points will be awarded:

Varsity Team

Hockey Squad	100 pts.
Gym Team Squad	100 pts.
Swimming Squad	100 pts.
Tennis Squad	100 pts.

I Class Squads

Speed Ball	50 pts.
Hockey	50 pts.
Archery	50 pts.
Gym Team	50 pts.
Capt. Ball	50 pts.
Pin Guard	50 pts.
Track	50 pts.
Baseball	50 pts.

II Class Squads

In all above sports	25 pts.

III Class Squads

In above sports	10 pts.

A series of games will be held between I-II and III.

Individual Scores

Light games, including Quoits—Tenikoit	50 pts.
(certain attainments to be realized)	
Swimming	50 pts.
(passing certain tests)	
Outing Club (certain qualifications)	50 pts.
Dancing (certain qualifications)	50 pts.
Tennis Champions	50 pts.
In tournaments held in fall "singles and doubles"	
Class Day Participation	50 pts.

Miscellaneous Individual Scores

Manager and Captain of Varsity Team	35 pts.
Manager and Captain of Class Team	25 pts.
Marshall duty in locker room	25 pts.
"A" record for year in physical education	25 pts.
Perfect attendance in gym each semester	25 pts.
Squad leaders	25 pts.

Four or more will be chosen from each class. There will be a meeting once a week for "squad leader instruction." Ability Tests in gymnasium work, 25 pts. Certain tests to be passed on apparatus.

Awards

Athletic "A" for Varsity, Class, and Individual scores with the small "c" for class of "v" for varsity in some special color representing the activity.

SWIMMING TEAM

(Continued from Page 1)

breaking relay are still on the Squad in the person of Ford and Cap't. Fay and assisted by Eynon and a fourth swimmer, as yet undecided, they should break their own record.

Now for just a word on the team as a whole. It might be well to notice that since Mr. Macnamara has been coach, the swimming team has **never** been beaten by a high school. That's a record to which no other high school may point. The coach always points his team towards and objective and so it is with "Jay". The Interscholastic meet in his objective and by making a schedule as stiff as the following, he is really rounding his "mermen" into shape.

Boston English—at Brookline—Jan. 12.
Rindge Tech—at Cambridge — Jan. 18.
Pawtucket High—at Pawtucket—Jan. 20.
Exeter Academy—at Exeter—Jan. 28.
Andover Academy—at Andover—Feb. 4.
Pawtucket—at Brookline—Feb. 9.
Rindge Tech—at Brookline—Feb. 14.
Brown Fresh.—at Brown—Feb. ?
Cambridge Latin—at Cambridge—Feb. ?
Newton—at Newton—Feb. 29.
Dartmouth Frosh.—at Brookline—Mar. 10.
Newton—at Brookline—Mar. 15.

Now last, but by no means least, is the coach, Mr. Macnamara, known to everyone as "Jay". There is not a fellow on the team who hasn't a good word for him, and the fellows, from the five-year-olds to the fifty-five-year-olds all look to him for advice. He has coached the swimming teams for B. H. S. and the Brookline Swimming Club longer than most of us can remember. Mr. Macnamara is very optimistic and when asked who the 200 yarder and fourth relay man would be, he replied, "Why, we'll just have to develop them." And he'll do it, too!

Fred Janvrin, among other things, is the student manager of this sport and is doing a splendid job under the direction of the faculty manager, Mr. Woodlock.

As a parting word let me ask you not to forget the Swimming team and to give it your strongest support thruout the coming season.

THE SENIOR SOCIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

The fourth act was "Prestidigitation" with our famous sheik and magician, Hunter Perry as prestidigitator. (Did you notice the red spats) Assisting him was that snappy pianist "Joe" Mulhado.

The next hit was made by a chorus consisting of Sophomores dancing and singing to the tunes of that famous Teck Show of 1925.

Pauline Bunshaft, the pianist of our Tuesday assemblies, followed with a brilliant piano selection.

Next came Dorothy Scott who made a reputation for herself as our songbird.

Rose-Marie Keefe will create quite a stir in the coming Spanish Play if she presents a dance as good as the one she presented at the Social last Friday.

Next came our famous pantomime artist, Al Weinburg, in that touching drama, "The Damsel in Distress."

Later came our fencers, the Cass brothers. They showed us the principle points of fencing and then staged as interesting a duel as "Doug" ever created.

Daphne Stanistaus "tripped the light fantastic" in "The Dying Swan."

Marianna McAffee, Hope Kelsey, Dan Rollins and Ted Cole then staged the foremost hit of the evening, called, "The Melon-Patch Minstrelsy."

Again Al Weinburg and Bob Haynes, pantomime specialists, rocked the house with the heart-rending scene "Barbara Friechie.'

Helen Wallace then did a clever bit of work at the piano.

Vivia Parker and Eleanor Roach then filled our eyes with a most original bit of dancing called "The Imp and the Unknown." What a surprise package!

Our dancing couple, Lucienne Wilkenson and Henry Greenleaf, did a fine bit of dancing to the tune of "My Hero."

Again our pantomime artists assisted by Hunter Perry, as the tyranical father, made a strike in Romeo and Juliet.

The closing act was a symphonic bit of work by the Crimson Ramblers. Their first selection "Who" made a hit but their second "Blue Heaven" with our duo, Dan and Ted, aiding, bowled the house over and crowned the show.

Then came the dance which was held in the lunch room, and what a dance! The music was supplied by the aforementioned Crimson Ramblers. The lunch room had been festooned with crepe paper and decorated with evergreens by Miss Parker, reminding one of the old-time barn dances. We even had to lift our feet.

A few of the inside reasons why the show was a success: Fred Janvrin was stage manager, with the able assistance of Bob Cox; Bill Dean was electrician, assisted by H. Sumner Small; Dick Simmers was business manager, Bud Wilson was ticket agent, Art Anderson was publicity manager

BROOKLINE TRACK PREMIERS (Courtesy of The Boston Evening Transcript)

Left to Right—Coach Hines and Capt. "Red" Record. Upper Right— John Badarraco and "Pat" Cannon. Lower Right—Chandler Hagenburger and "Dick" Werner.

TRACK TEAM

The track team started last week when one hundred and twenty-five candidates including many of last year's letter men, reported for the first call. Mr. Hines has a great bunch of fellows to work with and he will try his hardest to get the B.A.A. cup back for Brookline.

The leading man this year is Captain Eugene "Red" Record, who is sure to take first place in the 600-yd, run and the hurdles. "Red" has been working hard and has been able to cut his time down in both events. "Dick" Werner is following in the footsteps of "Red" in the "600", while Frank Neer is close behind "Red" in the hurdles.

In the twenty-five and forty-five dash, we have the giant junior, Chandler Hagenburger who has been a point-winner for the last two years. Charles Record is also giving Chandler a run for his money in these events. Badaracco and Beck are our representatives in the "300." In the "1000" Irving Roger is working hard to make up for George Barrie's absence. The field events are our weakest points although we should collect points from Ryan or Redmond in the shot put, and from Prince and Dermody in the high jump.

LIBRARY LINES

On November 12, the New England School Library Association met at Quincy. Mrs. Siebens especially enjoyed seeing the libraries in the new Junior High Schools. She envied the sums of money they had to spend on books. The girls there wore arm bands of yellow and green, which gave them a more official appearance.

The Library Staff here is to have arm bands also. They will have a red background with the letters "L. S.," standing for Library Service, in blue. Don't confuse them with the marshals!

Mrs. Siebens will be glad to help pupils in the selection of books for Christmas gifts.

New Books

Donnely—Extra binding at the Lakeside press, Chicago.

Sabin—Classical Myths that live today.

Whitbeck and Finch—Economic Geography.

Smith—Designing with wild flowers.

Field—Six Plays.

A good collection of one-act plays.

Whitbeck—Economic Geography of South America.

Pence — Dramas by Present-day Writers.

MR. FITZGERALD TO COACH B.H.S. BASEBALL

Thomas Fitzgerald of Needham, Malden Twilight League pitcher and former athlete of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is resigning, on January third, from his position as athletic coach of the Stoughton High School to accept an instructorship in mathematics at Brookline High and to assist in its Physical Training Department.

While at Boston College, Fitzgerald was considered to be one of the best of intercollegiate baseball pitchers.

He has had a successful coaching career at both Lexington and Stoughton High Schools and he will probably coach our nine next spring. We hope he has an extremely successful career here.

We are to have another athletic assistant in Harold Evans of Winthrop High. Evans is famous as a Springfield College basket ball player. He has been appointed to our physical education department where he will assist Director Thomas Hines.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

ALUMNI NOTES

Benjamin Adelman is now attending Huntington School in Boston.

Alice Welty '25, is studying art at Pratt Institute in New York City.

Helen Blanchard '27, is a freshman at Skidmore College, Saratoga, New York.

Fred Pahr '24, who is a junior at Harvard has recently returned from the west where he had been studying stage lighting in the moving picture industry.

Eleanor Fayerweather '23, is instructor of art at the Choate School in Brookline.

Elvira Badaracco, who has recently undergone an operation at the General Hospital in Brookline, is recovering very rapidly.

Eustace Cavenaugh '27, is attending Williams College.

David Alper '26 is now a Sophomore at Brown.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXIV DECEMBER 22, 1927 NO. 6

ASKING TOO MUCH

As a body we are inclined to ask too much of our faculty, of our various school organizations, and of ourselves.

We are inclined to resent the fact that teachers need a written proof of the vast extent of our knowledge, and to rebel against the fact that their natures are so complex that they insist on silence when we feel in a chatty mood, and lengthy dissertations when we would embrace it only too gladly.

Of our school teams we are too apt to ask the impossible. We close our eyes and turn our backs when we are asked for financial aid, and want to scalp continuously without even being subjected ourselves to that painful operation.

Of school organizations the SAGAMORE is especially sinned against. Freshmen refuse to subscribe unless we make it a Wild Wooly West journal.

Sophomores are inclined to favor featurization of "Beauty Problems, and their Solutions". Juniors would like hints from Paris—"What to Wear and how to Wear it". Seniors are the worst of all—until we specialize in "Advice to the Lovelorns" they'll ignore us. Result—gradual decline of the SAGAMORE. We're not any Saturday Evening Transcript.

Of something else we ask too much—of ourselves. Because at home we fail to replenish our store of knowledge we overdraw on it during school hours. This is like trying to take out of the bank more money than we put in—a very unreasonable and dangerous practice.

An old negro preacher did the honors and the candidate for baptism was a coal black negro woman. The preacher led his victim far out into the stream, where she could be thoroughly immersed, and at the auspicious moment he cried, in a loud voice: "Be stiddy, sistah, be stiddy, an' you'll come up whitah dan snow". "Oh, parson!" she exclaimed, "dat's askin' too much; a cream color'll do!"

She must have been a most admirable woman. We ought to take nature into consideration and accept a cream color gratefully.

THE SEASON'S GREETING

The SAGAMORE extends the compliments of this festive season to several retired instructors of Brookline High School.

To Daniel S. Sanford, head-master of B. H. S. for many years, we wish a joyous Christmas. To George P. Hitchcock who served also as headmaster and who devoted many years of faithful service to B. H. S. the SAGAMORE wishes a most happy Christmas.

The Student body and faculty will ever keep in mind the noble work and influence of Many P. Frye and Anna M. Johnson, former teachers of B. H. S.

Christmas, when all hearts are glad with the merry spirit of this supreme day, B. H. S. will think joyfully and lovingly of these greatly honored former instructors of the high school.

The
Sagamore
extends to all its
Readers
A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE WHITE LEOPARDESS

Percy Sloan was an earnest and trusting person. He was a faithful husband. His brown eyes, which peered through shell-rimmed spectacles, were frank and honest, perhaps timid, that may have been why Pearl, his wife, decided he needed glasses. For Pearl, you must know, decided practically everything. Furthermore whatever she decided was done. She was a very competent wife. It was those traits that brought about the strange adventure of Percy Sloan.

The Sloans were to motor down to the Sound to a smart house party. But at the last moment Percy had shown signs of a cold. And Pearl, ever competent, had promptly settled to go alone! Had she surmised the astounding experience that would befall her husband during her absence, wild horses could not have pulled her away.

"No, my dear, you must stay at home and nurse your cold. There was no good-by kiss, either. Colds are contagious. A disappointed husband was left at home.

He had far, far too much money—and a frame that was not exactly robust. His life had been cloistered. He had been educated at home. He knew nothing of boyish pranks or games. He heard other men relate tales of the lists of love, in silence. Percy had always stayed behind to nurse a cold.

But if they could have read the heart of this quiet chap they would have seen a mad desire therein to lead Loot Canser; to drive the natives from their golden alters; or to rescue the harem-favorite from her prison. Yet no one thought of this. Percy was so earnest and obedient.

After Pearl rode on, he felt desolate. What should he do? He had read everything. He had no clever fellow for a friend. And his cold was mostly imaginary. He was really glad when lunch was announced. Being alone he ate all the things he desired—the things Pearl said disagreed with him.

After having several drinks of strong beverage his whole being filled with warmth and joy; he ordered his hat and stick and with his shoulders back, marched bravely forth in each of Romance! The only possible excuse for his fall from grace must be the glasses of claret, and a certain intoxicating quality of the air.

Had Pearl known of his wildness she would have fainted at once. For Percy had ever been earnest and obedient—and timid.

He had no idea where he was going. Before he knew it he found himself

(Continued on Page 7)

THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER

By Josiah Lewis

Dear Ma,

This is some swell town, believe me. The best thing, though, is the high school, ma. Gee ma! you oughta see the fellas that go to the high school. I can whip most any one of 'em.

Say, ma! what do yuh think they did to me, huh? They went and put me in the freshman class even after I told them that I could whip most any Senior. Gee, ma, ain't that tough?

D yuh know what they told me? They said that at Brookline High a fella was judged according to his mental standards. D'yuh hear that, ma? Say! what's a mental standard? Anyhow, I betcha I got as good looking a mental standard as any of these guys got, hey ma?

Well, anyway, school got started and I got a card which told me what classes to go to. My first class is the algebra class. Gee! ma, but the teacher got the swellest pair of eyeglasses you ever saw. And say, you oughta see the problems they give yuh. Gee! they're tough. Hey, ma! The teacher says to me, he says,—how long will it take a guy to go up a river which travels downstream at two and a half hours if the fella is going six miles an hour or some'p'n like that. Well, ma, I told him that I couldn't figure that out but I said that if he went up the river, he musta got at least ten years. Hey! ma. D'yuh know what the teacher did? He gave me detention.

Say ma, what's detention? Anyhow, I didn't go so he gave me a week of it. Can you imagine that? Well, anyhow, I found out what it was. Yuh go to a little room in which is a teacher who sits in a chair and looks at yuh and tells yuh to get to work and study.

Gee, ma! I guess they send yuh to detention to study. I think that's a bad idea ma, 'cause why not study at home intead, huh, ma?

Say, ma! They have meetin's every Tuesday at 1:30 here. At these here meetin's, somebody gets up and talks and talks about some'p'n you make believe you understand. Anyhow, next day, when my teacher handed me some paper and told me to write about what this man said in the assembly, I didn't write down anything except my name.

Yuh know, ma; next day I got back that paper with an "E" on it. I guess that stands for excellent. Anyhow, when I told the teacher that, he said he never saw anyone like me. He said I was a character. Hey, ma! what's a character? Anyhow, I guess he meant well on'ey he said it in a sorta nasty way.

Hey, ma! The best period of all is the lunch period. Gee, ma, ya oughta see the rush that comes up in that period. I was running with the rest of 'em and a fella with a blue band around his arm

on which is a red "M" tried to stop me. Well, I didn't stop. I just pushed 'im downstairs and kept going. Well, say ma! d'yuh know what that fella did? He brought me up to the Court of Justice.

Hey, ma! What's a Court of Justice? Can you imagine fellas havin' a Court of Justice. Well, anyhow, they explained to me that there was to be no assault and battery at Brookline High School. Hey, ma! what's assault and battery? Then they gave me a month's detention. Gee! ma, this detention thing must be an institoote.

Y'know, down here every year, they have a game between Newton and Brookline. Well, y'know, ma, after I saw those Newton "femmes" (that's French for girls, ma) I decided to root for Brookline. Anyhow Newton won the game by kicking the football between the goal posts. Gee! ma, wasn't that tough?

Well, anyhow, I'll write again soon (in another issue of this paper).

Your loving son,

J. Pluvis Knoggle.

The Sage and the Sheba

R Colyum

Why I couldn't go to the Senior Social:

My frat. brother took my tux.
My frat. brother took my money.
My frat. brother took my girl.
My frat. brother took my car.

How to keep from flun ing the final exams in history:

1. Don't take history.
2. Get a teacher who doesn't believe in final exams.
3. Drop the course at the end of the first 6 wee'ks.
4. Have somebody else take the exam. He'll flunk it for you.
5. Forget the day the exam comes on and stay at home.

Did you notice the red spats on Hunter in the Social?

What was that wise crac: about "Red" and someone or something called "Izzy" in the Senior Social.

What did you thin'k of the lunchroom as a dancing hall?

A definition of marmalade—a stic'y substance found on neckties, books and des'ks.

H. Sumner Small manipulated the spot-light unassisted for **three minutes** on Miss Lillian Gish at the Social.

LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT

T'was early dawn in the air port
And a handful of folks were there;
Preparing his plane for the journey
Was he who would conquer the air.

Not the typical conqueror
Of egotistic art,
But a boy, enthused in his purpose
With a soul and a steadfast heart.

The ship was now ready for starting
The flyer was saying good-bye,
"Go not! You attempt the impossible."
Warned a veteran of the sky.

Men of wisdom were in that throng
Men instructed by years,
And each in his bosom nursed for this lad
A thousand different fears.

The flyer stood straight, nor smiled;
Of immovable visage was he,
Then mounted anon into his seat
As he vowed to cross the sea.

The motor whirred, the plane arose,
The pilot did not flinch,
For a lad of character was he
And a he-man, every inch.

Those present could but marvel
At the brave one, now on high,
"Oh God be with you, Lindbergh!"
Was all that they could cry.

Would he on in this rash task,
Or yet reverse his mind?
For a storm was now fast brewing
And home not far behind.

The airship gliding onward,
For the weather showed no heed,
"Lord, give me strength," cried the pilot
"I must and I will succeed!"

All the day our adventurer flew
His spirit ever high,
For God was with him traveling,
His companion, and ally.

He thought of home fires burning
And of his mother sweet;
Then he knew he could ne'er fail
Unless death marred his feat.

The dreary night, so cold and dark
Seemed endless in its length,
But soon the advent of new-born day
Gave our pilot renewed strength.

By noon the distance left was short
The goal was near in sight,
But now the lad had a new-found foe
T'was sleep that he had to fight.

Onward hope of America
Onward to victory,
T'is fated for you to make today
Your place in history.

Such was the deed of Lindbergh,
A modest lad and sincere.
Let all young Americans honor him
And learn his name to revere.

Herbert Wilson, '28

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YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER

Hear ye! Christmas is nigh! Hear Ye! Ye Merrie Christmas!

* * *

Ye Crier takes this opportunitie to wish Mr. Akers, the Faculty, the SAG, and the entire school a real Olde Fashioned Merrie Christmas and Beste Wishes for a Happie Newe Year.

* * *

Two days after you read this Olde St. Nick will make his yearly visit and may he "forget yew not."

* * *

We've heard it mentioned around school that the Christmas recess is a welcome event. In more ways than one!

* * *

But then—it won't be long now to ye Mid-Year's.

* * *

Ye Crier must have his say about ye Senior Social—It was simply great!

* * *

To ye all who are ignorant of the fact we announce:—"The Georgian Club holds its regular meetings every Friday and Saturday night between 11 and 12. Waffles and syrup served."

* * *

Not much excitement in the SAG room now. Must be because F. is on the stage and R. has no one to fight with.

* * *

Last year Mac and Hope were darkies; this year they were scarecrows,—wonder what they would have been next year?

* * *

What is the matter? The Lunch Room Trio and the Lunch Room Bridge Club have suspended activties.

* * *

The general concensus of opinion was that it was the best we've ever had in B.H.S.

* * *

Miss Hannon and Miss O'Brien certainly did wonders with such a large program. Miss Parker transformed the lunch room into a genuine Christmas setting.

* * *

Ye Crier understands there was no wax on the floor because it would be easy to see what would happen Monday at lunch when some hopeless Freshman came along with a full tray!

* * *

That would be known as the "Fall of Freshman" (nothing to do with Rome or Babylon).

* * *

Ye Crier notices that the "Blushing Bride" of last year is back in school. Welcome.

* * *

The all-Brookline Tag Football Team is not forthcoming as yet because Mr. Ball is slightly undecided but we'll have it in the next issue. In the meantime—put your selection in the SAG Box and we'll print the best one.

* * *

Our last word is to wish ye all a Verie Merrie Christmas.

Hear Ye!
One and All
Hear Ye!

Exchanges

The SAGAMORE gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges:

"The Whittier Town Sentinel", Amesbury High, Amesbury, Mass.

Wakefield High School Booster", Wakefield, Mass.

"The Clark News", Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

"Northeastern News", Northeastern University, Mass.

"The Herald", Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.

"The Tech", M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass.

"School Life", Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

"Central Recorder", Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

"The Imp", Brighton High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Echo", Oneonta High School", Oneonta, New York.

"Lynn Classical High Gazette", Lynn Classical High, Mass.

"The Record", North High School, Worcester, Mass.

"Laboremus", Albanian Vocational School, Tirana, Albania.

"The Rindge Register", Rindge Technical High School, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Newtonite", Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

"V. H. S. News", East Les Vegas High School, East Les Vegas, N. M.

"The Light", Bristol High School, Bristol, Mass.

"The Sphinx", Shrewsbury High School, Shrewsbury, Mass.

In looking over our exchanges this morning we find among them an interesting article in the "Sphinx".

We were very glad to read your long and intensive review of our magazine in your Nov. 7 issue. We hope to make use of your various suggestions for improvement and we thank you for your kind and complimentary criticisms. May we say right here that you have one of the best exchange columns of any paper we receive! We think it a good plan to review less papers and review them thoroughly, rather than to make one or two meaningless remarks on many papers. If you exchange with "Ye Register" of the Latin School, Boston, you probably have read their ideas on exchange columns which were stated in their October issue of this year, and to which we refer in our next comment (below). We would like to hear from you furthermore. We will try to review your paper as a whole in the next issue.

In reply to the challenge published in the October issue of the Boston Latin School Register, we wish to say that we heartily deprecate the banality of the Exchange Dept. "at its worst" but we are unwilling to admit that no benefit accrues from appreciative comment and friendly suggestion for improvement as published in the Exchange Dept. of many high school papers. We of the SAGAMORE are neither too old to be learned nor too young to be advised.

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THE WHITE LEOPARDESS

(Continued from Page 4)

in a section known as "The Bowery". Beggars beseeched him. Crooks eyed him furtively. There was a blatant discord from dens and dives where painted hussies danced wildly with the scum of a great seaport.

But Percy was too clean to be tempted. He turned his back on vice, and started rapidly along Mott Avenue. Every step drew him nearer the greatest excitement he had ever known.

The narrow street was lined with Chinese shops. Gilded balconies, decked with bells and flowers, birds and lanterns clinging to the walls under the pagoda eaves, odors—sweet and offensive—greeted his nostrils. The whole life of the Oriental Quarter was before him as he moved in the crowds of aloeyed Celestials.

But Percy had seen Chinatown often and he was growing bored. Romance was slow in appearing.

Then a sing-song voice sounded at his side:

"Mister, I am Long Ling, a licensed guide. I will reveal to you the mysteries of Chinatown."

Percy merely laughed and walked on swiftly. But the Chinese was bland and persistent. Once more at his side he continued:

"Mister, there is one thing more magical than all others. This I know you have not seen. Do but agree and I shall lead you to the Temple of the White Leopardess. No American has ever seen this mysterious and most beautiful woman. To look into her eyes is to regain youth. To touch her hand is to become alive. To kiss her lips—ah—men would die. Do not, I pray, refuse this offer."

"Very well," he told the Oriental," I only hope it will be worthwhile."

"Ah, Mister shall see, Mister shall see this delight and her strange pets. No other could guide you to this place. Follow me."

Percy followed Long Ling into a dusty room. Under a dim light, several Mongolians sat at a table, playing dominoes. Percy, piloted by Ling passed to the rear, followed through a swinging door—and was in darkness.

Sing knocked thrice on the wall. Slowly the panel swung open. An evil yellow face peered out, and spoke in coolie to Long. At his reply he stepped aside, and entered a passage, where another Oriental spoke to them, and with a knife suggestively displayed. From somewhere there floated the sound of a gong monotonously beaten. It was ghostly.

(Continued in Next Issue)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

The fourth regular meeting of the Teacher-Student Council was held on Wednesday, December 14. The business was as follows: (1) A suggestion made by Mr. Taylor regarding the attendance and tardiness. He said that both had improved but it was vitally important to decrease the number of tardy ones. He stated that if a marshal or teacher were stationed at the front door between 8:25 and 8:30 to hurry loiterers on to their respective rooms it might help. The Taylor said that cards should be given to the various rooms that had no tardiness. The punctuality cards are to differ according to the length of time that has been maintained. The motion was moved and a committee was chosen to take charge of the plans.

(2) Mr. Hollingsworth, chairman of electrotype reported that the receptacle had been secured for the electrotypes which were to be classified and kept in B6.

(3) Acting upon suggestion by Miss Allen and by the popular vote of the class in English III B, a committee was appointed for the purpose of adding a memorial and pictures to the school collection for the "recognition of our soldier dead." They also decided to look after the disposition of the Brookline High School Service Flag in Shailer Hall.

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Queen of Spain—"Oh! my baby has the colic."

Chamberlain—"Send for the Secretary of the Interior at once."

Freshman (to Senior)—"Have you ever been up before the principal?"

Senior—"I don't know. What time does he get up?"

Waitress—Hawaii, gentlemen. Youse must be Hungary to eat in a dump like this.

First Man—Yes, Siam. And we can't Rumania long either. Venice lunch ready?

Waitress—I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?

F. M.—Nome, you can wait on us.

Waitress—Good. Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice.

F. M.—Anything at all. But can't Jamaica litle speed?

Waitress—I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska.

F. M.—Never mind asking anyone. Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress—Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Servia.

F. M.—Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya I don't Bolivia know who I am.

Waitress—No, and I don't Caribean. Youse guys sure Armenia.

Boss—Samoa your wise cracks, is it? Don't Genoa customer is always right? What's got India? You think this arguing Alps business?

Customer—Canada racket? 'Spain in the neck.

"Dear John," writes Mrs. Newly from the sea-shore, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price. They are robbing you."

Flappers' War Cry—Two arms! Two arms! Fall in!

Freshman—"I have heard of Good Friday and Ash Wednesday, but what in thunder is a Nut Sundae?"

First Mother—"Mrs. Clancy, yer choild is badly schpoiled."

Second Ditto—"Gwan wid yez."

First Mother—"Well, if you don't believe it, come and see what the steam-roller did to it."

Great Scott!
If Ivanhoed the Bonny brae,
And Athelstaned his tunic new,
And Friar Tucked his food away,
Pray what did Rhoderic's Dhu?"

"This pianist has wonderful power. He can make you feel hot or cold, happy or morose, at will."

"That's nothing, so can our janitor."

"Are you going to the lecture on the appendix?"

"No, I am tired of those organ recitals."

Business Man—"I want a boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

Young Man—"What becomes of one when the door closes?"

"There is a place for everything."

"Where?"

"A baby's mouth."

Can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what jewels are set?
Who crosses the bridge of his nose?
Can he use in shingling the roof of his mouth
The nails on the end of his toes?

"They say George has brain fever."

"Fat chance, can an angle-worm have water on the knee?"

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 7 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 13, 1928 TEN CENTS

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BROOKLINE HAS EDGE ON BROCKTON

Dual track meet should be a thriller

Tomorrow's track meet at Brockton, will officially start Brookline's interscholastic track schedule. Brookline has again turned out a most capable and promising track team. Like the "Eric, Joe, Andy and Eddie" of a former year our tracksters will again ably carry on the baton. With Captain "Red" Record as a leader Brookline should upset all scholastic records and rivals.

Judging from the comparative results of the Brookline Inter-Class Meet and the Brockton Inter-Class Meet, Brookline should be a victor by a large margin. But in this sport of "ups and downs" comparative qualities mean little. Nevertheless a fast-moving track meet is expected.

In the 45-Yard Dash, Chandler Hagen-Burger should easily take first place. The second and third places should be captured by John Badaracco, Daniel Rollins or Charles Record. But Farrell and Stedman of Brockton, are no slouches when it comes to running, so watch out for surprises.

Capt. Eugene Record should easily capture first laurels, in the 45-Yard Hurdles, while Edward Duane and Frank Neer of Brookline fight it out with Clifford, Farrell and Starr.

(Continued on Page 3)

FRENCH CLUB ELECTIONS AND FIRST MEETING

"Le Cercle Francais", whose membership is restricted to pupils receiving A or B in French, recently elected its officers for the ensuing year. The result was as follows:

Muriel Dunn, President, Elliott Hurwitz, Vice-President, Wilfred Bouvier, Treasurer, Gertrude Lakson, Secretary.

The first meeting was held in the Auditorium on December 20, in the form of a Christmas party. Through Miss Henry's efforts a charming French legend, "Le Miracle de Saint Nicolas," was enacted.

It seems that they haven't found out yet in France that there isn't any Santa Claus, so "Papa Noël", in the person of Elliott Hurwitz, appeared on the scene to distribute gifts from a huge wooden shoe or "sabot". After this entertainment everyone adjourned to the lunch-room for refreshments, which were socially correct in arriving late, but welcomed just the same.

THE WILLIAM H. LINCOLN CONTEST

The Subject of the William H. Lincoln Gold Medal Essay Contest is—

"A rose to the living is better
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead"

This idea may be expressed either in a poem, short story, or an essay.

Any Senior who has had an average of B for three years is eligible to compete for this medal. The following Seniors have done conspicuously good work in English and are especially urged to enter the contest; Eleanor Anderson, Louise Barrett, Pauline Bunshaft, Muriel Dunn, Bernice Epstein, Martha Goldshine, Frances Hinden, Hope Kelsey, Gertrude Krantz, Marianna McAfee, Ruth Sheinwald, Bertha Stonehouse from the girls, and among the boys we find; Milton Finger, Earnest Greenhood, John Jewett, Joseph Richmond and Richard Summers.

All compositions are due Jauuary 30, 1928 at 2.00 P. M.

THE MOVIES AND THE RADIO

Men cross the sea in greater safety, and loneliness has gone from the remotest farms. The stay-at-home now may be the best informed person in the family; the invalid may be up on all new jazz dances; the recluse in the country most active in opinions on happenings at Washington.

Boys and girls are growing up with a knowledge of the far corners of the earth, which amounts most to first hand experience. They have **seen** their way aroung the world—watched the play of distant waterfalls, been up in airplanes, down in mines. They have heard the best of symphonies, listened to new plays and old operas, and tuned in on the most important political speeches of the day.

They know the history and process of many branches of industry from pictures taken in the field and factory, from explanations given on the air. They have seen in the films the leading personalities of the world, and heard their voices by wireless. Their ideas about living, manner and customs, taste and desires are influenced by the things seen at the motion picture house and heard over the radio. Provincialism is dead.

As amusement these developments have become the most popular in the civilized world. As a means for extension of Education, culture and ethics, their possibilities can only be imagined.

Contestants Evenly Matched for Tonight's Annual Prize Competition

The J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest will be held tonight in the Auditorium.

There are eight aspirants for the coverted J. Murray Kay Prize which is awarded at graduation. Of this number four are boys and four girls, all members of the student body. This is the thirty-sixth successive time that the pupils of the Brookline High School have clashed for the honor of upholding the traditional oratorical title.

The Faculty Prize Speaking committee under the head of Mr. Priest of the English department has been conducting a series of elimination contests for the past three or four months. The survivors of these tests with the committee's able guidance have been training in preparation for the ultimate event.

Prize Speaking is one of the major extra-curricular activities and always creates great enthusiasm among the townspeople as well as the student body of the High School. The competition is keen and the Auditorium always taxed to its utmost capacity, so no admittance is granted without a ticket, which by the way, may be obtained through the various room teachers.

The judges of the contest are: Prof. Newell C. Maynard, Head of the De-

(Continued on Page 2)

Beware of Friday The Thirteenth

Have a care, girls and boys, have a care! Trouble will befall you this day and the Goblins will surely get you if you don't watch out.

Aha, you smile and sneer at my warning. But wait! You shall shimmy, shake and shudder before day is done. I swear it by the Black Cat and Broken Mirror.

Behold! The great and fatal Friday the 13th is with us today, come with the calendar to fret and harass us and perhaps, finally get us—or our goats.

Now, you tremble. That's as it should be. Friday the 13th never fails. Bow your heads between your fists and knock wood in vain. 'Twill not save you. By the hooting owl and baying dog, there's dire doings this day. Beware!

Will B. H. S. escape? Nay, nay, The field is too fertile. Brookline High. Thirteen letters. How you going to beat that hoodoo?

O, you who come to our portals after the bell has struck and attempt to get away with it by telling the checker man that you got stuck and it wasn't your fault. The checker man's face breaks into a sympathetic smile of 13 crinkles as he replies: "Bet your life you're stuck", and adds in 13 more letters, "Dentention Room". Guess you'll believe in ghosts after that.

If you forgot your history chart and run back home for it and fail to sit down before starting out the second time, some dire fate will surely overtake you this day. We'd hate to be in your shoes, or sandals, or Russian boots, or whatever you walk in.

If you dropped your compact while powdering your little nose on the trolley, this a.m., and broke the mirror, woe betide you. It breaks our heart to think of what's coming to you during the next seven years.

It may be that you will get as far as math without meeting Friend Jinx, but watch out, he's right there with you. Else, how account for the 13 letters in those "fierce quizzes"?

Don't relax you vigilance at luncheon. Remember there are 13 letters in "Banana peeling" and a like number

(Continued on Page 2)

KRIS KRINGLE VISITS B. H. S.

Kris Kringle visited Brookline High a few weeks ago and brought an appropriate gift for each student of German. However, he was so busy delivering presents to thousands of other industrious German scholars, that he could not wait to present the gifts personally at the annual German club party; therefore, Milton Fingér, president of the German Club, took his place.

The students were delighted with their presents. Some received thumbtacks, some curling irons, some hair ribbons, and a few were made happy by the toy balloons and vivacious dolls.

The secretary, Gertrude Lakson, aided by a few members of the club, prepared the refreshments (and incidentally generously sampled the ice cream and cake.)

After singing German folk songs, and "doing away" with refreshments, Gene Record, vice-president, and Bill Kaufman, treasurer, as an additional duty of their offices, cleaned up.

AT DAWN

How mysterious is the dawn
  How vague, how like a dream,
That time of abating darkness
  Ere daylight 'gins to gleam.

T'is then in a dazed condition
  Half asleep, half-awake, I lie,
And recall those pleasant memories
  Of happy days gone by.

I see before me visions
  Of my carefree, joyous youth,
And I wish I were a boy again
  Beneath my mother's roof.

  Awaiting the call for rising
  From the lips of good old Dad,
Who'd smile on me when I was good
  And frown when I was bad.

Then, too, I see my college life
  My loves, and pals, and all,
And the fatherly old proctor
  Of my dormitory hall.

I see again that football game
  T'is with me still, today,
The score four points against us
  And a minute left to play.

A hostile pass right in my arms,
  I started like a flash,
Oh! To know once more that thrill
  As I made my glorious dash.

Then suddenly I'm startled
  To realize with woe,
That I've been living o'er again
  My life of long ago.

"Awaken, fool, awaken!
  Yesterday is gone,
Return from idle reveries
  T'is the present, now, and dawn."

Oh dawn, so dim, uncertain
  So light, yet dark and drear',
Within thy shrouds of vagueness
  There lies yet something clear.

Ah dawn! Wer't thou eternal
  I'd heave a grateful sigh,
Lie back and dream forever
  Of youth and the sweet bye-and-bye.

PRIZE SPEAKING

(Continued from Page 1)

partment of Public Speaking. This College; Haven Powers, Powers School of Spoken Word, and Mrs. Luara S. Clark, Hyde Park High School. They will name the two winners, a boy and a girl who will receive the J. Murray Kay Prize.

Perhaps it would be rather a good idea to mention at this point the contestants upon whom all this is dependant, so here goes: The girls: Evelyn Rudnick, Gertrude Lakson, Betty Jacobs, and Geraldine Sterns, the boys: Robert Litt, Sumner Shikes, Kenneth Goodyear, and Mark Mackey.

The High School orchestra under the direction of Mr. Zanzig will offer a few selections, and Dan Rollins and Betty Wallace will do a bit of solo work. With this added attraction by way of diversion, there should be a delightful program.

FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

(Continued from Page 1)

in the name of the person who most likely dropped it, a "Little Freshie."

When you finally reach your home rooms, you may still think Friday the 13th has passed you up. You pick up your copy of the Sag and with a sigh of relief you give thanks that Muddy River of long ago had only 10 Sagamores instead of 13.

But, what's the use? Your glance falls on the date line and Friday the 13th wallops you between the eyes. And, receiving insult with injury you read that the Sag is published bi-weekly, "every other Friday!"

By this time, if you are just human, Friday the 13th will have got you good and proper. If you don't get hit with a pot of paint, while walking absent-mindedly under a ladder, you may get bumped by an automobile, Mass. registration No. 131313.

If you are not called upon to perform the ritual that accompanies a load of hay, you are bound to pass fore or aft of an imperfect black cat, and we wouldn't wish that on our dearest enemy.

Then comes Prize Speaking in the evening. Thirteen letters in prize speaking. Wouldn't that make an elocutionist's teeth rattle? You slump down into one of the welcome seats that seem so glad to see you that they actually leap up at you. You are prepared for the worst—not prize speaking, you understand.

Take our advice, girles and boysies, and don't cling to quarter dollars, today. They are such bad omens that it makes one positively ill to think of holding on to one, either in pocket or purse. Divert the evil spirit by delivering all two-bit pieces to the Sag treasurer. He isn't a bit superstitious and besides, the Sag needs the money.

Thirteen letters in "quarter dollar". Think of it! The eagle has 13 feathers in its tail, 13 long feathers in each wing. It carries 13 arrows in one foot. The motto on the ribbon in the eagle's mouth has 13 letters. The shield over the eagle has 13 stars and there are 13 stars on the reverse side.

No crowding now, one quarter at a time. Yes, right here the basket, please.

You may think us over superstitious. We have reasons to be. We understand that 73 percent of the professors at Harvard College admitted indulgence in various forms of every day omens, and that most of them disliked the figure 13.

In California, we are told, the public school pupils were asked to write out a list of superstitions. The list totalled 7200 and of that number, 3200 pupils admitted they believed in the superstitions they listed.

Owing to the superstition attending the figure 13, many hotel owners will not number a room 13. They either ignore the number or designate it 12A. Some New York hotels leave the 13th floor undesignated.

Railroad men state the riding is lighter on Fridays and noticeably lighter on Friday the 13th.

Many hostesses will not set places for 13 guests. Paris will not number a building 13. England does not use 13 on automobile plates. Turkey has dropped 13 from its vocabulary. Mexico and Central America dislike 13, and the Negroes' abhorrence of the numeral is well known.

To make matters even worse, there is a movement on foot to do away with the present calendar and adopt a new one of 13 months, of 28 days each. Every day of each week would have the same date each month.

Think of it! Instead of only from one to three Fridays the 13th each year, Friday the 13th would become a monthly holiday!

But, gosh, there's no great loss without some small gain, after all. If the new 13-month calendar goes into effect, it will be sandwiched in between June and July. There's nothing unlucky about that, is there? Hooray for longer vacations!

Thirteen has no terrors for the football squad. Thirteen letters in "football squad," but who wouldn't take a chance with superstition in this case, when the Board of Trade feeds our boys up so swell?

We may be superstitious about the little things, but when it comes to the really big things, like our good old U. S. A., superstition and we part company. There were 13 original states, as we suppose the seniors, at least, have learned. There were 13 stars in the original American flag and 13 stars and stripes.

The first United States Navy had 13 ships and there were 13 letters in the name of John Paul Jones.

ANDY GUMP SPEAKS

Happy Noo Year everybody. So glad to see you all back again. I do so hope that dear old Santa did not forget you. If I pass the mid-years I will believe in h'm, if not then I will be so rash as to say, "There ain't none." However you all have my sympathy, in other words, I hope you get 100!

Girls, don't worry about that horrid old scarf Auntie Minnie gave you. You can 'give it to Cousin Jennie for her birthday.

Has anybody seen any snow? If they have I wish they would send a little to me. It is so long since I've seen it that I doubt that I would recognize it. If this weather keeps up I am going to get out me velocipede again.

If any of you are interested in mysterious plays go and see "The Spider". I will tell you that the plot is worked out in the audience and when one of them was killed (no foolin') I felt to see if my toupée was still on. That's how good it is.

Well, as the supreme test is about to arrive I think I had better lay off the gab for a while.

The one and only—

Andy Gump

WALTER GILBERT

The leading man of the St. James Stock Company is a hardworking actor. If you doubt it, ask him!

One Saturday afternoon not long ago, I had the privilege of conversing with Mr. Walter Gilbert in his dressing-room. He is about five feet, ten inches in height, a blond, with blue-grey eyes. If any one asked me to describe him, I should say, "He's a good, all-round sort of chap."

While he was removing his make-up, I plied him with questions. To my first inquiry as to what his hobbies were, he replied that the stage was, of course, his chief one. "But I also like sports, such as golf, baseball, and handball," he added. "However," he continued, "we get very little time to ourselves in this profession for outside activities."

Ask as to whether in his opinion the spoken drama was on the upward or downward trend, he replied, "The stock company, I think, is the salvation of the spoken drama."

When I told him about our own stage productions here in school, he said that he had heard about them and was very much interested. "You know my two nieces at Brookline High keep me in touch with the school activities, so you see I am not exactly a stranger to your school life."

My next question was regarding the kind of literature which he was most fond of reading. "Well," he answered, the most of my reading of late has been confined to manuscripts, but the latest book I read was "We", by Colonel Lindbergh."

When I asked him his opinion of it, he replied that his opinion of Lindbergh coincided with that of the other American people.

Coming back to his own profession, Mr. Gilbert remarked, "The hardest thing in this work is to keep well. If we contract a cold, or get sick, the public will not put up with it. Therefore, we have to be very careful of curselves."

Walter Gilbert is an actor with a wide reputation, and he has made his name in stock work here in Boston. His likeable personality has won the hearts of thousands of theatregoers, and if you have not witnessed his acting, I advise you to do so at your earliest opportunity.

GLEE CLUBMAN

In the coming production of Pinafore, the following members of the Girls' Glee Club will take part in the chorus; Lillian Stone, Evelyn Rudnick, Blair Whittier, Margaret Swartout, Elanor Goodspeed, Bernice Kirachen, Fay Silversmith, Charlotte Stuart, Dorothy Scott, Marjorie Blake, Billian Ziman, Evelyn Pinkerton, and Gertrude Nissen.

Either due to the fact that the Boys' Glee Club sings very well, or else because there are not enough sailors to swarb the deck, each boy who wishes, will take part.

BROOKLINE'S FAST MERMAN QUARTET

BROCKTON MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

Our 300-Yarders: John Badaracco, Edward Beck and Donald Freedman and Brockton's Doherty, Paterno and Sproul should provide one of the best races of the day. "Johnnie" and "Eddie" should breeze in leading.

In the 600-Yard Dash, Capt. Eugene Record and Richard Werner should easily trot in ahead of the pack, while Edward Duane fights it out with Yakavonis, Clark and Gibbs, of Brockton, for third place.

The 1000 affords chances for great surprises but Irving Rogers, John Jewett and Anthony Cassidy should more than hold their own against Baiorunos, Clark and Shaughnessy.

Brockton's Broad Jumpers: MacArthur, Bouchard, Wise and Clifford are all capable of over 9 ft, 1 in., so our stars, Alfred Prince, Chandler Hagen-Burger and Edward Brown have little chance except for third place. Brockton has some wonderful Standing Broad Jumpers! Let's surprise them, Brookline!

Brookline should wipe out Brockton in the Running High Jump. Alfred Prince, Peter Racheotes, Edward Brown are marvels. Ross, Magoun, MacArthur of Brockton will put up a real fight so their laurels will be well earned.

In Putting the 12-pound Shot, Brookline's huskies: Redman, James Ryan, Harry Fink, Melvin Linsky, are really clever but Brockton's Stephens, Waitkus, Rosenthal and Clark, are marvels. Brockton will probably take more than her share in this event.

Brookline should close the ending of a perfect day by winning the relay race.

After starting her season with this victory over Brockton, Brookline should take B. C. High into camp and follow with well earned victories over other school-boy rivals.

Let's go—Brookline! Give our team a little support tomorrow at Brockton. We have a wonderful team—with a little student support, it can and will do marvels.

PINAFORE TO BE PRESENTED

The Brookline Teachers' Club is to present "H. M. S. Pinafore" in the High School Auditorium on February 10 and 11. This is probably the most popular of the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Mr. Snow is taking the part of Sir Joseph Porter, the ruler of the Queen's Navy. Dick Deadeye, the base villain gives Mr. Jewett an opportunity to display his dramatic and vocal qualities. Mr. Nash is Captain Corcoran, the captain of the H. M. S Pinafore. Several of the other high school teachers are in the chorus. The boys' Glee Club, Girls' Glee Club and Orchestra are also assisting. Most of the other parts are being taken by teachers from the other schools.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Wilbur—"Peggy Ann," musical comedy featuring Helen Ford.

Copley—"Clean Hands," by Ian Hay

Shubert—"My Maryland," with soldiers' chorus of fifty. Last three weeks.

Hollis—"Hidden," presented by David Belasco.

Colonial—"Ziegfeld Follies," featuring Eddie Cantor. Music by Irving Berlin.

Majestic—"The Spider" with John Halliday. Mystery play extraodinary, Advise all who wish to see it get their seats early.

St James—"Craig's Wife," featuring Walter Gilbert and Clara Joel. One of the best stock companies in America.

Arlington — Emmett Moore and his Irish Minstrels.

Plymouth—"Her Cardboard Lover," with Jeanne Eagels. Miss Eagels is one of our foremost actresses of today.

Tremont—"Wings," Paramount Picture success. A story of flying and flyers. One of the few films that should not be missed.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

SWIMMING TEAM SUBMERGES MECHANIC ARTS 47-15

The Brookline High Swimming Team opened its season by defeating Mechanic Art 47-15. The Brookline Swimmers took six out of seven first places.

The Breast stroke was easily won by "Johnnie" Rae, with Conway second, and Guy of Mechanics Arts, third. Captain Ralph Fay was the winner in the back stroke, and was followed by McTigue and Connolly. Blaine Eynon did some wonderful diving for Brookline, and defeated Connolly and Dobie of Mechanic Arts. Henshaw and Bradbent, new comers on the Brookline team, finished first and third respectively, while second place went to Curwin of Mechanic Arts, in the 25-yd free style. Ford won the 50-yd free style, with Rae second, and Flynn of Mechanic Arts third. Guyette was the only Mechanic Arts' man to take a first place. He won the 100-yd free style, but was closely followed by Benks and Coutts of Brookline. The Brookline Relay showed real strength by defeating that of Mechanic Arts' by half a length.

SENIORS ROMP AWAY WITH INTER-CLASS MEET

The Senior Class won the interclass track meet, which was held Friday January 6, with 47 points, to 29 points for the Juniors, and 5 for the Sophomores.

The Seniors showed their strength by taking six out of nine first places. The class of '28 also had two double winners, Captain "Red" Record and Albert Prince. Red took first in the 600-yd. run, and in the 45-yd. low hurdles, while Prince captured the high and broad jumps. John Jewett held the honors for '28 in the 1000 yd. run, with Cassidy, a Junior, second, and Estle third. John Badaracco easily took the 300-yd. run for the Juniors, with Beck and Freedman taking second and third for the Seniors. The 45-yd. dash was won by "the Giant Juniors". Hagen-Burger, with Rollins and Charlie Record second and third respectively. In back of Captain "Red" Record in the "600" were, "Dick" Werner, a Senior, and "Ed" Duane '29 "Ed" Duane also gave Captain Record a close race in the hurdles, while Frank Neer, the Sophomore wonder, took third. "Jim" Ryan took the shot-put for the Seniors, with Fink '29, second, and Lynsky '28 third. Prince the other Senior double winner, won the broad jump by a large margin, with Hagen-Burger '29 second, and Ed Brown third. In the high jump Racheotes pushed Prince, but had to take second place for the class of '30, while Ed Brown took third for the Seniors. The Juniors won the relay with the Seniors second and the Sophomores third.

The next track meet is with Brockton, January 14th, at Brockton. The only thing we need now is the support of the students at the meets.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

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MIDYEARS ARE COMING!

The time is fast approaching when a very large portion of the student body annually waxes speculative of its powers to make something out of nothing. All of us are familiar with the important occasion that dominates and claims the latter part of January and the first part of February, with the eclipse that after having shadowed the student world for many a week finally plunges it for three days and nights into absolute terror and darkness. By experience or hearsay we all know of this eclipse—of mid-year examinations.

How to cope with this occasion has been since time immemorial the bugbear of the students' life. As the fateful time fast approaches, as all unwelcome times do, he either falls into a dreadful silence that puzzles doctors and fond parents, or dashes wildly about in a frenzied state. Whether he falls into the first or the second of these moods he is puzzling over the same problem and that problem is how to make something out of nothing—how to solve mid-years without any formula, any knowledge with which to do so. Needless to say something can't be made out of nothing and be made correctly and successfully. To illustrate the point—

An American soldier went into a restaurant in France and found another "doughboy" struggling with a bill of fare that was in "English" "Il-a-u-t-e m-i-l-l-e," he was spelling out. "Il-a-u-t-e m-i-l-l-e! What the dickens is that?"

The first soldier took the card and began to struggle too. But not until he had said the words aloud three times could he make head nor tail of them. Then he threw back his head and shouted:

"Why boy it's oatmeal spelled à la français, "Il-a-u-t-e m-i-l-l-e, Oat meal! See."

That "doughboy" didn't have the knowledge to solve his problem. Neither will you—unless you start to get it now!

OUR FRESHMEN

Let us consider for a moment that worthy class termed "Freshmen." This youthful group, doubtlessly, has adopted the impression that the world has forgotten about their very existence, in the doings of the upper classes. Let them, however, be reminded that we all realize that they are a most significant factor in the life of the school. Indeed, where do our lofty Seniors spring from, if not from the rank and file of Freshmen?

Upon thus bringing to light the inevitable qualities of Freshmen, we ask ourselves the question: What kind of a Freshman class have we this year?

It may seem that one would not take especial note of how a new class has fitted into its high school surroundings. It is a known truth that our school affords the best means possible for enabling our Freshmen to establish themselves with firm feet. How have the Freshmen utilized these advantages in helping to make an impression worthy of B. H. S?

It is often said that first impressions are lasting. Can the Freshmen be proud of the way they have gone about the business of "beginning well"? Let each one reflect upon the manner in which he has entered upon his high school career. Upon contemplating this, the question of attendance, interest in the activities of the school, and scholarship, is raised. If everyone does not feel as if he had done justice, if not honor, in these first few months, to himself and to his school, let him turn a new leaf, and say: "I'll help to make my class one worthy of B.H.S."

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE WHITE LEOPARDESS

(Continued from last issue)

Percy began to wonder if he had acted wisely in entering upon this dangerous quest. His knees felt weak. The roots of his hair tingled with life. A sort of sickness came upon him. Why had he started on this folly? What was a white leopardess to him? But at last the dark horrors seemed nearly over.

A sound of strange music greeted his ears. Now and then they passed great bronze lanterns of rare, Eastern beauty. At last they stood before a heavy, silken curtain. Another Chinese holding a spear, barred their way. And once again Percy felt a desire to be elsewhere.

Suddenly, from behind the swaying curtain came the most frightful and alarming sound he had ever heard. It was like the meowing and purring of a house-cat, but far louder. Occasionally, his ears caught something that sounded like the chatter of a bird.

The invisible musicians gave a final crash of harmony. Slowly the guard raised the curtain. Percy gasped in surprise.

At one end, just down under the sun which seemed to light the apartment, was a low dais. And reclining on costly cushions, lay a lovely girl. Percy had never dreamed any woman could be so beautiful. Her hair was as golden as California's poppies. Her eyes were as blue as California skies. Her mouth was as red as a cherry. A robe of radiant silk wound her. Her skin was white—transparent white.

Yet, as if this were not enough, the amazing woman was lolling beside a great white Leopard, which kept up a continual purring. Percy felt that he was having a vision, but a very pleasant one after all.

"Enter, Mister. I will wait here," said Long Sing, giving him a little shove. As he stepped into the enchanted chamber, the curtain fell behind him. He was alone with the Goddess.

"Welcome, O Stranger," uttered the divinity in a sweet voice. "Approach and seat yourself." Without rising, she extended a pillow and Percival complied.

What is it brings you to The Temple of The White Leopardess?" she continued. "A love potion? Business worries? Ah—it is that I may tell your future.

This glorious woman now handed him a tiny tablet.

"Write your name and address, that you may know the paper again," she commanded with a smile as subtle as that of the Sphinx. Percy obeyed.

(Continued on Page 6)

A TALE OF TWO PITIES

By Josiah Lewis

It was a rainy afternoon after school. We (Charley and I) had nothing to do so we were sent to clean up the newly-acquired apartment for the fraternity fellows.

"We have to get to the third floor," said I , "Charley, we have no key so ring for the janitor!"

"I ring for the janitor?" asked Charley," you do it. You're a junior and I'm only a freshman."

Charley is very funny that way. I'm always the junior when there's dirty work to be done but let a good looking young lady appear around the corner looking for an escort and Charley forgets the freshman class.

Well, we finally got the janitor and arrived at the apartment. I had a hard time doing this because Charley wanted a fiddle with the elevator. You see, the elevator was one of those affairs that you work yourself. You step in and press a button and the elevator goes where you want it. I always wandered, though, what would happen if somebody pressed the button on the first floor while you, on the fifth, were about to step in. Charley wanted to try this out but I stopped him.

There were two rooms, a parlor and a kitchen. In the parlor everything was upset. The curtains were sprawled on the floor and the couch was upside down.

Charley: "Here, Joe, you pick up the curtains and put them up while I hand you the rods."

Joe: "Me! Izzat so? And what'll you do?"

Charley: "Why ain't I handing you the rods?—and besides, I'll superintend it."

Charley always was that way,—always willing to superintend.

Whenever we'd come upon a hard job, Charley would say, "Oh Boy! this is easy. Just leaving everything to me. Here Joe, you fix this; John, you attend to that; and Harry, here's something for you to do etc., etc.

I finally convinced Charley that since he was taller, he could put them up.

Half an hour passed. Charley had torn one curtain and had succeeded in putting up another in a crooked position.

Charley: "Joe, I know what's wrong. We should have begun with the kitchen."

Joe: "No, Charley; the parlor's the biggest job so we'll get that over with."

Charley: "I tell ya, the real way is to begin with the kitchen.

Joe: "Oh, dry up, we're nearly finished anyway."

(Continued on Page 7)

LIBRARY LINES

Our Library Staff is to have arm bands. They will have a red background with the letters L. S., standing for Library Service. Don't mix them with the marshals!

The Public Library has been complaining of the number of students doing their homelessons in the Library. Do **not** go there in the evening unless you have reference work to do. The space must be reserved for those using the books.

New Books

Donnelly — Extra binding at the Lakeside Press, Chicago.

Sabin—Classical Myths that live today.

Whitlock & Finch—Economic Geography.

Smith—Designing with wild flowers.

Field—Six Plays.

A good collection of one-act plays.

Whitbeck—Economic Geography of South America.

New illustrated edition of Parkman's Oregon Trail.

Pence — Dramas by Present-day Writers.

Davis—Gilman of Redford (fine new romance of Revolutionary Days in Boston.)

Wells—With Caesar's Legions (the adventures of two Roman youths in the conquest of Gaul).

Mrs. Siebens recommends these articles as some of the most interesting in recent magazines.

World's Work for Dec.

Why I am going to the South Pole by Commander Byrd.

Buccaneering in a Rowboat—by Lowell Thomas.

Review of Reviews

Visiting the Holy Land (with pictures) by John H. Finley.

Are Book Worms to be the only College Men?—by Andrew W. Crawford.

Current History—Dec.

Who is the Father of the American Navy?—by Prof. Walter B. Norris of the U. S. Naval Academy.

Literary Digest Dec. 10

Germany's Discipline of Sport.

Many of us will be interested to note that the library has increased its circulation during the year 1927.

Circulation for 1927	12137
Circulation for 1926	11520
Increase	617

The library recommends these articles in recent magazines.

"By Sledge to the Middle Ages (Travel in Siberia) by Eleanor Lattimore in the Atlantic Monthly for January.

"The Future of Aerial Transport", in the Atlantic Monthly of January, by Neon, an anonyinous English expert on Aviation.

Those who are interested in college will find several interesting articles in the January Current History.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PLANS EXTENSIVE PROGRAM

The Girls' League was busy the entire month of December with scrap-books and dolls. Fifteen dolls were exhibited in Miss Sawyer's office on December 19. A reward, which was given to Judith Cauman for her swiss doll, was awarded for the best one. Honorable mention was given to Florence Coen and Martha Bolger. The dolls, which were in the contest, were made according to special patterns. The Sophomores headed by Gloria Hansen had charge of the entire proceedings. On the last day of school before vacation several members of the Sophomore class carried the dolls and scrap-books to the kiddies at the Children's Hospital.

Recently Polly Hanson was made chairman of the Home-room representatives. The following Freshmen were added to her staff of representatives:

Room 1, Helene Dawson; 2, Ruth Blackwood; 3, Elizabeth Greenleaf; Room 4, Beverly Dunn; 5a, Thelma Iotte Science; 5b, Charlotte Senine; 6, Alice Werner; 7, Edith Anderson; 8, Phyllis Green; 9, Josephine Johnson; 27, Elsie Dawson; 33, Ruth Myers.

The Spelling Team has as yet not been fully reorganized. The leader in charge is Carl Densmore.

It might be said here that the Girls' League will be in charge of the candy to be sold at Dramatics.

On January 17, the Girls' League will have as their guest to their January meeting Mr. Packard. This meeting will be especially intersting as Mr. Packard will speak on astronomy. His talk will be illustrated with slides.

Annual elections will be held as usual in February. The home-room Representative body will be in charge of this meeting.

Members are asked to be thinking as to whom they wish to elect for the offices.

WINTER

The skies are leaden colored
The cold north-wind does blow
And the whole dead world is lying
Covered with a pall of snow.

Crisp cold nights
When the pine trees crack
And the stars shine like diamonds
In a curtain of black.

The clang of skates
On ice like glass.
Merry laughter
Of lad and lass.

Twinkling sleigh bells
Merry voices
Happy times when
The world rejoices.

Holly wreaths
And mistletoe
Colored lights
And the hearth fire's glow.

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THE WHITE LEOPARDESS

(Continued from Page 4)

She arose as graciously as her huge cat, inclined herself toward the sun and raised her hands above her head. Then she repeated some foreign words and, bowing, thrust the paper into the top of the incense burner. A little later she spoke to the parrot at her side. The bird climbed down from its perch, deftly took the slip from the burner and, mincing over, presented it to the visitor.

Percy's eyes nearly bulged from his head as he looked at it. It was the original paper no doubt. His own signature attested that. But now was written underneath:

'O, guest of the White Leopardess, great joy shall be thine. In this year shall fortune and love attend thee. The Gods declare thy every wish granted."

Percival felt very much overcome. Adventure had visited him at last. For a long time he sat staring at the Godless. Finally he gasped out:

"You are wonderful, wonderful, the most beautiful woman in the world. But what are you doing in Chinatown? I do not understand it."

She cast on him her large and velvet eyes. They semed very deep and sad

"I am no ordinary slave-girl. I am worshipped and royally honored. But I am, after all, a slave. O, if I could escape this bondage. Dare I trust you? Would you help me? My heart says yes."

By this time Percy was in a sleepy heaven, the like of which he had never known. The girl seemed to have cast a spell on him. In a loud voice that he would not have recognized as his own, he replied, "Yes I will fight my way out with you."

"No—you would never get beyond that curtain alive."

"I shall call the police." The great cat crouched menacingly.

"Then they would kill us both. You don't understand the Chinese. Do you really wish to help? I see a way. Yet I fear to ask so long have I been here. They stole me from my people when I was six. I am now eighteen. You are the first white person I have seen in all that time."

Percy answered, "Anything, anything, I mean it."

The White Leopardess crept over, and sat close beside him. One of her slender, soft, sharp-nailed hands closed gently over his for a space. Drawing an odd copper ring from one of her delicate, naked toes, she slipped it on his finger.

"Master," she whispered in tones of honey, "buy me for your adoring slave. A mere two thousand dollars in bribes will set me free to serve you. You are very rich. Am I not worth it?"

A certain wonder about what Pearl would think of this beauty swept over him. Then she turned toward him appealingly. The perfumed warmth of her was a drug. He did not think of refusing.

"Write a check payable to the bearer," she suggested. "Of course, you don't carry so much money with you?"

Percy did as he was requested without delay.

Then, by a mighty effort, he shook off the sleepiness that attacked him. The lady was embracing him tenderly.

And then he drifted into soothing blackness. His last sensation was of a splendid content. From a vast distance he semed to hear a low laugh, and the snarling cats.

* * *

His next sensation was not so alluring. He lay rather cold and cramped, on his own door-step. His head ached badly.

How he got there he could not comprehend. The moon was well up in the sky. What had happened to him? Had he really had this strange adventure? But on his finger was an odd copper ring.

When he called the bank later in the day, they informed him that the check had been cashed by a young girl. Was it all right? "Yes", he told them, overcome by curiosity.

He inquired discreetly, and learned that a vaudeville performer—an animal trainer who had taken to dope,—had been recently arrested for fleecing innocent Chinatown.

Naturally Pearl asked about the ring, "Is it some rare antique?"

"Yes, indeed," said her faithful husband quietly adding. "It cost two thousand but it's worth more to me."

The SAGAMORE wishes to express the appreciation of the Student Body to the Art Department for the appropriate and attractive posters that were sent around during the Holiday Season.

SENIOR ASSEMBLY

On the Thursday after the vacation (January 5), the Seniors were called together by Joseph S. Levin, chairman of the picture committee. In the absence of President Ted Cole, Mr. Jewett presided. He gave us warning about marks—if anyone failed a subject for the first quarter, his or her chances for graduation are very poor. He informed us that some are in that situation.

Miss Lewis then spoke and reminded us that the Dramatic tryouts will be held the day after mid-years. She emphasized the fact that it is necessary to have fifty on sixty students to take part in the track scene. The play is to be "The Poor Nut."

Miss Hannon told us that the Senior social was a great success and suggested that the profits go for a new stage equipment. She also suggested that it be the gift of the Seniors this year, and that it be given now in order that it may be used for Dramatics this year.

Mr. Jewett then introduced Joe Levin who spoke about the class pictures. Mr. Levin pointed out that some of the photographers had made a few mistakes, but that they were unintentional. He also recommended certain photographers among whom were Notman and Warren Kay. He showed us what very great care these, photographers use in developing their pictures. The pictures are posted in the art room corridor, and will remain there for ten days, after which time the class will vote. The committee consists of chairman Joseph S. Levin, Josephine Smith, Dorothy Sanborn, Martha Hardy, Stephen Sleeper, Fred Janvrin and Robert Currier.

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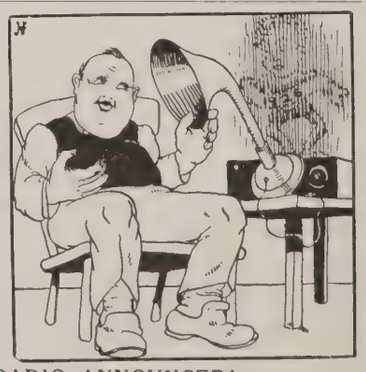

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A TALE OF TWO PITIES

(Continued from Page 4)

In another half hour, the parlor was fixed. Outside of a couple of torn curtains, a hole in the wall, and a slightly banged up table, the room looked pretty snappy. All we had to do now was the kitchen.

It was at this point that I showed Charley my noble spirit. I said, "Charley, I'm going to let you do the kitchen since you wanted to so much."

Charley didn't seem enthusiastic over this, so I chipped in. After another half hour, we had cleaned the kitchen.

Charley: "There, we did a nice piece of work. Now, let's sit down and take it easy."

Joe: "First someone's got to go down to the cellar and empty that waste basket. That's your job. Go ahead. What're ya waitin' for?"

Charley: (wistfully looking at the elevator) "Y'know, it'd be quicker if I took it down by the elevator."

We argued for awhile, but Charley was obstinate. Charley was always that way. I remember what a time I had trying to convince him that the North Star always stood over the equator. Well, anyway, we finally compromised. Charley was to take the basket down by the back stairs but he could come up by elevator. So Charley went to empty the papers from the basket.

Five minutes passed.

Joe: "I wonder what's become of Charley."

Five more minutes passed.

Joe: "||??—I wonder what's become of that!| |??—? fool?"

I got tired of waiting so I went to the front door to see what had happened. Soon the elevator came up carrying Charley and a couple of people. It stopped on the floor above and then came down again. Charley stepped out.

Charley: "Gee, that wasn't so bad I made a quarter. They thought I was the elevator boy and they tipped me."

Could you imagine that? That was Charley all over. He always had an eye for business. If, in future years, you should ever go to South Station and should meet a fellow who tells you that he'll sell you the whole station (including the tracks and candy stands) for a cheap price,—that's Charley!

After getting Charley to give me half of the money, I sat down for a rest.

There came a knock at the door just then, the janitor walked in. 'I'm sorry boys but this apartment was just rented to another party.'

Joe: "RENTED!!?"

Janitor: "Uh-huh, rented!"

The clock ticked sad seconds. Then—

Charley: "Hey, Joe! Lets muss up the place again."

Joe: "Sure, only we'll begin with the parlor!"

Charley: "No, the kitchen first!"

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The total amount received by voluntary subscription in the home rooms was $80.12.

The room representatives voted to distribute the money as follows:

$15 for the emergency fund at Washington, called the Enrollment Fund.

One-half of remainder for Flood Relief.

And one-half for the Brookline Milk Fund. The amount given to each was therefore $32.56.

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"Didjever see thuh sea sick?"
"No, but I seen the ocean blue."

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
When Sahara's sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear overshoes,
That's when I like to study.

"Did you know that Gert Erdele was intoxicated before she swam the channel?"
"Why no, what makes you think that?"
"Well, the papers said that she was well oiled before she entered the water."

Now that women are taking men's places in the commercial world, will we have any traveling saleswoman stories?

She: "I'm the happiest girl alive! I'm marying the man I want!"
Her: "That's nothing to the joy of marrying the man someone else wants."

Mrs. Newlywed—The grocer didn't have any dog biscuits, but I got something just as good.
Newlywed—What is it?
Mrs. Newlywed—Animal crackers.

Mert—Peggy is certainly fat isn't she?
Given—Yes, when the poor thing hung up her stocking Santa carried it off with him and left his pack in place of it.

Satan—Why is that newcomer so happy?
Imp—He formerly lived in a co-operative apartment building, your majesty.

"How do you play truant from the correspondence school?"
"I send them an empty envelope."

"How did you like your trip to Europe."
"I had a fine time.'
"Take your wife."
"Would I take liquor to a speak easy?"

"The manager told that woman she'd have to pay in advance because her luggage was too emotional."
"What do you mean, emotional?"
"Emotional, easily moved."

Prof. (after lengthy explanation of philosophical theory)—And now, are there any questions?
Voice in rear—What time is it?

"Will a dollar pay for your hen that I just ran over?"
"You'd better make it two; I have a rooster that thought a lot of that hen, and the shock might kill him too."

Some men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his two front teeth are gone

Goo—How did the professor make his millions?
Magoo—He put fenders on grapefruit spoons.

Dean: If that hissing from your direction, sir, doesn't stop pretty soon, I shall order the whole chapel to be cleared.
Student—It's not hissing, sir, It's the fellow behind me, he's got asthma.

"Mr Brown, what's an operetta?"
"Don't you know? It's a girl who works for the telephone company."

"Why are your socks on wrong side out?"
"Well, Mary, my feet were hot, so I turned the hose on them."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 26, 1928 TEN CENTS

MIDYEAR EXAMINATIONS START TOMORROW

MISS LAKSON AND KENNETH GOODYEAR WIN PRIZE-SPEAKING

The thirty-sixth J. Murray Kay prize speaking contest has passed into the annals of school history. On the evening of Friday the thirteenth the annual program offered in competition for the J. M. Kay prize was presented in the Auditorium at 8.00 P. M. Kenneth Goodyear and Gertrude Lakson were awarded the distinction of the boy's and girl's prizes, respectively. The decisions were enthusiastically received by a large crowd that completely filled the Auditorium.

The program this year was of the usual high standard, just as in former years, but was rendered even more effective and entertaining by the diversity of subject and the diffierent nature of appeal.

The selection by Goodyear, "How I Killed a Bear", (C. D. Warner) was a whimsical account of the author's first hunting experience. Delivered in a leisurely and quiet manner, he effectively brought out the naivete and humor of the selection. It was received appreciatively by the audience, both for its capable delivery and its humorous appeal, this latter, an attraction that has not been used greatly at previous contests.

"The Valiant", given by Miss Lakson, was a one-act play with the rather grim background of a prison, involving the identity of a criminal about to be executed. It was a tense and rather pathet-

(Continued on Page 5)

FOOTBALL BANQUET

The Brookline High School football team was tendered a complimentary banquet on January 4 at the Hotel Beaconsfield by the Board of Trade. The occasion was a joyous one, with singing, throwing of streamers, giving vent to the hilarity of the diners. President Baker of the Board of Trade introduced the speakers and made a speech in which he praised the team and Mr. Hines.

Captain-elect "Art" French of the Harvard football team was the principal speaker of the evening. He made a lasting impression on his audience and with his quiet, modest manner, perhaps influenced more than one of his hearers in favor of Harvard. He told several very good football stories, his personal experiences while competing on Harvard's track and football teams. He told of friendships that he values highly made on the football field, not only

(Continued on Page 3)

Going to College?

This is (or should be) a very important question for everybody in Brookline High, or for that matter, in every high school. Of those in Brookline High, a relatively small part will ever think of college, and of those who do, many will never reach it. Of those who do reach it only the minority will graduate. The mortality rate (as it is called) is very great. How great can be seen by considering the classes in Brookline High. Every year brings its four or five hundred freshmen but there are always less than three hundred who graduate. It is the same way in the colleges. And yet, we are told by statisticians that a men's earning capacity is measured by the extent of his education.

It is very important for one to make up his mind as to the profession he is to follow when he goes into college. Whether to be a business man, a doctor, a lawyer, or a minister is most difficult to decide.

When this is definite, it is then still more difficult to choose the college to which one intends to go. There are so many places of learning now-a-days and so many are good that one finds oneself in a quandary when attempting to make a selection.

Some people think it is advisable to go away from home to go to college, so as to get the experience of being on "one's own", but to others it seems rather ridiculous to go away from Boston, the center of culture and education, to be educated. Then, if one decides to go away to college, why should he prefer to go to Michigan or even out west to Leland Stamford, where he would be almost as far away from home as if he were in another country?

When all this is determined, a very important thing yet remains, that is, is the candidate prepared for college? I do not mean necessarily as far as his school work is concerned. I mean is he prepared in other ways? A few years ago Henry Louis Smith wrote an article in the Washington and Lee Bulletin, entitled "Turned Loose on Main Street", which article has been reprinted and given out to some of the Brookline High Students. He tells of the difficulties a student meets when entering university, of being suddenly thrown on his own resources, after having been pampered and protected all his life. Mr. Smith states that the great majority of college men are utterly unprepared for the life which they meet, and that many are slowly but surely dropped by the wayside. He gives in

(Continued on Page 3)

Biannual Tests May Ring Knell for Many

DR. GILKIE GIVES INSPIRING TALK

The students and teachers of Brookline High were addressed by Dr. Gilkie, the well-known clergyman, on January sixteenth. Dr. Gilkie took for his subject "How far apart are success and failure?" and his lecture was most inspiring and beneficial to his audience. Dr. Gilkie said that success in life does not necessarily depend upon a person's talent, brain capacity, or genius. It depends to a certain extent upon good luck, but it depends primarily upon certain qualities. Success and failure are more often inches apart rather than miles apart. *Inches?* Dr. Gilkie told of a man who won success by the lick of a cat's tongue!—once a discouraged, jobless reporter, who was about to mail a letter of "touch" to his father, was buying a stamp for the letter at a post office. He bought the stamp, was just about to put it on the letter, when he noticed, nearby, a little kitty who was busily washing her face with a wet little tongue. He tentatively placed the stamp near the cat's tongue, and to his astonishment, the cat *licked* it! Then, the brilliant reporter conceived the idea of writing a story about the trained stamp-licking cat at the post office. He thrust his father's letter into his pocket,

(Continued on Page 7)

SWIMMING TEAM DEFEATS ENGISH

In the third swimming meet of 1928 the Brookline mermen swamped the English High swimmers, 46 to 16. Casey of English was their only first place winner. He took the dive away from Eynon by one-tenth of a point and Brown a team mate of Casey's took third. "Johnie" Rae easily won the 50 yd. free style with Gilfenbain and Brodney of English second and third respectively. Rae also took the 50 yd. breast stroke with Casey of English second and Conway of Brookline third. "Marty" Ford was another double winner for Brookline taking the 220 yd. free style with Coutts second and Mahoney of English third. His other win came in the "100" yd. free style this time followed by Bencks, of Brookline and Broden of English third. Captain Ralph Fay easily walked away with the 50 yd. back stroke, and was followed by McTigue and Brewin.

Alas and Alas! How sad our plight! Gone is that sprightly gait of yore. We shuffle through the halls of B.H.S. with weary feet, our doleful countenances reflecting the effects of cram, cram, cram.

Overhead looms the dark cloud of midyears. Soon it will burst, drenching us in dismay. O, that we had burned the midnight oil last November, so that we, too, could take our places with the high and mighty of the A division. What doth it profit us to be endowed with beauty instead of brains at a time like midyears?

Nothing to relieve the monotony of grind, grind, grind, except an occasional snore from the classrooms. Our bridge of sighs is just ahead. Oh that we could turn to the left, or turn to the right to "My Blue Heaven."

Pep, and cheer have vanished. Everybody's so tired. O-hum. Bring on the black coffee. We've got to have something to keep us awake. Who said "correct posture"? Bodies sway and sag listlessly, refusing to respond to the appeal of physical training. Even the marshalls, usually so straight and so alert, wilt under the weight of the coming ordeal.

Smile? Too much effort, even to make one skin deep. Sad and melancholy. Yes, that's us. The smiley group of the senior picture committee mock us. Our hair, whatever its past or present hue, will turn gray before exams are over. Thanks be, they can not rob some of us of our complexions, as long as a corner drugstore remains.

What use to cry over spilt milk?

(Continued on Page 2)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

The fifth regular meeting of the Teacher-Student Council was held on January eleventh. The following suggestions were adopted:

First, Fred Sherry, a member of the Council, reported on his visit to two of the high schools of New York City; namely, Boys' High and Erasmus High. One of the customs of Erasmus High seems especially worthy of being followed. During periods there, at each end of a corridor is stationed a marshal who allows no passing except with a permit.

John Jewett, speaking in behalf of

(Continued on Page 3)

EXCHANGES

The Sagamore wishes to gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following papers and magazines during the last month.

"The Rivers Current" Rivers School, Brookline, Mass.
"The Screech Owl" Maynard High, Maynard, Mass.
"The Periscope", Bridgewater High, Bridgewater, Mass.
"The Recorder", Winchester High, Winchester, Mass.
"The Index", South High Worcester, Mass.
"The Red and Black", Rogers High, Newport, R. I.
"The Red and Black", Dorchester High for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.
"Authentic", Stoneham High, Stoneham, Mass.
"The Shuttle", High of Practical Arts, Boston.
"Jabberwock", Girl's Latin School, Boston.
"Laboremus", Technical School, Tirana, Albania.
"The Newtonite", Newton High, Newton, Mass.
"The Mercury", High School of Commerce, Worcester.
"The Bowdoin Orient", Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
"The Central Recorder", Central High, Springfield, Mass.
"The Light", Bristol High, Bristol, Conn.
"The Lookout", Weaver High, Hartford, Conn.
"The Lighthouse", Port Huron, Michigan.
"The Vermont Cynic", Un. of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.
"The Herald", Holyoke High, Holyoke, Mass.
"Wakefield High Booster", Wakefield High, Mass.
"School Spirit", David Hale Fanning Trade School for Girl's, Worcester, Mass.
"Latin School Register", Latin School, Boston.
"Tech News", Technical High, Springfield, Mass.
"The Clark News", Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Jabberwock", Girl's Latin School, Boston.

We like your magazine a lot. It is well arranged and the headings of the various departments are very cleverly and originally done. Your alumnae and exchange departments seem especially complete, but we don't find much athletic or school news. Is your school weak in these respects? We admire your cover design and your serial cuts—A very good magazine on the whole!

"The Red and Black", Rogers High. Newport, R. I.

Thank you for your kindly criticism of our paper. We realize that more cuts would improve our paper, but it seems we can't afford many. Alas! As to your magazine,—we find it a very interesting one. All your departments are very good, but the one called "Library" struck us as being outstandingly good. That's a great idea for a school paper. Your story entitled "Me" in your November issue was very cute, and we enjoyed reading "Pat the Senior". Yours is a real lively magazine.

"The Shuttle", High of Practical Arts, Boston.

Your short stories are good and your jokes funny. That is a lot to be proud of. Likewise your school notes are good and peppy. In your December number we especially liked "Snapshots in Words", "Reasons Why I Don't do my Homelessons", and "Things to be Thankful For". You must have some real humorists in your school. Your exchanges are fairly well written up and we would like to have a comment from you on our paper.

"The Record", Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.

There were so many articles of interest in your December issue that we don't know just where to start, or what department of the paper to think best. First of all, we noticed two or three articles asking for the support of the school in making the school paper a better one. It seems there is a lack of interest in the paper. That is too bad. We wonder what the cause of it is. We think you get out a remarkably good paper if you do lack support. Your poems are especially clever and original. We liked the little article "Getting Out a School Paper" published in one of your recent issues. Yours is a very interesting and snappy paper on the whole and we would like to hear from you again.

"The Index", South High, Worcester, Mass.

We like your stories best of anything in the paper. We especially enjoyed "Grandma Talks" in your November number. Likewise we are glad to see you have some attempts at poetry, light though they may be! Your exchange department seems lively, for which we are glad. Under your school notes we were glad to see an acknowledgment of the A No. 1. posture students among your girls. Posture is a good thing to emphasize! Our only suggestion for improving your paper is to have a few colorful headings for your various departments to lighten up the paper.

"The Screech Owl", Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.

A very good, well balanced paper Your editorials always seem to be good; likewise your jokes are very funny. Your school notes and athletics are very well written up. In fact your paper is very easy to read, which is more than can be said for many other papers! We thank you for suggested improvements in our paper and will take them to heart.

"The Lighthouse", Port Huron, Michigan.

Your paper has a wealth of good material in it, but it is poorly arranged. For an illustration of this fact we tell the following: We noticed that you have on your staff an exchange editor so we hunted for some exchanges, and it took ten minutes to find them! (It may be our dumbness, but even then, it seems it must be partly your fault!) The paper is not easy to read for you don't seem to know where to look for a certain type of news. However, there are many good points to the paper since it contains many interesting articles, and seems to contain good write-ups of school news. We would like to continue exchanges with you, and have a comment on our paper from you.

ALUMNI NOTES

Agnes Nylin '26 has recently announced her engagement.

Marjorie Meehan '21 has been accepted as a student at Johns Hopkins Medical College in Baltimore.

Grace De Vinney '23 is now playing in the "White Eagle" in New York.

Barbara Hall '26 is a member of the Smithfonions orchestra at Smith College.

John O'Sullivan '25 is going into the "movies" next year with the Fox production in New York.

Betty Hamilton '27 has been playing with the Repertory Theatre and is now playing with some of the amateur clubs of Boston.

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Sagamore contains some very well written short stories."

"The Index", High of Practical Arts, Boston.

"You have a well balanced paper. Perhaps some cuts would improve it".

"The Red and Black", Rogers High, R. I.

"The Sagamore of November 23 is a good athletic number"

"The Sphinx," Shewsbury High, Shrewsbury, Mass.

"The Sagamore"

Your paper is one of the largest High School publications we have received. We like your sport write-ups expecially. We suggest a few original jokes in your joke colum".

"The Screech Owl." Maynard High School, Maynard, Mass.

"The Sagamore"

"One of the best newspapers on our exchange list. College clippings are mighty good."

"The Recorder", Winchester High, Winchester, Mass.

"The Sagamore"

"A well organized paper. The interview with Fritz Lieber, published in you Oct. 20 th Edition was especially good.

"The Periscope", Bridgewater High, Bridgewater, Mass.

"The Sagamore"

"For you we have only praise".

"Authentic", Stoneham High, Stoneham, Mass.

BROWN FRESH DEFEAT SWIMMERS

In the most exciting swimming meet held at the Brookline Pool for several years, the Brown Freshmen defeated Brookline High 32 to 30. The winner of the meet was not decided until the last event, the "100" yard free style, when Hall, the Brown wonder outswam "Marty" Ford by inches with Daum, one of Hall's team mates, third, to take six points and the meet. The breast stroke was easily won by "Johnnie" Rae in record-breaking time for the Brookline Pool, with Conway second, and Daum of Brown third. Another race, the back stroke, was won by Fay, who broke the tank record for this event. Shikes of Brookline nosed out Silverson for second place.

Browning, the N. E. indoor and outdoor champion, won the diving for the Brown Cubs, while Eynon and Nisson took second and third places for Brookline. Browning also won the "50" yd. free style with Rae second and Joseph of Brown third. In the "200" yd. free style Hall, the N. E. outdoor champion 440 yds., easily won with Ford and Coutts second and third respectively. Hall broke the tank record in this event, which has been held by Osborne, of Newton, for two years. The relay was won by the Brown Cubs in a new time, taking four seconds off the old time held by Brookline during the past three years.

MIDYEARS

(continued from Page 1)

January 27 is the fatal date. We can't turn it aside. Come on there, everybody, let's buck up! Prepare for the worst! Who knows? It may not be so bad after all.

Probably, the three upper classes have a slight advantage over the freshies, since the former have been through the mill of midyears before. Don't let that frighten you, little ones of the freshman class. Have you never heard of beginners' luck?

Freshies, beware of the Sophs. They will hand you a knowing line about mids. Just remember, they were green only last year and they have barely had time to ripen. Don't forget the little grain of salt.

Don't worry over the math exams. You will only find out, as we did, that math is just another name for a whole lot of things you don't known. French should be taken with the eyes open, but you will know quite as much about it with the eyes closed.

Bluff, bluff, bluff. Yes, some will try it, but it will all come out in the wash. What ere you fate, it will be decided in sixty minutes. If you pass, you have nothing to worry about and if you flunk you have worried in vain. So, why worry?

Children all, just rise up on the morning of the 27th and push dem clouds away. Plaster you faces with a smile that won't rub off and dig in. The harder you dig the quicker it will be over. Eyes front! head up! chest out! Remember prize speaking: "Cowards die many times before their death but valiants taste death but once".

BROOKLINE DEFEATS BROCKTON IN SPECTACULAR FINISH

The Brookline High track team gave Brockton its first home defeat in the history of its school, by a score of 40 to 37. Although Brockton started off with a bang, Brookline took twenty out of a possible twenty-three points in the last three events to win the meet.

The 35-yd. dash was won by Farrell of Brockton with "The Giant Junior," Chandler Hagen-Burger second and Oulette, Brockton, third. Another victory went to Brockton when Clifford nosed out captain "Red" Record in the 35-yd. low hurdles. Farrell the Brockton sprinter took a third place. The 300-yd. run was next with another first place for Brockton, by Doherty while "Johnnie" Badaracco and "Ed" Beck finished second, and third respectively for Brookline. The 1-lb. shot went to Stevens of Brockton and second went to Wartkins, a team-mate of Stevens. But "Jimmie" Ryan did not leave us stranded and collected one point for Brookline. The last win for Brockton went to Baironaus, in the 1000-yd. run, while Jewett nosed out Shaughnessy, of Brockton for second place. At this stage of the game Brookline started to come to, and Captain "Red" Record dashed across the tape to take the 600-yd. run away from Yakavonis of Brockton, with "Dick" Werner third. Then Albert Prince began to do his work. He first took the broad jump away from McArthur by two inches, while "the Giant Junior" took third place. Then the high jump came with Brookline trailing 26 to 37.

Prince and Racheotes were first, while second and third went to Bogliasian, Smith, Dermody, Barrie and Neer. This made the meet stand Brockton 37, Brookline 35, with the relay to decide the winner of the meet.

Clifford beat Badaracco to the first corner, but "Johnnie" did not give up and at the second bend "Johnnie" was in the lead and held it for Captain Record, who increased the distance over O'Connor. "The Giant Junior" held this lead over Sproul and gave a quarter lap lead to "Dick" Werner, the Brookline anchor man, who finished ahead of Doherty by a quarter of a lap and the Brookline team went home with the first victory for 1928.

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from Page 1)

the Senior Class, stated that they approved the securing of a picture of Dr. Roberts, and that they wished to make it one of their class gifts to the school.

Complaints were again made of the untidy condition of the lunch room. It was suggested that money should be appropriated for more waste baskets and that some of the senior boys be urged to lend their influence in this campaign for neatness.

It was decided that a committee be appointed for the drawing-up and publication of a booklet on marshal regulations. It was also decided that the book should contain a cut of the various stations of duty of the marshals.

—YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER—

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Now Ye Are All Here Assembled! Ye Crier attempteth to secure all ye school gossip but oft times faileth and does sorely long for the qualities of a co-ed. Verily said co-ed's Curiosity is never "Idle"! It is harder to evade than homework and more penetrating than a teacher's intuition.

* * *

Now is the time of the year when all ye Seniors are worrying—not about marks—but about "Rings & Pins" "Pictures" "Gifts" "Class Votes" and sundry other things. My deepest sympathie to alle.

* * *

By the way—who did YOU vote for Class Flirt?

* * *

Does anyone of my readers know when the Mid-Years will be?

* * *

A word to the wise is plenty—So look ye well Seniors—

* * *

Rock-a-bye, Seniors, on the tree top. As long as you study your grades will not drop, But if you stop digging your standing will fall, And down will come Senior, Diploma and All!—!

* * *

I heard one prominent member of Senior English F, say that his idea of an Ideal Child Labor Law Amendment would be one which would prohibit teachers from making him do any home work.

* * *

"Labor" is right!

* * *

The Comprehensive English Test Questions are easy, in a measure, but some of them are headaches.

The B-H-S mermen are doing goodly and it does one good to see the splendid support they are geting.

* * *

Our "Four Sea-horse-men", "Ralphio", "Martio", "Johnnio", and "Blainio" are the mainstays and how they "mainstay"!

* * *

It's a great thing to be able to sit in a **warm** room after school and see our noble tracksters gamboling in the frigid air, clad only in their "undies". It must be cold out there, eh?

* * *

Mr. Taylor's Detention Club is flourishing.

The requirements are not great,—just forget any theorem in Book I or II and you will receive a bid.

* * *

Ye Crier's idea of optimisin to the Nth degree is to go into a Mid-Year exam with a pen and **no** eraser.

* * *

It won't be long now!

* * *

John Rae must be Jesse James, minus the horse when it comes to selling swimming tickets.

* * *

His method is unique, to say the least. He goes up to a fellow, grabs him by the arm and says, "You're going to the meet, aren't you? Give us your fifteen cents now!" It works!

* * *

Ye Crier takes this opportunity to welcome the new Staff of the Sagamore and we hope they be as successful as their pre-de-cess-ors (what a word!)

* * *

Ye Snappe cold weather of ye new year has banished from our view the Highland garb, wooer-babs and trick costumes formerly worn by some of our Co-eds.

* * *

A fair, nay, beauteous, co-ed said in my hearing, "One of the hardest things to forgive a boy friend is his casual, 'You-owe-it-to-yourself-to-be-nice-to-me' manner with which he bestows any attention."

* * *

What I could have said to her! OH

* * *

Who will be the "Poor Nut"?

* * *

The B. H. S. A. A. must have anticipated our "winterless winter" when they abolished the hockey team.

* * *

On reading this over Ye Crier notices that he said hello to the newe but neglected the olde. Bye, Fred and "Mac" and "Charlie" and "Mark" an' Hope an' — an' — everybody. If you've had half as much fun out of it as I have had we're all satisfied.

* * *

That geometry is calling me—and who reads this anyway?

Hear Ye!

Hear Ye!

Ye Crier hath spoken right well!

Hear Ye!

PLAYS and PLAYERS

Colonial—Sidewalks of New York with Ray Dooley. This is one of Eddie Dowling's musical comedy hits.

Shubert—Greenwich Village Follies. The title speaks for itself.

Majestic—The Desert Song. Greatest of all musical hits is claimed by pressmen. Will be shown with entire Broadway cast.

Plymouth—The Play's the Thing with Holbrook Blinn. Direct from a long New York showing.

St. James—The Noose. Drama with Walter Gilbert supported by the Kieth Albee Players.

Copley—Take My Advice. Laughing hit de luxe. Gahy Fay taking leading part.

Wilbur—The Road to Rome with Jane Cowl. Jane Cowl is one of the foremost American actresses and the chance to see her should not be missed.

GOING TO COLLEGE?

(Continued from Page 1)

his article a College Entrance Examination of four questions which he claims is far more worth while in testing one's fittness for college than the usual tests. These need no explanation:

1. Are you man enough to get up promptly every morning, get to your meals and to school on time every day, and go to bed at a fixed hour every night, all of your own initiative, without a word of reminder from anyone?

2. Are you man enough to go off by yourself every day and study all your lessons till you know them, without having any one tell you to get to work?

3. Are you man enough to carry loose change in your pocket without spending it?

4. Are you man enough, when anothers fellow's answer is in easy reach, to fail on an examination rather than obtain unlawful aid.

If one cannot pass this examination, he is not ready for college.

There is certainly no one in Brookline High more familiar with colleges and those attending them than Mr. Jewett, for he has seen many a pupil graduate from Brookline High and go to college. He recently said that he wished everybody would consider very carefully the things which I have set down above, before attempting to decide his life work or college.

And so I close by asking again, "Where do we go from here? For practically all of us, especially for all who want a higher education or intend to enter a profession, it would be well to try to answer the question NOW.

FOOTBALL BANQUET

(Continued from Page 1)

among the players and coaches of his own college, but among his opponents.

Others who spoke briefly were Superintendent of Schools Oscar C. Gallagar, Judge Rollins, Mr. Hines, Assistant Coach Francis D. Whittemore and Faculty Manager Frederick L. Woodlock. Both Mr. Whittemore and Mr. Woodlock expressed surprise and embarrassment at being called on to speak. They told of the pleasure that coaching football afforded them. Mr. Woodlock made a brief review of the financial status of the Athletic Association and asked that the members of the Board of Trade use their influence in securing a larger seating capacity for Tech Field. Mr. Hines, in his usual interesting manner outlined the season's progress of his charges. Captain Dan Rollins briefly thanked the Board of Trade and surprised Mr. Hines by presenting him a gold lighter from the team. "Pat" Cannon, next season's captain, was called on for a few words, followed by "Big Jim" Regan, who was taken completely by surprise. The banquet was an event that will not soon be forgotten by the fifty boys who were the guests of the evening.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman. The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXIV JANUARY 20, 1928 NO. 8

ON WITH THE NEW!

The old and much frequented haunt of the SAGAMORE "crew" opens its door to a new assemblage of literary enthusiasts. The present staff has now completed its merited endeavors.

In short, this issue of the SAGAMORE marks the culmination of the efforts of that worthy group—the 1927-'28 Sagamore Board. Having entered upon their duties last February, these literary followers now deem it their duty and privilege to impart their responsibilities to a new staff. It is not without a little regret and remorse that the outgoing members are leaving their respective positions. However, they are departing from their rule over the kingdom of Sagamore with gratification. For we may without hesitation, say that all concerned have done their utmost toward making this year's SAGAMORE a credit to B.H.S. In this earnest attempt, the staff has accomplished a remarkable thing—that of bringing before the eyes of everyone the doings of the school; of conveying to the student body the activities in all branches of school life. It is the medium through which the student is linked with the school.

Insomuch as a school paper is a literary achievement, it is advantageous in that it renders possible the bringing to light of any literary ability. In this way, those actively connected with the paper obtain valuable experience from their work. Hence, a school paper is a direct benefit to both the reader and writer.

Upon bidding a farewell to the SAGAMORE, the staff wishes to extend its heartiest appreciation to all those who have supported it. In relinquishing their duties to the oncoming staff, we wish the newcomers a most successful and happy Sagamore Year!

MIDYEARS

"I weep for you" the Walrus said,
"I deeply sympathize."

At this moment we are all weeping for one another; we all deeply sympathize with one another. Not until a critical period like the one at hand approaches, do we realize how closely we are related, how much we have in common. It is always true that when any group of people, regardless of nationality or age, is confronted with a problem, it immediately discovers "ties that bind." In this case we, unfortunately, are the group, the problem, unfortunately is "How am I going to pass Mid-Years," and the "ties that bind," unfortunately, are History, French, English, Math, Chemistry, etc., etc., etc. In fact we are almost inclined to think that there are too many "binding ties"—fewer would be immensely preferable.

Sometimes I think we are almost happy in our general affliction, for in sympathizing with our friends' troubles we nearly forget our own.

We seem to follow poor Selma's footsteps—Mrs. Erwin was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes."

"This," said Mrs. Erwin, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder's ban there, too."

"Is that so? What year!"

"Ach! he ban got no year. He ban punch a man in the eye, and the yoodge say, 'You, Axel, sixty days in yail!'"

The Sagamore wishes all Students the best of luck on the EXAMS

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE ENIGMATICAL AWAKENING

By Nacnud

I am still perfectly certain that my bedroom window was securely fastened on that memorable morning, but my certainty has never brought the mystery any nearer to a solution, and the mark on my arm still remains.

It happened, if I remember accurately, early upon a Saturday morning, when I was awakened abruptly by someone wildly shaking my arm.

Now, for ordinary occasions I have trained myself to awaken punctually at six o'clock, so naturally this violent awakening filled me with apprehension. But I could see nobody in the room, and the door had not been opened—as a glance at the patent-lock proved.

I was preparing to resume my slumbers again, having dismissed the incident as the fancy of a dream, when I felt a faint numbness in the shoulder that had been so strangely shaken, and on investigating I was dumbfounded to discern the crude impression of a hand, colored like a freshly-healed vaccination-mark, standing out lividly from the flesh.

As I gazed in wonder at this phenonemon, a slight noise from without caused me to glance at the window, and great was my surprise to observe, in the shadow cast by the knarled trunk of an ancient oak, the silhouette-like figure of a man.

At first I imagined that it was some neighbor who had been playing a joke upon me; but on approaching nearer I saw that it was a man whose acquaintance I had made several years before, during a fishing trip in Canada, and with whom I had struck up a sincere friendship. . . .

Suddenly he began to move nearer to the window, only stopping when he felt the touch of the glass; and as I looked at him I felt a feeling of dismay that was beyond analysis; then I looked into his staring eyes, and thereafter I dwelt in fear. For his eyes appeared to my steadfast gaze as interminable voids of vacancy—expressionless pools of gloom; nevertheless, they fascinated me, and I felt as one hypnotised.

When he departed I cannot tell, for the incessant ringing of my telephone bell awoke me to the fact that I was staring at an empty landscape.

As I dressed myself that morning my mind was strangely troubled. Somewhere outside a bird was blithely carolling but I felt no responsive joy. Although I pondered long upon the subject, I failed to find a motive that would explain my friend's act in opening the window and arousing me.

Suddenly I became possessed of a strange thought, which made me very uneasy. I had a dim recollection of having fastened that window on the pre-

(Continued on Page 5)

MODERN HAMLET

by Josiah Lewis

Act I

Orphelia: Hamlet, I think somebody killed your old man.

Hamlet: Well, for cryin' out loud!

Orphelia: It's true, old spit, I saw his ghost on the ramparts of the palace last night.

Hamlet: (reprovingly) Ah, Orphelia, you've been drinking again.

Orphelia: No I haven't. It's true though. Y'know, your uncle killed him.

Hamlet: How's that?

Orphelia: Well, one day I saw uncle pour some liquid into his ear. He didn't think anybody was watching.

Hamlet, What's that? Wasting good liquor on a fellow's ear? The guy must be crazy.

Guard: (interrupting) Sir, the plumber has not yet arrived.

Hamlet: Hasn't arrived? Well, you'd better get one or the kitchen will be flooded.

Orphelia: That's what you get Hamlet for offending the plumber's union. Now we'll never get a plumber.

Hamlet: (kicking guard in shins) Get out!!

Orphelia: You shouldn't be so rough, Hamlet. I believe that fraternity is teaching you bad manners.

Hamlet: To the devil with manners! (Hamlet was tough, you see) That guy better find a plumber or there'll be trouble. Y'know, Orphelia, I think that guard's been stealing my shirts.

Orphelia: Nonsense! Well, what are you going to do about your dad?

Hamlet: I'll go out on the ramparts with you to-night and we'll watch.

Orphelia: Sh! Here comes, uncle.

Uncle: What were you two talking about?

Hamlet: State income sir. We think it's too high.

Uncle: I do not choose to talk about state income.

Orphelia: (giggling) He's more worried about Volstead.

Uncle: What's that?

Orphelia: I said there are lions in the zoo.

Uncle: Hmph! (to Hamlet) Did the plumber come yet?

Hamlet: No sir.

Uncle: Well, you'd better get him or I'll send you a grave digger. These Vermont floods are getting on my nerves and besides we've sprung a leak in the cellar (Exit uncle)

Hamlet: I think he thinks that I think he killed my father. I'll find out to-night and if he did he'd better go to Africa and shoot lions

(Continued on Page 7)

THRIFT ASSEMBLY

The subject of the assembly, Tuesday the 17th, incidently the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, was appropriately that of Thrift. The speaker, Mr. Frank B. Bennett, Editor of the "United States Investor", having been introduced by Mr. Ackers, opened his speech by saying that he would much rather be a football or baseball coach talking on his particular sport than to be advising everyone to save his money so that he might have a running start in the game of life. It seems at first that Thrift is of interest only to those people who are heads of banks and to the teachers who are always advocating it as a fine thing but somehow never practice what they preach.

Why is it that if we went to Washington and talked with President Coolidge on foreign relations or on any subject but Thrift we would be the most thrilled people in the world?

The first reason is that it is much pleasanter to spend than to save as perhaps many of us know from experience. Mr. Bennett gave us as example the desire of his son for a pair of boxing gloves. The wish was finally fulfilled after he had worked about the house until he had earned the money for them, with the result that he had the thrill that comes once in a life time.

I'm sure all of us make resolutions at New Year's which we confidentially expect to carry out. If, for instance, continued Mr. Bennett, you decide to save your money, after weeks of hard fighting against the temptation which assailed you every time you passed your favorite soda fountain or theater, you have collected enough "chicken-feed" to warrant a bank account, when you walk into the bank you certainly expect the town band to burst into, "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes". But does it? and does the President rush out and praise you to the skies and greet you like a prodigal son? Not much! The brass band is notable for its absence as is the President. Why you are one among hundreds of depositors.

Then why should we save our money? Because when we are ready to step out into the world we are confident that all the big men are fighting to obtain our future services. Then comes the jolt for they also are notably among those absent. We find that they don't care a straw from what school or colleges we graduated, what marks we got, or what teams we made. We must fight for our position in hard competition. Gone are the old days when men, after a very little preparation, could become full fledged doctors or lawyers or bakers or candle stick makers. Today people demand highly trained men and women for any position. The placing of a gasoline engine in a truck which has connected the chain stores has eliminated the small store-keeper to a high degree.

But whatever you choose to be, you must have an education! This, went on Mr. Bennett, is only accomplished by the same tiresome saving. But if you have been a constant visitor to the bank, and wish to start in business for yourself, you suddenly discover that the bank will lend you money on the credit you have established by your continuous saving.

Mr. Bennett then gave us a peek into Governor Brewster's diary which disclosed the fact that the Pilgrims' came over here because their children could not get a fair start in life in England and they thought they could have a better chance over here.

Mr. Bennett's words in closing were, "I commend saving to you not because it is a help to the banks or to anyone other than yourself, but because like the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp, it opens up a chance to you for a career and a success in life."

THE ENIGMATICAL AWAKENING

(Continued from Page 4)

vious night, and on going forward to satisfy my growing wonder I proved the supposition to be a fact — the window was securely locked! Therefore how now to account for the ominous mark upon my arm? Up until that moment I had thought it to have been caused by the fierce grip with which I had been awakened. But now that it was proved that my friend could have had no access to the room, that rather prosaic theory was refused.

I resolved to take a walk in the fresh morning air, in the hope that the clouds of miscomprehension that enveloped my brain might be cleared away, and allow me to arrive at a solution of the enigma.

But no such thing happened, and I was retracing my steps in despair when I remembered that another person who had accompanied me on the before-mentioned fishing-trip was, by a strange coincidence, at present residing in this very town. I resolved to pay this person a visit, as I knew that he and Ross (my morning visitor) had kept up a correspondence with each other. Knowing that he was of an extremely matter-of-fact temperament, and found great pleasure in ridiculing people, I resolved not to mention my experience that morning, but merely to enquire, in a casual fashion, if he had heard any news of Ross.

My friend greeted me with his usual urbanity, leading me into his library, where we conversed together on various topics, and although I had many excellent opportunities to introduce the object of my visit, an hour passed by without my having mentioned it.

However it so happened that, after a lull in our conversation, my host got up from the chair in which he had been seated, and proceeded to walk to and fro—as if lost in thought. After one of these spasmodic parades he came to a halt directly in front of me, hesitated for a moment and then said:

"I had a rather weird dream last night—a very puzzling circumstance, for I generally sleep too soundly for dreams —in which I saw an old friend of ours, Ross—remember that angler who was drowned last year . . .?

"Drowned last year!" I cried, feeling my face turn white with fear.

"Yes", he continued, "did you not hear about it? Well, he appeared beside my bed and awoke me".

"I thought nothing of this at the time" he continued, "but sometime later I remembered that this very morning is the anniversary of his death. Funny, wasn't it? But where are you going?

"Just remembered an appointment," I managed to whisper thickly, "see you sometime again".

PRIZE SPEAKING PROVES EXTRADINARY

(Continued from Page 1)

ic story of a sister trying to find her lost brother, who appealed to the criminal to reveal his name. The play was delivered in a sincere, realistic manner, lacking any affectation or overdoing. In a play using an emotional motif such a possibility is obvious, but Miss Lakson efficiently avoided this.

"Our Guides", a selection by Mark Twain, given by Sumner Shikes, was also very well received. It was a humorous discourse on European guides, taken from "Innocents Abroad". Mark Twain's droll style is generally liked, and "Our Guides" typified his work to the evident amusement of the audience.

This, and "How I Killed a Bear" being both of a humorous nature, gave a light touch to this year's program that was more agreeable to the audience than a possible selection of heavier literature. This was a slight change from the custom of other years.

The program included five other selections, all of which were delivered commendably and with much earnestness, being received by the audience with more or less approbation.

The speakers' efforts this time seemed altogether appreciated. Differing greatly in form and subject they helped to make up an entertainment that was interesting through its variety as well as its delivery.

The High School orchestra opened the program with excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivans operettas, under Mr. Zanzig's direction. Mr. Zanzig also accompanied the three other musical selections, given during the evening, two solos by Betty Walsh, two viola solos by Dorothy Lutz, and "Fair Moon" from "Pinafore" by Dan Rollins. These were given at intervals during the program in the above order.

The program was as follows:

Ambassador Claudel's Speech at the Hotel Statler—Mark Mackey.
Nevertheless—Evelyn Rudnick.
Aspects of War—Robert Lett.
Pelang—Geraldine Sterns.
How I Killed a Bear—Kenneth Goodyear.
My Lady's Lace—Betty Jacobs.
Our Guides—Sumner Shikes.
The Valiant—Gertrude Lakson.

The school is indebted to the three persons who acted as judges, Newall Maynard, Mrs. L. Clark, and Mr. Haven Powers. The decision was given after a short wait by Mr. Haven Powers, who was briefly introduced by Mr. Priest. Both decisions were well received and applauded. Before the winners were announced, the audience, at the suggestion of Mr. Zanzig, sang a number of familiar songs, the orchestra assisting.

LIBRARY LINES

If you have any books which you can spare, the libraries in Vermont will be very glad to receive them. During the recent floods public and private libraries were swept away. Good books will be greatly appreciated. If you cannot give books, give money to help pay for transportation and for additional books. Send the books to the Main Library on to any of the Branches.

This is one of the best New Year's Resolutions you can make:

I'll return all books within the time, I'll mark no books with word or line, I'll steal no books, cut nor deface, nor in any way hurt or disgrace Our Library.

Books are stolen every year from the library. Part of it is carelessness and part of it is selfishness—"I want that book now," and the time to return it never comes. Let's start the New Year by returning any books that we may have that belong to the library.

NEW BOOKS

Gordon—Lettering for Commercial Purposes, Haskin—American Government, Knickerbocker—Present day Essays, Atwood—New Geography—Book 2, Barrie—Representative Plays, Bridges—Young Folks' Book of Discovery, Clark and Ingley—Etiquette, Jr., Cunliffe—Modern English Playwrights, a short history of the English drama from 1825. Wade—Everyday Electricity—copy 2, Scripture and Greer—Find it yourself!, a brief course on the use of books and libraries, Fulton—Standard Selections, Holland—Historic Railroads, National Electric Light Association—Prosperity through Power Development, Pan American Union—Seeing South America, Peabody—Studies in Physiology, Anatomy and Hygiene.

Among the recent magazine articles, these are recommended as interesting:

Some Disquieting Aspects of Our Athletic Program by C. W. Whittier in School Review for Dec. 1927.

Success or Failure—It's Up to you! by Harry A. Overstreet, famous psychologist.

Marconi Tells What Radio Needs. Both in Popular Science for January.

Seeing America with Lindbergh.

An article on Bird Banding by E. W. Nelson. Both in January National Geographic.

Who is to blame for Submarine Accidents? in Literary Digest, Jan. 7, '28.

Submarine Death Leaps, in Literary Digest for Dec. 31.

Jan. 11th Outlook:

What is the Truth about the S-4?

New Books at the Public Library which are of interest to students.

Zane Grey—Forlorn River, a western story.

Davis—Gilman of Redford, a story of Boston in Revolutionary Days.

Hagedorn—Rough Riders. The Spanish war.

Walpole—Jeremy at Crale—sequel to Jeremy and Jeremy and Hamlet, English school-boy story.

ANDY GUMP

Well, how's everything with you all? I guess I'm pretty well. I will be if I am able to come to school on Feb. 1st. That is the day of sorrows and joys and I hope it is all joys for you.

Attended a banquet t'other day. On one end of a table were representatives from Dedham. Says the speaker, "There may be Dedhams at one end of our table but we have a bunch of live chickens down here". Rawther clevah for an original, eh wot?

I guess I'll have to put those ice skates Santa Claus brought me in a glass cage or exchange them for a pair of roller skates. Also, I am still looking for that strange phenomenon, SNOW.

Many a fellow who flunks the mid-years will feel like the title role of our stage presentation for March. By the way, I know several fellows who ought to get the lead for actions alone. And someone had the nerve to say that I was IT.

Well, as there has been no news since brother Pollack spilled a plate of spaghetti in the lunch-room I must end my raving. Still tootin' Andy Gump

The Boston School of Interior Decoration and Architectural Design

For the second time within a year, the Boston School of Interior Decoration and Architectural Design has been obliged to add to its quarters and are now located at 234 Clarendon street, Boston.

The increased enrollment of the school is attributed to the fact that the instruction given is largely that of a studio training and also to the fact that the classes are kept small and individual instruction is given by the director and associate director. The object of this personal instruction is to bring out the latent abilities of each of the students, either cultural or practical. The direct purpose of the instruction given is to fit the students who may have inclinations toward art work, to secure positions or engage in the fascinating profession for themselves. The close affiliation of the students with the Adelphi Studios gives the advantages of the practical training of understudies.

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"If Winter Comes"

A student came into the "Sagamore" room yesterday and gave me a list of words to spell; they were nice, simple, easy words in everyday use. Well, I wrote the words down as he gave them to me and then I gave them to a teacher to correct. The words were sacrilegious, rarefy, battalion, tranquillity, supersede, naphtha, paraffin, liquefy, kimono, picnicking. Try them on some good speller and see how many he gets right. Neither did I.

An instrument has been made that will measure one billionth of an inch. It will be used by our motorists in finding parking space.

The Three Dimensions

"What were you doing, driving your car 70 miles an hour?" asked the judge. And the defendant replied: "Yer honor, I was tryin' to get home from school before I killed somebody."

Aye, Laddie, It Were Unco Sad

A Scotchman had an automobile. What worried the Scotchman more than anything else was the amount of gasoline his automobile used. One day he went to his little garage in the back yard, took the cap off the gas tank of his car, and squinted inside . . . but it was too dark—he couldn't see a thing. Now, the Scotchman was very anxious to know how much gasoline he had, so he lighted a match to have a little look. Accidentally the match dropped into the tank. "Weel, wouldn't that twist yer whiskers!" hooted the Scotchman in dismay, as he peered after lighted match. "She's empty again!"

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Le Coin Francais

Les Cinq doigts de la main.

Voici ma main: elle a cinq doigts.
En voici deux, en voici trois!
Celui-ci, le petit bonhomme,
C'est mon gros pouce qu'il se nomme.
L'index qui montre le chemin,
C'est le second doigt de ma main.
Entre l'index et l'annulaire
Le majeur parait un grand frère;
L'annulaire porte an anneau:
Avec sa bague, il fait le beau.
Le minuscule auriculaire
Marche à côté de l'annulaire;
Regardez les doigts travailler!
Chacun fait son petit métier.

Les Mémoires de Clemenceau

Un journal américain, nous disent les Annales politiques et littéraires, a offert cinquante mille dollars à M. Georges Clemenceau, en échange de dix articles dans lesquels l'ancien président aurait jugé la situation politique de la France.

"J'écris, en ce moment, l'histoire de ma vie, a répondu M. Clemenceau. Je ne veux pas être distrait de mon travail. Je viens de terminer le premier volume, commencé en 1919. Je pense que la rédaction du second me demandera cinq ans, ainsi, d'ailleurs, que la rédaction du troisième. Quand j'aurai terminé ce grand ouvrage d'une importance capitale pour moi, je serai à votre entière disposition. Soyez donc assez aimable pour repasser dans dix ans..."

Pour un homme né en 1841...
(L'Intransigeant.)

Un petit Francais—Papa...c' est Christophe Colomb qui a découvert l' Amérique...

Son père—Il n' a fait que l'apercevoir, c'est véritablement La Fayette qui, plus tard, l' a découverte pour nous.

Jean—Papa...c' est loin l' Amérique?

Son père—Mais non, mon petit, grace aux Lindbergh et aux Byrd, elle n' est plus qu' a une poignée de main de Paris.

Here we go to the lunch-room

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Smimming has started! On Wednesday afternoon, the fair mermaids meet at the pool, and from the seventy girls that have already shown up, Brookline High ought to emerge victors over all its competitors this year. The varsity team has many of the veterans back, including the N. E. champion Esther Morison. Class teams are going to be formed so there will be a chance for everyone to earn some credit toward her varsity letter. Don't forget Pin guard is on Tuesdays. This game is on the style of basketball and is taking its place this year. It is as exciting as basketball and has aroused as much enthusiasm. Thursdays alternate between Captain Ball and hiking, while Monday still is gym team day. Varsity and class teams will be chosen in this sport also. With the co-operation of Miss Kelly and Miss Haskell the girls' teams have a very bright outlook for the New Year! Come on, all you girls who haven't been out for one sport or another, join the fun, for it is fun and we all have a wonderful time at the practices.

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MODERN HAMLET

(Continued from Page 4)

because I'll kill him. (then, Ye gods! How I wish we could get a plumber!

Orphelia: Well, cheerio. I'll see you to-night.

EXIT

Act II

Scene: Ramparts of the palace.

Hamlet: I don't see your spook yet.

Orphelia: Sh! Here he comes. It's your father's ghost.

Hamlet: Sufferin' Catfish! The old man (then feelingly) And he hasn't paid me my monthly allowance yet. I'll surely kill uncle unless something happens mighty soon.

Orphelia: Look! He's motioning us to follow him.

Hamlet: Maybe his spook has found some treasure. I'll get the guards to follow him. I haven't the time. I telephoned every employment agency and not one has a plumber.

Hamlet returns to place where he arrests his uncle for murder of his father. He then awaits the return of Orphelia. Meanwhile, Orphelia summons a guard and they follow the ghost.)

Orphelia: Help me follow that ghost.

Guard: (teeth chattering) G-g-ghost?

Orphelia: Yet. You're not afraid, are you?

Guard: N-n-n-no m'am.

Orphelia: Look He's going towards the haunted house.

Guard: I feel sick. I feel like going home.

Orphelia: Look! He's motioning us to follow him. Maybe there's treasure inside. Come

Guard: Yah! And maybe there's more ghosts. Gee, but I do feel sick! (they follow ghost inside house where they see a man in rags. The man appeared to be in a semi-conscious state)

Orphelia: (to guard) Here, help me take him back to the palace. Poor fellow; he looks as if he just drowned in the flood.

Guard: He looks drunk to me.

EXIT

Act III

Scene: Palace.

Page: Sir, Orphelia comes.

Hamlet: (resignedly) Well, I suppose I'll have to delay my uncle's execution. (to uncle) You better pray that she's found something valuable. (enter Orphelia), did you find anything?

Orphelia: Nothing but a poor man.

Hamlet: (to man) What's your business?

Poor Man: Plumber sir!

Hamlet: Saved! (then to uncle) You're free.

Uncle: Gosh, I'm glad I killed your father.

FINIS

DR. GILKIE SPEAKS

(Continued from Page 1)

went home, wrote the story, sent it to a newspaper, and had it accepted! In a few days the article was printed in every newspaper in the country. How near were success and failure in this case? Only as far apart as the loving lap of a pussy's tongue!

Often, by a minute change, a slight improvement in technique, a fine improvement in character, the thin line which divides success from failure may be crossed.

The most essential properties which help spell success are only three in number. Three short phrases—yet how important. First, is the ability to take criticism like a man, to profit by it; and be grateful for it. Second—be painfully accurate and give best attention to details. And the last is to make the hardest effort to succeed when defeat is ahead. Any person who can measure up to these three essentials has half-spelled *Success.*

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James: "I'm not fond of the stage, Caroline, but I hear your father's step on the stairs and I think I'd better go before the foot lights."

Everybody's doing it!
Jedeman tut es.
Omnes homines faciut id.
Tout le monde le fait.

Our minds are made up of "get ups,"
This truth deserves no laughin',
But the hardest "get up" I can find
Is "getting up" in Latin.

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat;
No other hand into my soul
Can greater solace bring,
Than the hand which I held last night,
Four aces and a king.

Small Girl: "Why doesn't baby talk, father?"
Father: "He can't talk yet, dear. Young babies never do."
S. G.: "Oh, yes they do. Job did. Nurse read to me out of the Bible how Job cursed the day he was born!"

"It was midnight. "Wow-wow-wow-wow," wailed the baby.
"Four bawls and I walk" responded the ball-player daddy.

She: "Pardon me, sir, for walking on your feet."
He: "Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know."

"Someone told me that you dyed your hair."
"'Tis false!"
"Yes, I told them so."

"Why do you call our language the mother tongue."
"Because your mother is always using it, my son."

She: "And knowing my sentiments on the subject, did Mr. A—— insult you by offering you a drink?"
He: "That's what he did."
She: "And how did you resent it?"
He (meekly): "I swallowed it."

Dusty: Say, Weary, your father was a pretty wealthy man when he died, wasn't he?
Weary: "Oh, yes."
Rusty: "Did he leave your mother much?"
Weary: "Oh, about two or three times a week."

Jack: "What sent Tom to an insane asylum?"
Dick: "A train of thoughts passed through his brain and wrecked it."

"This auto won't climb a hill. You said it was a fine machine."
"On the level—it's a good car."

Freshman (translating Latin): "Haec in Galli a est importantus', translated is, 'Hike into Gaul it is important."

First Dude: "That girl we just passed smiled at me."
Second Ditto: "That's nothing, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

"Oh say, who was here last night?"
"Only Myrtle, father."
"Well, tell Myrtle she left her pipe on the piano."

A young theologian named Tiddle
Refused to take his degree:
"For," he said, "'tis bad enough to be Tiddle
Without being Tiddle, D.D."

One day a teacher who was having a class in physiology asked if they knew that there was a fire burning in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:
"Yes'em, when it is cold I can see the smoke."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 9 FEBRUARY 17, 1928 TEN CENTS

TRACK TEAM SHOULD WIN AT ANDOVER

"PINAFORE" SURPASSES EXPECTATION

"Oh what a jolly sight
Teachers in opera light"
In mirth and glee abound
While tuneful lays rebound"

Such was the effect in our Auditorium on the evenings of Friday and Saturday the tenth and eleventh of February. The Brookline Teachers' Club presented H. M. S. Pinafore.

In most cases the main parts were filled by Brookline Teachers.

Owing to death in the family Mr. Snow was unable to play the part of "The Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., First Lord of the Admiralty. This part was acted by Professor Bancroft Beatly of Harvard. The part of Bob Beckett, Boatswain's Mate was also impersonated by an outsider, Mr Charles Hapgood. Our own Mr. Nash was Captain Corcoran, Commanding H.M.S. Pinafore. Mr. George Wheeler took the role of Ralph Rackstraw, the able seaman who sought in marriage the hand of Josephine, the Captain's beautiful daughter. The part of Josephine was played by Miss Hazel B. Henry. Mr. Jewett was Dick Deadeye, "ugly", "triangular" seaman whose very name made him unpopular. Mr. Lyle Ring, director of our B.H.S. Glee Clubs, was Bill Bobstay, the boatswain. Miss Elizabeth Sprago was the impersonator of Little Buttercup, a "bumboat woman". Miss Elizabeth Clark appeared as Hebe, first cousin of the Honorable Sir Joseph. The chorus was composed of teachers and members of our Glee Clubs as the first cousins, aunts and sisters of Sir Joseph, and sailors, marines, etc. Mr. Arthur Wooley, for many years a leading member of the Henry W. Savage Opera Companies, coached the cast.

The Brookline High School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Zanzig and with Miss Snow at the piano, played the accompaniments.

Before the performance Mr. Snow, in his welcoming address made some acknowledgements and explained the object of the Teachers' Club in presenting **Pinafore**. He made apparent the fact that the primary reason of undertaking, such a proposition was not for financial profit. **Pinafore** he said "offered a wholesome diverson and also a weekly get-together for several months. Mr. Snow pointed out the fact that eighty-five percent of the membership of the club were engaged in one way or another in the production of **Pinafore,** either by serving

(Continued on Page 2)

Stand By the Red Cross

Dr. Arthur Green of the Metropolitan Chapter of the Red Cross delivered a forceful and interesting address in the Auditorium, or Tuesday, Feb. 7th. Naturally the theme of his address was the Junior Red Cross, the work of which was touched briefly and especially emphasized by historical facts. 150 years ago, the treaty of alliance between America and France was successfully negotiated by Benjamin Franklin, and the representative of France, Louis XVI. This treaty shows that there were always people aiding other people. Dr. Green told us that the Red Cross is still lending a hand to the unfortunate victims of the last great World War. The thanks of 4,000,000 children were brought to us by Dr. Green, in appreciation of our willingness to aid them by becoming members of the Junior Red Cross. Dr. Greeen's last few words were quoted from a portion of one of Herbert Hoover's addresses concerning the work of this mighty organization. Amid a tumultous applause Dr. Green brought his address to a close. His main thought not to be forgotten is "Stand by the Red Cross!"

DRAMATIC TRYOUTS HELD

The play which is destined to be produced this year at Dramatics is "The Poor Nut", by Nugent. It is a hilarious farce, dealing with the college life of two rival institutions.

Two days last week about two hundred B.H.S. Students confidently tried out for parts in the play. However, since the cast does not require quite that many characters, a great many capable actors had to be rejected.

Great credit and sympathy truly ought to be given to the judges of tryouts who must have heard the play read over fifty times. One judge even told me that she rehearsed it ninety-nine times in her sleep and then proceeded to write an epilogue to it.

Thursday, February ninth, Mrs. White, the renowned coach, is going to pick the final cast from the following candidates who were chosen for final tryouts: Thomas Regan, Richard Robinson, Richard Simmers, Isidore Paisner, Robert Lett, Edward Dooskin, Daiel Rollins, Henry Greenleaf, Alva Allen, Barrett Roberts, John Jewett, Edward Hannon, Charles Dunker, S. Lewenberg, Hervey Armington, Kenneth Umlah, R. Wentworth, Milton Finger, Dorothy Logan, Carol Densmore, Marie Driscoll, Eleanor Thomas, Dot Gay, Alice Strong, Jeanne Clapp, Isabel Murphy.

Which of the boys do you think is best fitted for the part of the "poor nut"?

Undefeated Runners Should Emerge Victorious Despite Hardy Competition

Our undefeated track team clashes with other High and "Prep." school wonders tomorrow at the Andover Inter-Scholastics. Brookline should make a name tomorrow that will go down in track history, (at least schoolboy). You never can tell at a track meet what extra events can be pulled off—I'm not suggesting or hinting. If you have a particular storage of glee that you want to get off your chest, because Saturday the 18th, is the first day of vacation, hop up to Andover and cheer the team. Brookline has received many compliments for the way her team has been backed up this year. We are fortunate to have as many girl as boy track fans. But this support has been at local games. Brookline has an outside schedule as well as an in. Let's give the team all-round support—everywhere. We have a lot of friends up there at Andover. They would like to see their home-town team make a good showing. They'd certainly give us a cheer if we came through first.

Saturday up—Feb. 25th—On your marks—Oh, we forgot, in your seats, at the Boston Athletic Association Schoolboy Meet, run by one of the greatest athletic clubs in America.

(Continued on Page 3)

ALUMNI PROMINENT AT PENN

Announcement has been made of the election of Richard E. Gentle, of Brookline, Mass., as historian of the Freshman Class of the University of Pennsylvania.

Gentle is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Gentle, 6 Strathmore Road, and is a student in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University. During the fall season he was a member of the freshman football team and now is an active participant in the winter track activities.

Prior to entering the University of Pennsylvania, Gentle attended the Brookline High School and the Montgomery School, taking an active part in the student affairs of both institutions. At the Brookline High School he was a member of the football, baseball and track teams, while at the Montgomery School he was a member of the football and baseball teams, president of the senior class and of the School Athletic Association.

A brother James Gentle, is a recent graduate of the University and while on the Pennsylvania campus was one of the leading soccer players and active in the productions of the Mask and Wig Club.

Another Brookline student who is active in Pennsylvania campus life is Archie G. Barron, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Barron, 1162 Beacon Street. Barron is a junior in the College and is a member of the University Symphony Orchestra, the 'varsity lacrosse squad and Tau Delta Phi Fraternity.

SENIORS DECIDE ON GIFT

On February 6, the Seniors were called together to decide upon the class gift. John Jewett, reporting for the gift committee, told us that the committee's suggestion for a gift was, (1) a stage set of twelve pieces and (2) an enlargement of a picture of Dr. Roberts.

Mr. Jewett was called upon to tell us about those coming events that may need money. He cautioned us not to be too generous with our gift. However, the class voted unanimously for the stage set. This set will be purchased immediately in order that it may be used for Dramatics this year.

There was some discussion as to the

(Continued on Page 3)

DOMESTIC CLUB MEETING

The Domestic Science Club held its annual meeting in Shailer Hall last Tuesday. The meeting was conducted by Miss Smith, faculty adviser, Dorothy Mulowney President. Esther Graham secretary, and Jean Morrison chairman of the entertainment committee.

The President opened the meeting with a report of other High School Club activities. The secretary reported on the financial standing of the club.

Following the meeting was an entertainment arranged by Jean Morrison. The program consisted of a Miss Annabella Lee chorus, including Dorothy Marden, Constance Mason, Peggy Morrison, and Dorothy Nolan, as sailors, with Jean Morrison taking the part of Miss Annabella Lee. Esther Graham gave a recitation entitled "Betty at a Baseball Game", piano selections by Francis Mason followed. "Sundown" was sung by Constance Mason and Dorothy Nolan. Jean Morrison appeared again, on request, doing a delightful toe dance.

Dancing and singing enjoyed by all, marked the close of the meeting.

BROOKLINE UPSETS FORECAST AND DEFEATS NEWTON 78-71

First Meet

The Brookline High track team came home from Newton with the meet, 47-35 in their favor. Although the odds were against Brookline at the start of the meet, the Wealthy Towners never gave up and sent the Newton boys back to their gym feeling rather downhearted.

The first event was the thirty-five yard dash in which our little Johnnie Badaracco won followed by his teammate, Melvin Linsky, while Cole of Newton took third. Romaine Cole got away to a wonderful start and beat Captain Record. While Edgar Warren took third for the orange and black in the 35-yard hurdles.

In the "300" Fowler Cole of Newton beat Captain "Red" Record by two inches, owing to a fall which "Johnnie" Badaracco took; third went to Nathan Pierson. The 600 yd run looked like the "Big Parade" when Record, Werner and Rogers of Brookline came down the home stretch.

James McCrudden of Newton came home an easy winner in the 1000-yard run, and Jewett and Rogers got second and third respectively for B. H. S.

The Shot Put was easily won by Gatchell, who played a wonderful game at football for Newton; again a surprise came when Redman and Fink of Brookline captured second and third. In the Broad Jump, Newton took first and third, Rewiach and Fine, while Albert Prince took second for the red and blue. Prince also took another second place in the High Jump when Ebelhare and Calemyer took first and third respectively for Newton.

At the end of this event the score was Brookline 37 and Newton 35, with the winner of the Meet to be decided by the result of the relay. The Brookline boys, Badaracco, Beck, Werner and Hagen-Burger, surely did run a wonderful race and Brookline came home again with a clean slate.

Second Meet

In the second of the two track meets between Brookline and Newton, the Brookline track men were able to hold the Garden City boys to 36 to 36 tie. When the two scores were put together, the Brookline team came ahead by a score of 78 to 71. The meet surely was a thriller and the largest crowd that ever saw the Brookline boys perform was on hand.

The meet started with the forty-five-yard dash which was taken by "Johnnie" Badaracco followed by Frawley Cole of Newton and Melvin Linsky of Brookline. In the forty-five yard hurdles Romane Cole of Newton nosed out Captain Record by inches, while Edgar Warren, a teammate of Cole's finished third. In the 300-yard run, Badaracco again took a first place; second went to Nathen Pierson of Newton, and Captain Record took third. In the "600", Captain Record came home the winner with Malcolm Reed second, and Dana Smith of Brookline, third. In the 1000-yard run James McCrudden was the winner with John Jewett second, and Frederick Burton of Newton third. In the field events Brookline did much better than last week; Albert Prince easily took the broad jump over Robert Kinrad of the orange and black, with Milton Fine of Newton, third. The high jump was easily won by Eblehare, the Newton wonder, with Albert Prince second, and Peter Rachoties and Dave Barrie tied for third place. Gatchell, the Newton bad boy, took the shot put away from Harry Fink by an inch and one half, while Andrew Pescossoldeo took third for Newton. The Relay was not held because of the near-riot started after the "1000" when Gatchell attacked Rogers during the race. It also was not necessary, as Brookline had already won the meet.

LIBRARY LINES

To many of us the Reader's Guide is merely a name vaguely connected with library lessons. This should not be so, for we can all profit immensely by making use of it . But first of all, what is the Reader's Guide?

It is a book containing articles from 105 leading magazines and publications indexed and alphabetically arranged by author, subject and title. It also contians cross-references.

Second, why have a Reader's Guide? There is a great deal of material in magazines which would otherwise be of little or no use, due to the fact that it cannot be obtained when wanted. This publication is simple, efficient and extremely helpful.

Third, how can the Reader's Guide be of use to one personally? Whenever you have a composition to write, or an oral theme to give, go to the Reader's Guide. It will give references to magazine articles which will supply additional knowledge. It contains the latest information and material too recent to be in books, or in books too expensive for the library to purchase. The Reader's Guide is a wonderful time-saver. Take advantage of it.

Interesting Articles in Magazines

Literary Digest, Jan. 21, '28.

"Fighting a myriad perils in the Borneo jungle" by P. F. Wright.

American Magazine for February.

"Lincoln, the most lied about man in the world" by Honoré Willsie Morrow.

"Jump" by Neil Clark.

"How parachute jumpers descend from airplanes".

World's Work for February.

"Tiger!" by F. W. Champion of Imperial Forest Service of India. Pictures and exciting narrative.

"New Tales about Lawrence of Arabia" by Robert Geares.

"An Adventure in Common-Sense Education" by Hamilton Hall, President of Rollins College where "the student is a *worker*, not a *sponge*".

"Who Owns the Air?" by E. Francis Allnert.

Review of Reviews for February.

"Red Men of the Northwest" by Agnes C. Lant.

Le Coin Francais

Je vais en classe.
L' an passé, cela va sans dire,
J'étais petit; mais à présent
Que je sais compter, lire, écrire,
C'est bien certain que je suis grand.

Quand sur les genoux de ma mère
On me voyait souvent assis,
J'étais petit, la chose est claire:
J'avais cinq ans, et j'en ai six!

Maintenant je vais à l'école;
J'apprends chaque jour ma leçon;
Le sac qui pend à mon épaule
Dit que je suis un grand garçon.

Quand le maitre parle, j'écoute,
Et je retiens ce qu'il me dit;
Il est content de moi, sans doute,
Car je vois bien qu'il me sourit.

Moralité

Pierre apprend des fables en classe. Des fables d'un certain La Fontaine. **Le Corbeau et le renard**, notamment. Je ne sais pas si vous connaissez? . . .

Il la récite, un soir, à son père, tout fier.

C'est l'historie d'un corbeau, vous savez, qui avait un fromage dans sa bouche. Un renard est venu: il lui a demandé de chanter. Alors, en chantant, le corbeau a laissé tomber le fromage. Le renard s'en est saisi . . . Et le pauvre corbeau a été bien ennuyé. . .

—Eh bein, mon petit Pierre, c'est parfait, tout cela, dit le papa. . . Mais qu'est-ce que ca prouve ? . . .

—Qu'est-ce que ça prouve? Ah! oui. . .

Pierre réfléchit un petit instant. Et puis, tout naturellement:

—Mais ca prouve qu'il ne faut jamais parler à table, mon petit papa.

(L'Echo de Paris.)

PINAFORE A SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

on the cast or as members of the various working committees. Mr. Snow said that part of the proceeds of the entertainment would go to the reserve fund and part to further the promotion of the clubs' interest in educational matters in the town. At the close of his address Mr. Snow in behalf of the club presented Mr. Zanzig a gold-mounted baton. Miss Snow was presented a silver vase of flowers.

Pinafore afforded a wonderful entertainment to large audiences on both evenings. Students were delighted to see their teachers skipping around "in mirth and glee", and perhaps asked themselves.

"Do they play always so
With ruddy cheeks aglow
And bonnets bowing low
To Lovers in front rows?
No never!
What never!
Well, hardly ever!"

CLARA BOW

And then Marianna cried, "My public! My public demands it! My public craves Clara Bow!" (Can you imagine her crying such a thing? Neither can I) But when Marianna says "interview" she means "interview", so I set out dutifully to the Tremont Theatre, where Clara Bow is starring in "Wings", to satisfy the craving of Marianna's precious public.

Of course you all know that Clara Bow is that snappy little brunette (in strict confidence she's a red-head) who is filled so full of "it". Nobody knows where she got "it" (politicians suspect graft), but everyone wants to know what "it" is and how she got "it", which is a fairly good excuse for an interview.

Ask anyone around B. H. S. what "it" is and note the definite answers you don't get. Mr. Taylor says to let "it" equal x, and then solve. Mr. Jewett thinks "it" is a game, but he won't swear to anything, and so forth and so on. The truth is, public dear, that they don't know any more about "it" than you do.

Obviously, the only thing was to ask Miss Bow as a leading question, "What is "it"?" She took a deep breath (and I did too, because the first hundred questions are always the hardest) and then explained with the utmost detail that "it" needs no explanation. "It" is just what the word implies. "It's" intangible. When a stenographer goes into the boss's office to be fired and comes out with a raise that's "it". If you're itless and want to acquire some "it", just send a self-stamped, addressed envelope direct to the theatre.

"Miss Bow", I said, "you're too subtle for me. That's as clear as mud, so I'll go off with the next question. Do gentlemen prefer blondes or brunettes?" This was a perfectly safe question, because I have mentioned before that she's a red-head. "Well", she answered itfully, "it" doesn't matter which they prefer, they take what they can get."

To make a long story longer, I went out to Tremont Street and then I prayed: "Please, God, forgive me for all these lies, because Clara Bow is way out in Hollywood in the land of movie magnates and Blue Heaven."

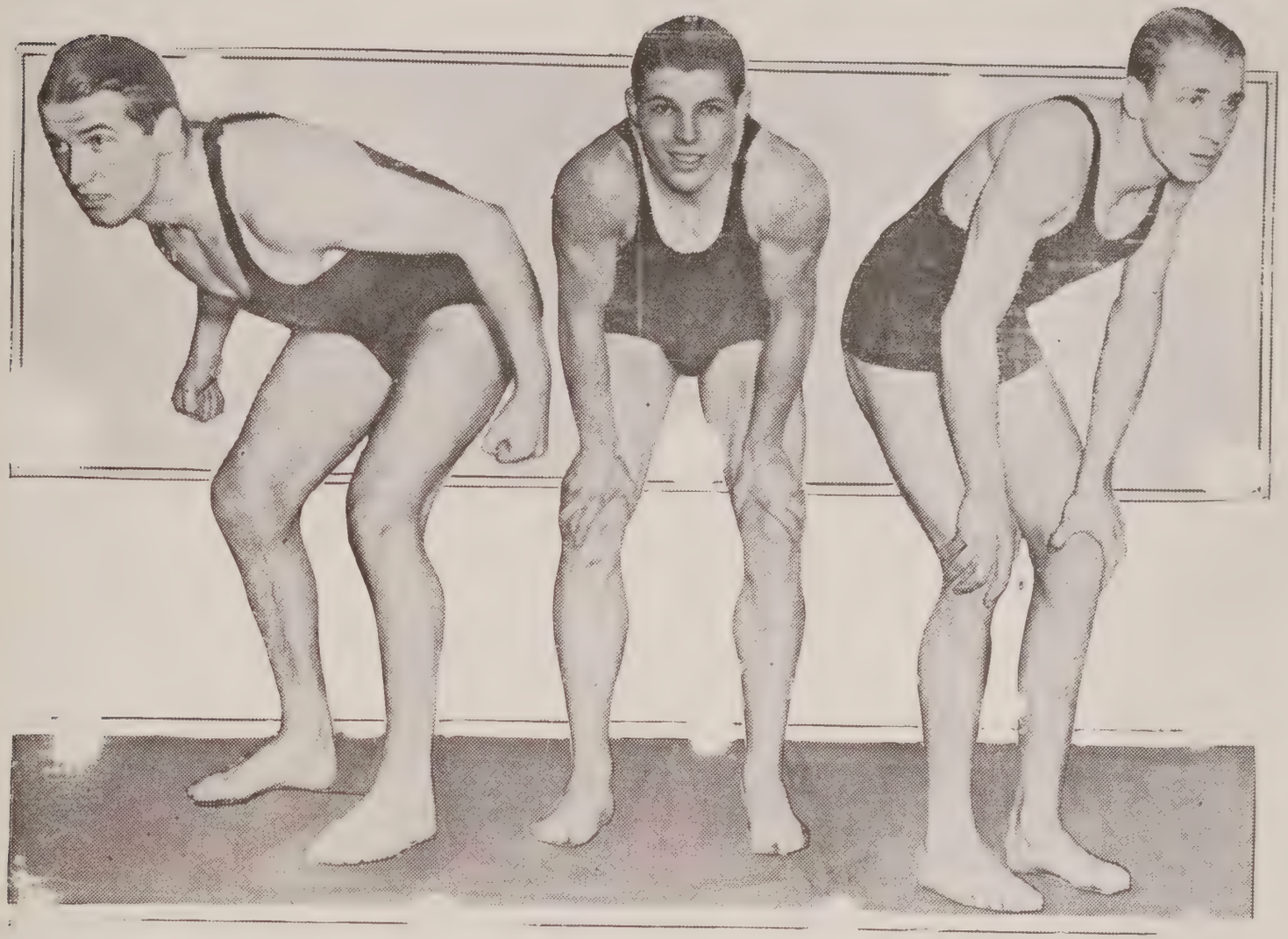
MID-YEAR'S SOUVENIRS

Tune—Among My Souvenirs

Exams are o'er you see,
And though once more I'm free,
I live in agony,
Among my souvenirs.
All things to make me blue,
A d, an e, or two,
Some things I could not do,
Among my souvenirs.
A few more tokens rest,
Within my saddened breast,
And though they do their best,
To give my heart conniptions.
I do not shed a tear.
I find my school days dear,
I'll stay an extra year,
So say my souvenirs.

TRIO

BROOKLINE'S TRIUMPHANT



ANDOVER MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

Brookline faces, again, the talent of some remarkably "smooth" track teams. An athlete has got to be good to get into this meet because he faces the star performers of the schools. This meet is a miniature Olympic—more thrills to the minute than at the Newton meet.

Seven days away, Mar. 3rd, Get set—Go—to the Massachusetts Athletic Association State Meet. Another stellar meet—Brookline after showing up well in the two previous meets will have the lime-light all to herself at this meet. All the stars of Massachusetts, backed by their schools, will be there.

We have these three wonderful meets coming. Brookline will be well represented at all of them. Well, now you have the coming track schedule, no more dual meets but oh! what interscholastic meets! Our team can and will come out on top with our support so—Brookline—Let's go!

During these next three meets Brookline, Newton, Brockton and Medford will be starring. Here are the stellar performers of these schools:

45 yd. Hurdles—Capt. Record, Neer, Brookline; R. Cole, Newton; Clifford, A. Brockton; White, Medford.

45 yd. Dash—Badaracco, Lynsky, Brookline; Farrell, Clifford, Brockton; Edgerly, White, Medford.

300 yd. Dash—Badaracco, Beck, Brokline; Pearson, F. Cole, Newton; Caffrey, Medford.

600 yd. Dash—Capt. Record, Werner, Brookline; Cuneo, Molea, Medford Yakavonis, Brockton.

1000 yd. Run—McCrudden, Newton; Rogers, Jewett, Brookline, Bairnonous, Brockton; Molea, Medford.

Broad Jump—Fine, Newton, Prince, Brookline, White, Medford.

Shot Put—Fink, Ryan, Brookline; Gatchel, Newton; Edgerly, De Lio, Medford.

High Jump—Price, Brookline, Eblehare, Newton; Weiner, Brockton.

SENIOR ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

picture of Dr. Roberts. Every Senior was most anxious to give the picture also, but again Mr. Jewett told us that we cannot purchase an article unless the money is in the treasury. It was agreed that each Senior should be taxed a small sum in order that this picture may be bought.

Mr. Taylor told us about the Year Book. He showed us the new stiff cover that could be put on the year book for an additional fifty cents. It was left to the class to think over for a short time. Marianna McAfee gave out blanks for Senior statistics which are to be filled out and returned to the home room teachers.

Louise Brown was then requested to report for the Ring and Pin Committee. She said the first set of orders had been sent to the firm where the rings are being made and that they would be ready in about four weeks. She also said that there will be another chance to give orders in about two months.

Mr. Joseph S. Levin reminded us that appointments should be made immediately with Notman for pictures at either the Cambridge or Boston studio. Appointments at Boston Studio located at 234 Boylston Street may be made by calling Kenmore 0794 or at Cambridge located at 1286 Massachusetts Ave. (near Harvard Square, opposite the Wagner Library) by calling University 3273.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

TRY THESE!

The answers to the following questions are wished:

1 By our assignment editor: When was the war of 1812?

2 By the writer of this column: Who was president in Wilson's administration?

3 By everybody: Who is Richardson, '28?

4 By nobody: Why is the Fourth of July?
(J is the first, U is the second, L is the third, and Y is the fourth of July)

5 By somebody: Who invented Midyears?

6 By Mr. Jewett: Has anyone seen Dead Dickeye?

7 By a Freshman of B.H.S.: In what state is Brookline, Massachusetts?

8 By the average B.H.S, Senior: Did the Sag ever have a new joke?

9 By a Sophomore of B.H.S.: Is there anything in life dumber than a Freshman?

10 By a Junior of B.H.S.: (Something original) Who is going to be the Poor Nut?

If you can answer anyone of these please let the proper person know.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXIV FEBRUARY 17, 1928 No. 9

WHAT COLLEGE ARE YOU AIMING FOR, SENIORS?

The universal school question, nowadays, seems to be, "What college are you going to attend?" The answer to this common query is sometimes enlightening, at other times it carries a note of uncertainty, even to the point of, "I haven't decided yet." Undoubtedly, rather a hesitating state of mind for one who intends to enter college next fall: and rather an advanced time in the year for such dubious replies.

The sole purpose of this foregoing digression on a favorite topic of school discussion speaks for itself. There are some who have not yet made up their minds concerning their choice of college. There are those, who, having already settled upon the college to which they are going, have not concerned themselves with carrying out the specified requirements. There are some who come under the classification of those who wait until it is too late. Having the best intentions of furthering their education by way of college, they have delayed sending their applications. Eventually they will realize the effects of their procrastination.

Since the ordeal of mid-year examinations are over, there is a tendency toward taking a more leisurely attitude toward school work. However, this is the very time when our status as Seniors can best be judged. Do you feel that you are holding a firm position as a senior and as an eligible candidate for college? Do not wait until it is too late to brush up on all difficulties.

Seniors! If you wish to attain "collegedom", it would be wise to decide upon your college, to determine and carry out its requirements, and to send in your applications immediately.

DON'T ADMIT DEFEAT

If at first we don't succeed, and so many of us didn't succeed in the last great bi-annual struggle, the most we can do is to try, try, and try again. Some people, of course, never learn, but most of us who were overcome and ground in the dust, know now the cause of our defeat and humiliation. Perhaps we were weakened by the spasmodic doses of idleness with which we break the montony of our school life, perhaps we were unwise in choosing our manner of preparation and attack, perhaps the strategic points were forgotten, and then again, perhaps circumstances and faith itself were all arrayed against us. Those of us who have been unsuccessful if we are wise, will spend no valuable time in vain and useless regret, but with tireless energy will try, and try, and try again. We are intelligent, and old enough to have ambition, courage and initiative. Not all of us are clever but most of us are resourceful and because we have been well trained our resources are many. M. Clemenceau was resourceful when Signor Pittoni said concerning one of the meetings of the Peace Council in Paris that he didn't want it too early, because he liked to have his siesta early in the afternoon. Mr. Lansing did not want it too late, for he wanted to have his drive in the Bois and then his siesta before dinner. M. Clemenceau, bitter defeat staring him in the face, then summed up, "The meeting will be at three," he said "Signor Pittoni can sleep before it, and Mr. Lansing can sleep after it, and Mr. Balfour and I can sleep during it." M. Clemenceau wasn't especially clever, he was merely resourceful. We can be the same. When success is taken from us we can always fight defeat.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE RETURN OF THE GHOST

By Nacnud

I

"Semolina!" cried my aunt Eliza one morning at breakfast-time, "the toast is burning!"

"The Lord ha' mercy!" replied Semolina—who on account of many years of service had been accorded certain privileges of speech not generally heard when servants are addressing their employers—"the Lord ha' mercy! But I'll scrape it, ma'am, I'll scrape it," she concluded, bustling around the sideboard.

"I have been thinking, Marmaduke," my aunt went on, fixing me with a look of cold hostility, "that it is about time you were looking for work. . . ."

"The Lord ha' mercy", said Semolina.

". . . . . and not only that" continued my aunt, "but I have decided what you shall do! James the butler has left—and you are going to take his place. . ."

"The Lord ha' mercy", whispered Semolina, as she hurried into the kitchen.

" . . . . Your duties" my aunt went on . . .—"but we will leave what my aunt said and follow Semolina into the kitchen.

II

"The Lord ha' mercy!" she exclaimed, sinking into a chair, "Mercy me . . . . oh . . . oh my!"

"Whatever is it that's troubling you?" asked Maria, our cook, with an anxious expression, "have you got a pain in your . . . .?"

"Young master is a-coming into the kitchen . . .?"

"What!" cried Maria in horror, "where! And me with this skirt . . .!"

" . . . . to take James' place" went on Semolina, "but 'tis not settled yet, and," she added with sudden spirit, "it won't be if we work it right!"

"Something must be done, that's certain" said Maria with a vigorous nod, "'t'would kill Master Marmaduke. I have it," she exclaimed suddenly, drawing her chair nearer, "what's to keep us. . ."

—But let us get back to my aunt Eliza.

III

"Your duties" said my Aunt Eliza will be to wait at table; to attend to the furnace; to wash the windows; to bring me my tea and toast in the morning and to take the cat out for a walk. You will also. . . . ."

—Leaving my Aunt's verbosity to run its natural course, we will introduce the reader to what was passing in my mind during all this time.

IV

I have always prided myself upon being cool in emergencies, but I confess that my aunt succeeded admirably in taking my breath away.

Having always considered myself a sort of ornament in society, the vulgar mention of menial labor gave me rather a shock. Indeed it might mean that I would have to soil my hands!

No I would not do. And yet my Aunt Eliza had said it! Something must be done.

"I wonder" I said to myself, Ah! I have it!—The ghost! Surely he will come to my aid.

And straightway I dressed myself and hurried to our late residence.

"Ghost!" I shouted through the keyhole, "Oh, ghost! Oh, ghost! Oh, ghost!

But nothing stirred within the silent house; although suddenly I felt strangely cold—very, very strangely cold!

"He comes" I said to myself, "I recognize his atmosphere. Oh!——— Wharoo!!

But Maria is getting impatient.

V

" . . . what's to keep us" said Maria, "from so working things that the Mistress will only be too glad to hire a regular butler?"

"Yes!" Semolina cried, "but, the Lord ha' mercy, what can *we* do?

"It's surprised I am at ye, Semolina McFadden! Have you forgotten that the Phyfes' are coming to dinner tomorrow? And have you forgotten that there is enough room under the table for you to . . . . ?"

"The Lord ha' mercy!" cried Semolina, "you don't mean me to . . . .!"

"Certainly!" said Maria, "won't poor Marmaduke be waiting at table? Certainly, it's settled!"

VI

"Wharoo!" I yelled, as I felt myself being drawn gradually up into the air. "Hello! Oh, hello what's this! Wherefore! Why! Let go!

However, I continued to rise until I reached the second story window, through which I was forcibly drawn, and as forcibly placed into a chair.

First a rib appeared, then a claw-like hand; then more ribs, until I recognized my spectral friend.

"I have come to ask a favor" I told him hurriedly.

"Proceed!" he responded with ghostly magnanimity, "my abilities are at your command".

"My aunt," I began

"I suspected it", he snarled

". . . has made up her mind to make me the butler in the place of James."

"He's gone, eh? Wise man!"

"And ! . . . well . . . I dislike the idea!"

"Therefore you want me to . . . "

'Help me out", I finished for him.

"Then tell me how!" he demanded impatiently, "tell me how!"

"The Phyfes are coming to dinner tomorrow. . . . "

(Continued on Page 6)

History Notes

IN DEFENSE OF HISTORY OUTLINE

"I would advise you to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity. I think it would be well for you to have a good dictionary at hand, to consult immediately when you meet with a word you do not comprehend the precise meaning of. This may at first seem troublesome and interrupting; but 'tis a trouble that will daily diminish, as you will daily find less and less occasions for your dictionary, as you become more acquainted with the terms; and in the meantime you will read with satisfaction, because with more understanding."—Franklin.

—From a recently published letter of B. Franklin.

CURTAIN PRIZE

The Curtain Prize Essay this year, open only to seniors will be on "The Public Library's Record of Service."

A first prize of fifty dollars and a second prize of thirty dollars will be given (to be awarded at graduation).

The conditions are that the length of the essay must be 2000 words long, written on regulation size paper on only one side bound in a neat cover with subject and a nom de plume. Any references must be appended. An envelope containing your real name with the nom de plume should be enclosed.

The contest closes May 1st at 2:00 o'clock.

The winner of last year's contest was Morris Bronstein.

KAY PRIZE

The John Murray Kay Prize in History as usual is open only to Juniors and will be on:—

1. The Benefits of Extra Curricular Activities in Brookline High School.

2. How Can America Best Promote World Peace?

The essay should be bound in a neat cover bearing the title and a nom de plume and containing not more than 1000 words.

Each essay must be written on regular sized paper and only one side of each sheet. If any references are used a list should be appended.

All essays must be in May 1st at 2 o'clock.

Winners of the prize in 1926 were: Local—David E. Alper, National—Melvin D. Levine.

For 1927 they were:
Local—Louise Barrett, National—Richard D. Simmers.

B. C. HIGH ALSO RUNS AS BROOKLINE WINS MEET

The Brookline Track Team won its second victory of the season over Boston College High 60 to 17. Brookline took eight out of nine first places and six second places out of possible eight. The only first place winner for Boston College High was O'Neil who took the shot put, Martin a team mate took second, while Ryan took third for Brookline. with Rollins third and Shay of B. C. H. second. The "300" run went to "Johnnie" Badaracco, with the "Giant Junior" second and Donough third. "Dick" Werner captured the "600" while Eaton and Donough got second and third respectively for Boston College High Brookline got its third clean sweep in the "1000" yd run when Rogers nosed out John Jewett and Edwin Estle. The relay race was a walkaway.

All three places went to Brookline in the high jump, Barrie, taking first, with Prince and Dermody second. In the broad jump Brookline again made a clean sweep with Price first, La Cosio second, and Hagen-Burger third. The 45-yd low hurdles went to Captain "Red" Record, while Neer took second and Wood of B. C. H. took third. Brookline got first and third in the 45-yd dash, Lynsky winning for Brookline. The Brookline team was Badaraco, Record, Beck and Hagen-Burger.

LIQUOR IN THE LIQUID

There must be something in the water at Brookline High School. Last week, several persons were seen walking up to a fountain or a drinking place or whatever you call it, and partaking of the clear invigorating liquid therein. However, as they staggered off after drinking it whereas before doing so, they had walked in a straight line, the writer deduces that there is something in the water.

If this be true, we suggest that any pupil who feels weak, (as he is bound to with the mid-years just past) should take a deep drink. After this, we guarantee that he will feel greatly exhilarated in the stuffy atmosphere of a Latin classroom.

The other effect of this drink will result that the pupil will either feel like dying (in which case, we suggest that he take another to complete the job) or he will tell his Latin teacher that Julius Caesar is a mountain—which is a lie.

Should the latter happen, the pupil would do well to abstain from any more imbibing.

This, my dear reader is the explanation of the curious conduct of some of your classmates. However, do not be too harsh with them. Just consider them as harmless "loonies" and add yourself to their number.

This is what the writer has done. If you doubt it, read this article over again and you will become convinced.

YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

Oyez! Oyez

Hear Ye! Hear Ye

For the express edification of all those who are prone to laugh at the above "Oyez" Ye Crier is about to say that it means nothing more or less than "Hear Ye" in French.

* * *

Well—if you din't believe it, look it up.

* * *

We note that much good printer's ink and breath of kindly intentioned folks hath been wasted telling students how to choose a career, when the one thing he longeth for is the knowledge of how to avoid the necessity of a career!

* * *

Not to change the subject but we wonder if the words of Mr. Nash as spoken in room 2 are appreciated as much as those which he sang on the stage at B.H.S. Fri. and Sat. night.

* * *

Also—has anyone seen Dead-Eye Dick around school?

* * *

When thy every thought is set to jazz and thou findest thy self unconsciously whistling—thou hast just learned that thou hast passed thy Mid-Years with something above B; or it may be only by the skin of thy teeth.

* * *

Either way—it's a grand and glorious feeling! (Appologies to Briggs)

* * *

Well, the suspense is over. We finally have the faculty's idea of the Poor Nut. We won't mention any names but judging by the number of "wise cracks" floating around, his life will be uncomfortable until his true worth is shown.

* * *

But good luck and may you not catch cold in the second act!

* * *

Judging by past experience, Ye Crier imagines that Miss Lewis and many others are starting on a month or so of Work.

* * *

I mean Work with a capital "W".

* * *

Not only Work for the actors but for those behind scenes such as Electricians, "Props", Stage Managers and Assistant Stage Managers.

* * *

The girls chosen for this cause me to add that I think I'll try for the job of "ad man" or "special writer" or something.

* * *

Anything to be there during rehearsals!

* * *

I'll bet I get in on the "mob scene" in the second act, anyway.

* * *

The lunch room reminds Ye Crier of "Olde Home Week" lately. Last week no less than 10 "old grads" of this ivy-covered institution were seen there.

THE ETIQUETTE OF CHEWING GUM

(This essay was inspired by the gum-chewing students of Brookline High. The author, a professor of gum-chewing, prefers to keep his name from the paper)

Chewing gum, is commonly considered a worthless and vulgar habit. Now, friends, this is not true; and in the course of my article, I will attempt to prove it. Chewing has always been practised by animals, and will sempiternally be practised. In the earliest stages of animal life, chewing the cud was an upright indulgence. Is not chewing gum a close relation to chewing the cud? And is not chewing the cud one of the many habits which has remained in animal life since prehistoric times?

I see nothing abominable in chewing gum. Of course, a vigorous motion of the jaws is sometimes irritating or annoying, but a simple, delicate movement lends a certain charm to the mouth.

Gum-chewing is almost a necessity, because every member of the body demands some method of "letting off steam", and chewing gum offers an emotional recreation for the mouth and jaws.

Gum is a perfect aid to producing silence in the class room. If ever a teacher wishes to quiet an especially talkative pupil, the only thing he need do is give the student a stick of gum; because when a pupil grows particularly talkative in class, the jaws are demanding recreation, and when their demands are not answered, they are forced to resort to moving by talking.

I advise no gum-chewing on the streeet car because a sudden jerk of the trolley is apt to cause the teeth to bite the tongue instead of the gum:—therefore, all you tender-tongued mortals, refrain from chewing in the street car!

Recently, in a western city, a gum-chewing contest was held. A prize was offered for the person who could chew gum fastest and snap it loudest. One would think that these contests are very easy—but this is not true. To be a professional gum-chewer, one must practise daily. The following are a few rules which will start aspiring amateurs on the road to professionalism.

1 Never stick gum on the seat of a chair or on an oriental rug.

2 Never keep the same pieceof gum over two weeks.

3 Never chew gum at a *presto tempo* always at *tempo allegro*.

4 Do not pull your gum over one foot from the lips.

5 When eating remove gum from the mouth and place it daintily on the dessert spoon.

6 Always remove gum from the heel of a shoe with carefully buttered fingers.

7 Never chew doublemint in Sunday School.

8 Spruce gum develops the best technique for professional gum-chewing.

Hear Ye! all ye who are here assembled including the blonds (peroxided or not) and the Scandinavians—I have spoken.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye
Oyez!

THE RETURN OF THE GHOST

(Continued from Page 4)

"Ah!" cried the ghost, rattling his bones in sheer delight, oh joy, oh joy!"

"I have to wait at the table," I continued, "and beneath the table there is plenty of room for you to hide—oh! you know what I mean". I concluded, "only do something that will make my aunt glad to have a professional butler".

"Your worries may cease!" replied the ghost, "depart and leave all to me."

VII

"This table", said my aunt, "looks . well peculiar!"

"Indeed and it aint!" cried Maria in tones of alarm. "These revolving tables are the very latest style. Indeed, my niece heard from the window cleaner, who heard it from the Van der Pimp's chaffeur that the Van der Pimps have ordered one from . . ."

"Ah . . . well . . . indeed it *does* look pretty nice — the Van der Pimps, did you say, Maria?"

"If you like we could shift it", said the astute Maria.

"Certainly not!" cried my aunt with emphasis, "now that I've observed it well I see that it is just what I wanted. You will be telling your niece about it, won't you, Maria dear? And by the way, I think the sun-parlor windows need cleaning."

"The Phyfe's car has just drawn up to the door, madam", I interrupted.

"Then be quick", said my Aunt to Maria, "and shove those things out of sight! Put these in the closet. . . ."

"The Phyfes are approaching the door ma'am," I interrupted.

"Goodness!" said my aunt in a flurry, "shove them anywhere, here, put them under the table."

"The Lord ha' mercy" came a stifled whisper.

"The Reverend and Mrs. Augustus Phyfe," I announced, ushering our guests into the room.

VIII

A strange vapor began to issue out of the chimneys of our late residence; and a strange and peculiarly pungent odor—indeed an utterly loathsome smell began to emanate from the crevices, cracks and seams of a door in the basement floor.

The ghost was busy; and as he worked he chuckled.

Before him, on a worm-eaten bench was displayed a heterogeneous assemblage of phials and bottles, prominent among which, was one of goodly proportions that bore on its label the laconic inscription H2S—which will mean more than a mere symbol to the initiated.

The ghost worked for exactly three more minutes, at the end of which time he commenced to vanish gradually; and the place on which the bottles had stood was vacant.

IX

"One thing about this sauce", said my aunt proudly lifting the silver container, "is its odor: It is perfectly ravishing—*do* take some, Mr. Phyfe. Here, Marmaduke," she said, "pour some over Mr. Phyfe's salad."

I commenced to pour, and a copious stream descended; but even as the sticky concoction was about to augment the contents of Mr. Phyfe's plate the table, by some strange means, commenced with a startling swiftness to revolve. Indeed, so swift did it turn, and so short was its period of motion that beyond myself, no one observed it. However, as a result, everyone's plate was changed: my Aunt receiving Mrs. Phyfe's, and Mrs. Phyfe my Aunt's; while before Mr. Phyfe stood a dish in which my Aunt—a chronic indigestion sufferer—had mixed ground ginger, cayenne pepper and mustard into one volcanic mass. This, needless to say, she had intended for her own use.

It looked tempting; it had a nut-brown hue—a color reminiscent of delicately browned meat pie; and on top, of this I poured the odorous sauce.

"My!" said Mr. Phyfe, with an anticipatory quivering of his jaws, "this looks de-*lish*-us!"

X

The ghost, as soon as he entered our dining-room, immediately made a beeline for the table, and benefitting by his invisible qualities, crept in beneath —to straightway receive the greatest shock of his life: for there, reclining in peaceful and singularly quiet slumber, was the intrepid Semolina.

Simultaneously Semolina awoke.

"'Tis time" murmured that young lady, "to begin things!"

It was at this moment that the table moved.

"It is time" mused the ghost, "to get her out of there," and he groped among his fleshless ribs for the bottle labelled H2S.

He tugged at the stopper. It did not move. He tugged harder, and it moved —with such increditable vigor that, perforce, the bottle was thrown out of his grasp, and unloaded its nauseous contents on the floor!

XI

"Yes, de-lish-us!" said Mr. Phyfe. "And" he went on, smiling ingratiatingly at my Aunt as he prepared to taste it, "I know that its taste will be also de . . ."

"Oh! . . . Ah! . . . Oh! . . . The Lord ha' mercy!"—came in agonized accents from directly beneath him; and even as my Aunt gazed at Mr. Phyfe in exquisite amazement did the latter gentleman swallow a plentiful portion of the contents of his plate.

Mr. Phyfe gave vent to a low-toned moan that can only be likened to the whine of an animal in grevious pain; and this, coupled with the preceeding outburst, generated in the mind of my Aunt a suspicion that her culinary efforts were not being exactly appreciated. But before she had time to even speak the table revolved—and Mrs. Phyfe got the deadly mess.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Phyfe, looking at her plate, "I did not want a second helping! However, as it's here—"

My Aunt gave me one of her famous looks, which on ordinary occasions would have frozen the very marrow in my bones: "I told you expressly, Marmaduke, not to. . . ."

"Ah!" moaned Mrs. Phyfe, writhing in intense agony.

"Oh!" said Mr. Phyfe in a voice pregnant with pain, as he held his handkerchief tightly against his nose, "Oh, *Oh!*

"What . . . .!" my Aunt began, rising with a wrathful countenance, "how dare you. . . . !" but here she gave a painful gasp and subsided precipitately into her chair as there was wafted to her nose an odor redolent of faulty drains, of leaking sewer-pipes and of things unnamable—a smell that seemed to emanate from everything upon the table: from the sauce, the butter—and even from the pores of the tablecloth.

And then the ghost played his trump card—he bit Mr. Phyfe in the ankle! Bit him well and strongly!

"Ha!" said Mr. Phyfe, with a strange look in his eye, "ha!"—and stretching down his hand to rub the painful part he encounted the protruding ankle of Semolina—which he rubbed with tender strokes.

Now, Semolina had reached the end of her patience. She gripped the intervening hand in her brawny grasp—and pulled with might and main!

XII

When they cleared away the débris the first sight that met Mrs. Phyfe's anxious eyes was the vision of her husband, with a beatific smile upon his face, clasping Semolina around the neck!

"Traitor!" shrieked Mrs. Phyfe, Wretch! Unfaithful dog! Oh! Ah me!" —and fled!

"Wait!" cried Mr. Phyfe, suddenly regaining his senses, "Darling! Dearest! Wait I'm coming. . . .!"

And our new butler parts his hair in the middle and is called Jasper.

The End.

"Mama," said little Willie, "is it right to say you water a horse when you give him a drink of water?"

"Yes, my son," said his mother.

"Well, then," said Willie, "I guess it's most time to milk the cat."

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Exchanges

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"Authentic" Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.

Your December issue, 1927, was a good number. The athletics seemed well taken care of. We were interested in the fact that the Junior High News is published in with the Senior High paper. We suggest a more complete Column would add to your paper. Otherwise your magazine is fine.

"Periscope"

We enjoyed reading your paper, as well as any of those we received. Your literary department is always so good, and the Poetry is always bright. The School news is well written up, and the magazine as a whole gives an impression of a very peppy school.

"The Light", Bristol, Mass.

For a small paper yours is very complete, it is well arranged and proves interesting reading. All we can suggest is the addition of some "literary", poems, stories, or editorials if possible. Please continue exchange.

"The Distaff"—Girls' High, Boston.

Without a doubt, yours is one of the very best exchanges we receive. Every department is very well written up. The clever headings to the various departments attract one's attention and brighten up the paper. We especially appreciate the fact that your exchange department is a good peppy one, and hope to have a comment on our paper soon.

"Wakefield High Booster", Wakefield, Mass.

We have learned quite a few things from reading your paper during the last year or so. Almost every issue has had something especially good in it for us to take into consideration. However, as your paper is such a small one we might suggest that if possible it would be best to cut down the number of advertisements in each issue to leave room for more literary work.

"The Whittier"—Town Sentinel"—Amesbury

There is a great deal of good material in your paper. We refer especially to your feature department, Mail Bag, and cartoons. We suggest however, that the paper could be better arranged and thus give a neater appearance. We would like to hear some criticisms of our paper soon.

"The Chimes"—Bell High School, Bell, California

The material in your paper is good, but the appearance bad. We suggest a better organization of the paper, according to subjects and a few cartoons. We hope to hear from you again.

"The Lookout"—Weaver, Hartford, Conn.

There are a great many good points about your paper. We like the fact that you always have lot of pictures of the people that are up-and-doing in the school. We find your page called "Aesops Fables" very amusing. The sports are well written up as is also the school news. We suggest however, that the "exchange department" is small and incomplete in comparison to the rest of the departments and the size of the paper.

"The Red and Black"—Dorchester

Yours is another of the "best magazines" that we receive. Your magazine is good because its appearance is inviting as well as the material in it good. Everything about the paper is excellent, and we have no criticism to make. We hope to find a comment in our paper soon, in your very complete Exchange Department. We wonder if you could tell us whether your magazine was ever called "The Password" for we have it down as such?

THE GLEE CLUBIAN

The Glee Clubs after having been rehearsed for **Pinafore** have finished their work and will once more meet every Monday, for the girls, and every Wednesday, for the boys, in The Manual Training Building.

Both clubs enjoyed themselves in the production of Pinafore and especially their director, Mr. Wooley, who moulded sailors and aristocrats out of nothing. Pardon me, girls!

But in spite of the hardships they liked the work and did their best to make the operetta a success.

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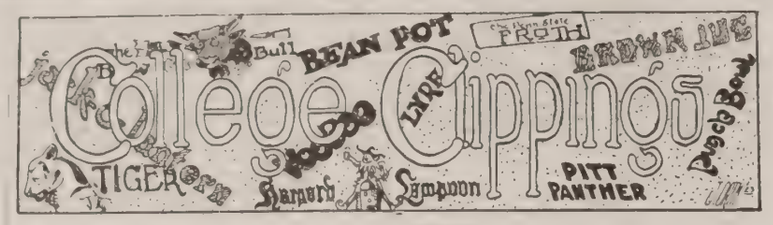

The period between the birth and a college career should be called "From one crib to another."

To settle the argument for once and all, gentlemen prefer blondes because blondes know what gentlemen prefer.

Hangman: Say hurry up! How long's it gonna take you to tie that shoe?

Prisoner: Nearly the rest of my life.

Ethel—"A penny for your thoughts."

Percy—"The very thing! I was thinking how I was going to ride home with only nine cents in my pocket."

Sounds Plausible

Teacher—"What is the difference between Miss and Mrs?"

Student—"Mister."

Teacher (in English)—"Milton spent a week over one paragraph."

Pupil—"That's nothing; a fellow in Boston is spending five years on one sentence."

Then the absent-minded professor sat down to breakfast, locked his egg in the safe and broke his promise.

Him—I don't like you inviting that fellow down to dinner. He used to kiss you before we were married.

Her: Well, so did you.

Him: Yes, but I've got over it and maybe he hasn't!

"Look papa, Abie's cold is cured and he's still got two boxes of cough drops left."

"Oi, oi, vat extravagance, tell him to go out un get his feet vet again!"

In Freshman English: How do you know Chaucer dictated to a stenographer?

Frosh: Just look at the spelling.

Jaywalker: What's the quickest way to the emergency hospital?

Cop: Just stand right where you are.

One of my fraternity brothers failed in all the courses he was taking.

He telegraphed to a sympathetic mother, "Failed in all subjects. Prepare papa."

Mother telegraphed back "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

If a girl tells you she has been to "frat" dances, you know she is lying. If she tells you no, and adds that she is different, don't kid yourself, brother; she is.

"Dat's a good looking gal you got there, pal."

"Yeah, we mudder gave it to me on me sixth birthday.

"Where's Willie"?

"You'll really have to speak to that boy—he's been flying back and forth across the Atlantic all afternoon.

"Coffee, please!"

"How'll you have it, too hot or too cold?

The honeymoon is over when she wants a heater in the coupé to keep her warm.

A fraternity dance is one of those affairs to which you go like a lion and go out like a lamp.

What do the strawvote takers do between elections? Now, there's something to worry about. We think they clean straw hats, but the teacher says the weather bureau uses them to determine which way the wind blows.

These question games are getting harder every time. The other day the history teacher asked, "Who is the other senator from Idaho?"

The first day a boy wears his deby to school he feels a sense of dauntless daring; he is like stout Cortez, with all his men, alone, upon peak in Darien.

Our Short Story

"This woman is clay in my hands," said the sculptor.

"What woman?" asked the little boy.

"I'm making a woman."

"A real one."

"A model woman. She will be very beautiful."

"What are you making her head out of?"

"Clay" said the sculptor. "Just clay. She will be very beautiful."

And thus the little boy, early in life, learned all about women.

Mr. Tunney will get an even $1,000,000 and Mr. Dempsey $425,000, win, lose or tie. And yet, we, poor, misguided youths will besiege the colleges next fall seeking an education.

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"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 10 MARCH 9, 1928 TEN CENTS

JUNIOR SOCIAL PROMISES UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT

BROOKLINE CLASHES WITH DARTMOUTH FRESHMEN SATURDAY

The second annual meet between the Brookline natators and the Dartmouth freshmen takes place tomorrow afternoon, Saturday, March 10, at 2:30 sharp in the Brookline swimming pool. The mermen from Hanover are coming to town tomorrow looking for blood. They are determined to nose out Brookline and thus get even with our swimmers for last season's check. Last year, Brookline journeyed to Hanover and defeated the Dartmouth Frosh by a small margin. As the visiting team has a better array of freshmen swimmers and as Brookline has a championship bunch of natators, the meet ought to be about the most thrilling one of the season. However, Brookline should swim to another victory and annex another scalp to the red and blue flagpole.

The Brookline swimmers tomorrow will meet one of the toughest opponents of the year. It promises to be even more spectacular than the meet with the Brown Freshmen. This means that it will be one of the best battles that has ever been staged in the swimming pool for the last couple of years. As this coming clash is the second and last of the college freshmen meets, you'd better get your tickets now. In a way, it is also one of

(Continued on Page 2)

CAST CHOSEN FOR DRAMATICS

The cast for "The Poor Nut" has at last been chosen. The parts and their players are as follows: Colonel Smith, Hervey Armington; Marjorie, Eleanore Thomas; Julia, Dorothy Gay; John Miller (The Poor Nut!), Robert Lett; Hub Smith, John Jewett; Magpie Welch, Roger Wentworth; Wallie Pierce, Henry Greenleaf; Spike Hoyt, Dan Rollins; Coach Johnson, Herbert Wilson; Professor Deming, Richard Simmers; Doc Spurney, Kenneth Umlah; Freshman, Richard Robinson; and the Announcer by Milton Finger.

The three girls at the Fraternity dance, Betty, Reggie, and Helen are taken by Marjorie Norwood, Lucienne Wilkinson and Mary Driscoll. The two Ohio Runners are Dick Werner and Charles Druker, while the two Wisconsin runners are Edward Hannon and Sidney Lewenburg. The cheering section is made up of charming girls and manly boys who will keep in practice for the football games. All parts are subject to change but until further notice these are the characters you will see on the stage on **the** night.

Oh Algebra!

Here is a thing that's a puzzle to me;
Why should an Arab need "Algebree"?
Just a camel, a horse, and a wife—maybe three,
In his coffee some sand, in his burnous a flea,
There's nothing to minus and nothing to plus,
So why fill his head with mathematical fuss?
But look at the trouble that he's left for me,
Oh, why did the Arab need "Algebree"?
Mahommed, I gather, had nothing to do,
When he started the formula x equals 2,
Quadratic equations came soon from his hand,
Coefficients, Surds, Cube Roots, and mean Radicand;
Mahommed, you've ruined the Frosh Year for me,
Oh, WHY did that Arab need "Algebree"?

Long Awaited Event Bids Fair to be Great Success

Come lasses and lads
Get leave of your dads
And come up to old "Shailer Hall"
For today at last,
The Juniors will cast.
The social you've wanted all fall.

Yes, the day is here. Again "Shailer", enhanced by pretty dresses, smiling lips, gleaming eyes, bashful boys, jolly mentors, and dancing feet, will be as a whirling rainbow. At 2:30 the doors will swing wide. Ushers and ticket collectors with pinks in their lapels, will be on hand to serve you.

After everyone has greeted the patrons and patronesses, Mr. Packard, Mr. Totman, Miss Parker, Miss Horne, Miss Robertson and Miss Poland, and the guests of honor, Miss Sawyer, Mr. Akers, and Mr. Jewett, the orchestra will play "Johnnie Get Your Girl", and all will be started. The music will be furnished by Eckie Watson's orchestra. The best and nothing but the best for this Sheik: need we say more about the music? Except that Watson's team will play several request numbers, among which will be: "Don't Bring Lulu"—But we'll be surprised if a certain Senior doesn't. "Three O'clock in the Morning"—Has anybody got a rickety Ford? Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie"—Only her name's Martha. "Danny Boy"—I wonder if he'll sing it. "Varsity Drag"—Requested by those who rake in all the As.

Sometime during the afternoon a feature dance will be flashed. It has-

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE DEFEATS RINDGE TECH 50-12

The Brookline High natators defeated the Rindge Tech swimmers 50 to 12 at the Brookline Pool, Tuesday, Feb. 14. The Brookline team did not have its full strength in many of the events.

The meet started with a victory for the red and blue in the Relay. Then Eynon captured the dive, with a team mate, Prendergast second and Hamilton of Rindge third. Johnnie Rae took the 50 yd. free style, while Captain Fay took second and Taylor of Cambridge third. Martin Ford tried for a new record in the 100 but missed it by one second. A Rindge swimmer took second and Jerome, a new comer, took third for Brookline. The 200 yd. free style was won by Paul Benks, while Hamilton again scored for Rindge and Fred Glover took third. Andrew Conway came to the front in the breast stroke, with Bablick of Rindge and Cavanaugh of Brookline second and third respectively. The backstroke was won by Broadbent, with McTigue second and Hughes of Rindge third.

MASON SECURES STULTZ'S AUTOGRAPH

THE ART OF AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING

As I look over my four autograph books, each filled from cover to cover with signatures of diplomats, authors, sportsmen, orators, aviators, military men, and men of numerous positions, public and private, I cannot help remembering the incident, little or big, that occurred on the occasion of getting each one of the four hundred and fifty signatures. Perhaps it will be best to tell of my first autograph, my most recent autograph, and the "yarn" that goes with the autograph the hardest to obtain.

(Continued on Page 3)

GIRLS' LEAGUE ELECTS OFFICERS

On February 15 a meeting of the Girls' League was held in the Auditorium for the purpose of electing the officers for the ensuing year. The results were as follows:

Edith Greenleaf—President
Betty Richy—Vice-President
Gertrude Lakson—Secretary
Bernice Cohen—Treasurer

The elections take place in February so that the officers will be at their highest point of efficiency when school begins in the fall, since this is the time when the Freshmen and new girls most need their aid.

Under the old régime the League earned the reputation of being a very lively organization. The new officers are unquestionably capable of continuing the fine work of their predecessors.

BROOKLINE STANDS GOOD CHANCE AGAINST DARTMOUTH

(Continued from Page 1)

the most important swimming events of the season as it comes just before the interscholastics. The showing that the red and blue mermen make will about decide how they will come out in the coming schoolboy championship meet. It is a hard thing to say whether any old records will be shattered. However, many attempts to break previous marks will be made.

Dartmouth will find our relay team a very hard nut to crack. Blaine Eynon, Johnny Rae, Captain Ralph Fay and Marty Ford will give the swimmers from New Hampshire a tough fight. John Rae who has just recently won the New England Amateur Breast Stroke title and still more recently, the Columbia Interscholastics, ought to break the tape an easy first man with Andy Conway not so far behind. The diving will feature Blaine Eynon, John Prendergast and Irving Nisson, Ralph Fay, Sumner Shikes and Walter McTigue will vie with the freshmen for the backstroke honors Donald Broadbent, who also swims backstroke, will swim in the place of Blaine Eynon should the latter be unable to compete. The other events, the 100 yard free style, the 200 yard free style and the 50 yard free style, ought to be exciting races, each with a close battle for first.

In recent years, Brookline has been able to boast of one of the best high school swimming teams in New England. This year is no exception. We have a team that we can point to with pride. This time they will need even greater support than before as this meet is the most costly one of the year, since Brookline has to pay the expenses of the visiting team. If you haven't got your ticket now, get one from manager Fred Janvrin or buy your ticket at the door. There's always room for one more although we advise you to get your seats early.

Come one! Come all! Support your crack team! Don't forget tomorrow at 2:30 sharp.

SPAIN

Enchanting evenings, 'neath the sky,
Olive-skinned townsfolk strolling by,
Sweet-scented breezes gently blowing,
Jolly lanterns brightly glowing,
Tangos, love songs, mystic humming,
Guitars and banjos softly strumming,
Land of the charming, sweet Marchita,
Land of the dreamy-eyed senorita,
Land of love-lorn troubadors,
Fearless, battle-scarred, toreadors,
Breathing adventure and romance,
Possessed of power to entrance,
Ancient relics fascinating,
Atmosphere intoxicating,
Over all a magic glamour,
Summer eternal, rustic clamour;
Come back,—come back, romantic Spain!
But my dream is o'er; I implore in vain.

JUNIOR SOCIAL PROMISES WELL

(Continued from Page 1)

n't been decided who will get the prizes as yet so we can't tell you.

If things begin to lag, towards the middle of the afternoon, remember that up their sleeves, the committee still hold a trump in the form of a certain blond curly-headed trackman, whose exceptionally high kicking qualifies him to pinch-kick for us in a ballet dance, or maybe the famous Senior Social mimics in sailor panties will pep up the occasion.

No engagement or romances will be announced before or during the social. This is an attempt to secure peace for all while dancing. Some of you will remember the rude manner in which a certain recently engaged couple were kept apart at the "Spanish Dance" last year. At four-thirty the orchestra will play "Good-night, Ladies and What Brought You". After that, Shailer Hall will be just Shailer Hall, no longer a doll shop. The huskies of the Junior class will have to pay dearly for our fun. 75 platformed desks and chairs to be moved twice. Think of it, and don't forget to appreciate it, Ladies! The Juniors have selected a most capable group to put this dance over big. One member is a boy named Chandler. Everyone knows Chandler even if Chandler doesn't know everybody. Then there is that comely youth whose handkerchief always matches his ties. He answers to the name of "Teddy". Also we find a chubby boy named "Happily Large" and that Barrett somebody who is noted for his blue flannels. There's another boy on that list whose last name is Cox. We've forgotten his full name but think it might be P. Cox. At least he reminds us of a bird of fine feathers. Then there are some girls. One is our friend "Jackie", the girl of sweet smiles. Another is Marjorie who holds the strings to our class money bags. Next there is Dolly, maid of the shoe box. And then there's "Roachy" that little imp. This should complete the list. If it doesn't, our apologies to the rest.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Shubert: Starting Mar. 5. Countess Maritza, the musical gem.

Tremont: "Wings", an emotional war-film with Clara Bow. Last two days.

Hollis: "The Baby Cyclone" with Grant Mitchell. One of Mr. George M. Cohan's best.

Colonial: "The Three Musketeers" with Dennis King. A very good operatic piece of work.

Arlington: Fritz Leiber in Shakesperean plays. Limited engagement of one week only.

Plymouth: Maxwell Anderson's comedy "Saturday's Children."

Majestic: William Hodge in "Straight Through the Door". A smart mystery comedy.

BROOKLINE NOSES OUT ANDOVER 35-27

The swimming team won over the Andover mermen recently by the margin of eight points, 35 to 27. This victory was the first for the locals in sixteen years of competition between the two schools. Brookline is one of the very few High Schools that care to tackle the Academy teams and deserves much credit for its victory. Rae turned in the record-breaking time of 1 minute 15-1-5 seconds in winning the 100-yard breaststroke leading the Andover star, Bench who has not been defeated this season in this event. Conway of Brookline turned in a very creditable performance in this race capturing third place with ease. Captain Westfall of the Academy team was the outstanding performer of the afternoon. His win over "Marty" Ford and John Rae in the 50-yard race was truly remarkable for the Brookline pair are among the fastest in the scholastic ranks. After a short rest Westfall came back to win the 100-yard freestyle event in 60 seconds. Wilson of Andover finished second, with the Brookline diver and relay man, Blaine Eynon, at his elbow. In the dive Eynon lost to Kimball by the small margin of 3 points. Brainard picked up the extra point for Andover. Captain Ralph Fay once more proved his worth when he romped home an easy victor in the backstroke event. Walter McTigue captured second place, ahead of the Blue entry, Kane. "Marty" Ford rounded out a successful afternoon, with a win in the 200-yard swim. Jeffrey and Rogers, both of Andover, gave "Marty" lots of competition, but neither was able to overtake the fast-moving visitor. The relay race, in which each man swam fifty yards, was won by the Brookline quartet of Eynon, Rae, Fay, and Ford. The team will have a chance for a letdown this week with mediocre high school teams as opponents in two meets which should be walk aways for the McNamara clan.

R COLYUM

The other day a freshman handed a conductor an admit slip and gave the teacher a transfer.

* * *

The teacher thought this was a hint to take a free ride from the classroom.

* * *

The freshman was fooled though; he handed it in on a study period.

* * *

The conductor who got the slip was so dumb that he thought it was a pass to a movie in town.

* * *

Anyway he got that admit slip a lot easier than most of the students.

* * *

He didn't have to bring a note.

* * *

We hear that our math teacher, Mr. Taylor, was, not long ago, defeated by a measly sophomore, in a chess game.

All we can say is that the soph must have known that his hours were after school.

* * *

Before making the decisive play, the soph thought for three minutes, thereby spraining a thumb in the effort.

* * *

Mr. Taylor, however, was a good sportsman. Next day in class, he gave the boy a chance to recite three theorems, two constructions and one original.

* * *

The Famous Last Word:—I don't quite get this part of the Cicero, Miss Perkins.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

Is the Girls' League a snappy organization? Just ask me! The last meeting was in charge of the Home Room Representatives and they put on a very clever entertainment. Just let me tell you all about it.

Have you ever heard, or even heard of a "Kitchen Orchestra"? If you haven't you've got something coming to you. On February 15 in the auditorium, the one and only original Kitchen Orchestra performed, and nobly. It was under the direction of Betty Jacobs, who brandished an oversized tablespoon in lieu of baton. Pot covers were clashed and and dish pans beaten with vigor. Violins and cellos of miscellaneous composition added to the general harmony.

After this remarkable performance we were regaled with a marvelous musical show, the Toy Shop. Fay Silversmith did a very charming little dance, and if we may be so low as to make a pun, we would say that Fay was very well named. Jo, Martha, and Lulu, the nautical trio already famous in our best musical circles, outdid themselves with snappy songs and snappier wise cracks. Rosalyn Brightman as Raggady Ann led a very peppy ensemble in a song and dance number. A Raggedy Ann and a Raggedy Andy doll, the Morrison sisters in disguise, did a very clever ragdoll dance. Martha Hardy and Hope Kelsey sang several pretty songs, and should we say, sang prettily several songs in the closest possible harmony. Thelma Science danced, and Betty Walsh sang. Dorothy Scott, looking very pretty in an Oriental costume, also sang.

Throughout the entertainment, two of the dolls in the back of the stage were observed to dance and caper about in a most unusual manner, in fact their comical antics and grotesque take-offs of the actors quite carried away the show. One was a tall, imposing female in a regal yellow dress of ancient vintage, who cut up in a regrettably undignified manner. But her companion, a Negro mammy of a sociable nature was even more boisterous and capered unheedingly through the performance to the great wrath of the actors and the infinite joy of the audience. We congratulated Polly Hanson on a very entertaining afternoon.

AERO CLUB HOLDS OPEN MEETING

Captain Sewall Who Addressed the Aero Club At Its Open Meeting

On the evening of February 15th, the Brookline High School Aero Club held its outstanding meeting of the year, when it observed Guest Night in the exhibition hall of the Public Library. The normal capacity of this hall is 150. However, over 200 were accommodated, and it was estimated by the Sergeant-at-Arms that 500 more were turned away. At 7:30 o'clock the meeting was called to order by President George W. Mason. After a short business meeting, in which the secretary's report was read, and three new members were voted in, the report of the Research Committee was read by Paul Christie. The book "We," by Lindbergh, the reading of which is a regular feature at all meetings, was read by Roger Burkhardt. A detailed report on the "U.S.S. Airplane Carrier Lexington", was read by Hollis Goodnow. Arthur Horn then gave a talk on models and gave a demonstration of flying models. There were on exhibition about fifteen models of airplanes built by members of the club, President Mason introduced Mr. Downing, faculty adviser, who traced the history of the club, and was followed by a short talk by Mr. Akers, who told of the Aero Clubs' relations to the school. Then came the feature of the meeting: Captain Sumner Sewall was introduced and he addressed the gathering on "The Comparison of Wartime and Present Aviation." Captain Sewall related several of his wartime experiences, as well as some of his recent experiences.. This interesting talk was will appreciated by the audience. Last, but not least was a lantern-slide talk by Miss Helen M. Murdoch, F.R.P.S., who showed on the screen several of aviation's latest triumphs. She also opened an exhibition of photographs on the same subject. This was continued until March 1st. President Mason gave the announcements and adjourned the meeting.

Among the audience were: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wallace, Captain Burr Leyson, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. Leach, Mr.. Daniel Sayer, and several members of the high school faculty.

ANDOVER TRACK MEET

The Brookline Track team did not come out quite as well as had been expected in the Andover Interscholastic Track Meet held at the Andover Cage. The dirt track was a handicap to the Brookline boys, as they have been running on the boards all season. In the 45 yd. dash we had three men in the semi-finals: Badaracco, Hagenburger and Linsky, while Captain Record made the semi-finals in the 45 low hurdles, only to get nosed out in his heat by Cole of Newton. John Badaracco won his heat in the 300 yd. dash, but got nipped at the tape for third place in the finals. In the 600 yd. run, Captain Record won his heat and Dana Smith took second in his, but the times were not fast enough to give either of them a place in the finals. Jewett ran a wonderful 1000, but the entries were many, and the winner, Langley of Lowell, broke the record. Fink tried to get a place for Brookline in the shot-put, but he was unable to place, although he made a mighty good try. Prince, who did not enter the high jump, was nosed out of third place in the broad jump by Kinrad of Newton. Dermody, Barrie, and Rachotes were the Brookline entries in the high jump. The Brookline Relay Team, composed of Hagen-Burger, Beck, Werner, and Rogers was able to turn in the fourth best time in this event.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING

(Continued from Page 1)

In 1924, I finished reading "The Americanization of Edward Bok," which tells of the trials and tribulations of Edward Bok, a young autograph collector. Inspired by young Bok's succes, I decided to start the same hobby. Appropriately enough, I wrote to Edward Bok and requested his autograph, and it was a proud boy who walked to the mail box a week later and received an encouraging letter from Mr. Bok. My autograph career had begun. Since then I have "autographed my way around New England hotels," meeting scores of famous people.

My most recent signatures are those of Charles A. Levine and Wilmer Stuttz. Newspapers informed me that these two men would come to Boston on Saturday morning, and attend a luncheon at noon at the Hotel Lenox. About noon I went to the Lenox and after conferring with the manager, decided that I could get these two men's autographs as they stepped from the official car. True enough, Levine and Stuttz arrived and were indeed very glad to sign their names. Perhaps the only disappointment was that I expected it would be hard to obtain these signatures, but I anticipated wrongly.

Undoubtedly, the hardest signature to obtain was that of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, the man of the hour. As my mind reflects back to Edward Bok, I do not think Mr. Bok had any harder time getting President Grant's John Hancock, than I did getting that of Lindy. Because it was only through the efforts of newspapermen that the Colonel did sign after flatly refusing several times. I do not need to go to any great length describing Lindy's autograph, because when anyone mentions Lindy, they know what a crowd there is. "Wherever Lindy goes, the heart of the world goes with him".

The list of my collection includes: Calvin Coolodge, Governors of 24 States, Rudyard Kipling, Fritz Kreisler, Herbert Hoover, Mary Pickford, Lts. Maitland and Hegenberger, Clarence Chamberlin, Commander R. E. Byrd, General Pershing, "Babe" Ruth, Clarence Darrow, and a host of others.

The only quality needed in autograph collecting is persistence. In this game "no means yes," but yes does not mean no.

MORE PLAYS AND PLAYERS

St. James: Walter Gilbert in "Ladies of The Evening".

Wilbur: Jane Cowl in "The Road to Rome". Last three weeks.

Copley: "Yellow Sands" with E. E. Clive. London's comedy hit is now Boston's.

Repertory: "The Way of The World".

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

FAMOUS TROUSERS WE HAVE KNOWN

The Sagamore is much honored in being able to tell its readers of a most decidedly famous pair of trousers, owned by one of our prominent Seniors, none other than Mr. Richard Simmers himself.

Well, as the old saying goes, to make a long story short, these same trousers have covered the limbs of a no less illustrious person than Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. Yes, boys and girls—control your sighs of envy and shrieks of delight—that is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

To continue, or rather to get back to to the point, Col. Lindbergh while at the residence of Admiral Andrews of the Navy Yard, happened to mention the fact that he had packed his grip with his evening clothes putting in all the various appurtenances accompanying a tuxedo, and had neglected to pack the most vital article of his attire, namely, his trousers! The suggestion was immediately made that he wear Dick's, since the latter gentleman resides in the Navy Yard and is just about the same height as the great aviator. Lindbergh, of course, seized the opportunity and now our Dick has the distinction of owning a pair of trousers that Col. Lindbergh wore before the eyes of the Boston elite on Thursday evening, March .

Watch yourself, Dick, at Dramatics. You are liable to be swamped by a host of feminine admirers, desirous of "tripping the light fantastic" with you. (Be it understood, Dick, there is no slight meant to your own personal charm. That is enough, of course, but with the trousers that Lindbergh wore —oh, my!)

We suggest that the school chip in and buy a new pair of trousers for it's newest idol, so that he may frame the old ones in a glass case, to keep as a sacred souvenir of the time when a hero wore a little boy's trousers!

B. A. A. TRACK MEET

The Brookline Tracksters made a better showing in the B.A.A. Meet than in the Andover Meet. In the 40-yard dash Melvin Linsky made the semi-finals, while John Badaracco got nosed out of third place in the finals of the dash. Captain Record looked as if he had a second or third in the finals of the 45-yard high hurdles, but the judges thought otherwise. We did not have any entries in the 300, and only one in the 600, Dana Smith, who won his heat, but could not go into the finals, because of an injured foot. In the 1000-yard run, John Jewett was our sole entry. Albert Prince tried to collect a point in the high jump. The relay team, composed of Badaracco, Record, Rogers, and Werner, tied with Worcester for second best time, but better time would have been turned in, if Badaracco had not been fouled.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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THE REAL HERO

Who is the real hero of the Spanish-American war? The first person that comes to our mind is Theodore Roosevelt.

Fra Elbertus' (Elbert Hubbard) son suggested that the real hero was Rowan, the man who carried a very important message to Garcia, the leader of the insurgents of Cuba.

The President of the United States needed a man to find General Garcia, who was hiding somewhere in the wilds of Cuba. Rowan was entrusted with this message, and inside of three weeks he had found his man. Think of it! Without asking a question; without even knowing the whereabouts of Garcia except that he was somewhere in Cuba, he accomplished his mission.

This man did not need to be told twice nor was any man there to see that he did his work. Somebody said, "Find this man," and he did. He could easily have thrown aside the manuscript in the gutter. Did he do it? No! he was faithful to his trust!

How many men are there like that today? How many boys and girls in high school are there who need to be told to do a thing but once and who, without asking how to do it and without having anyone watch them to see that they do their job, will do the thing in the right way? The world needs such people who can do this. Good salaries are waiting for them when they go out into the world.

The world bestows its big prizes, both in honor and in money, for but one thing and that is Initiative.

Elbert Hubbard has outlined for us those different classes of men who today try to earn a living.

The first class consists of those persons who do the right thing without being told. Next to these are those who do the right thing when they are told once. Next, there are those who never do a thing unless they are told twice. The fourth class is composed of people who never do the right thing unless Necessity kicks them from behind. The last and lowest group is that group which never does the right thing even when somebody goes along to show them how and to see that they do it. The persons belonging to this group always receive the contempt they deserve unless they have RICH PAS, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which of these classes do you belong?

WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

Personality, as we use the word today, seems to be evenly compounded of self-confidence and friendliness, Either quality alone is likely to make a most unfortunate impression. Confidence can so easily fall into aggression or boastfulness; friendliness can so often be the mere attachment of weakness to strength. That, of course, was the fallacy in the old "be a good listener" advice. One might become a personified, inexhaustible, sympathetic ear, and have no more personality than the mouthpiece of the telephone. As for the lad who stocked up on anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, all his laboriously acquired self-confidence would get him, in the way of a audience, would be the girl who was listening her way to popularity, or great-grandfather, too sleepy to get away, and too deaf to care very much about it.

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SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE COMMON VIRTUE

(By Melvin Anshen)

Three roads come together somewhere in France. At the point of intersection, or rather, where the point of intersection would logically be, thick, oozy slime is lying like flabby chocolate cream, or slithering in little rivulets in all directions. The setting sun accentuates the long shadows of trees stipped bare of all foliage; lifeless and silent; trees which stand like wooden stumps. It is a scene which gives the impression of everlasting silence, though it is not silent. The distant Boom! Boom! of the guns to the northward fills the air with ominous mutterings, now and then, a speck of black against the dying sun shows where a man-made machine is fluttering its tiny wings against the universe.

As the sun is slowly sinking, it casts a gleam on the mound of earth which rises a bit above the ground beside the cross-roads. It is an American dressing-station, where the wounded are first treated before being sent to hospitals farther back from the front. It is a pit of Hell. If one would catch a glimpse of the real heroism of war, take a glance inside one of these man-made purgatories; take a glance, and see what he whom the Lord has created in His image has done.

But on the afternoon in question, the soldier who was being carried down the earthen steps had neither the inclination nor the power to take that look. He was raving when he was carried in, and still raving five minutes later, when Doctor Terence Dick, temporarily transferred from Base Hospital—, was making his preliminary examination. Within a short time he declared the man had not a chance in the world to live. He would stake his reputation on that. However, he would not risk having a man's death on his soul.

"Lay him over there," he directed the stretcher-bearers; "he'll go on the first trip, if that ambulance ever comes through."

The wounded man was still raving one hour later where a shell exploded neatly over the dug-out. When the smoke had cleared, Dr. Terence was seated on the dome of his head, his feet pointed to the zenith, earnestly and determinedly counting up to one hundred by fives. Having finished this interesting task, he slowly disentangled himself from the débris which lay about and gazing around with a despairing stare, found the wounded hopelessly buried. Twenty lives snuffed out like that!

For a moment he thought all had perished. Then his eye lighted upon

(Continued on Page 6)

"WHEN MEN FORGET"

The announcer stepped to the center of the ring and held up his hand, immediately causing a deathly silence to fall upon the blood-thirsty admirers of the manly art of blow for blow.

"Final bout of the evening," he bawled. "In this corner we have none other than Alabama's favorite son, 'One-Punch' Jackson!"

"Wow!!" roared the mob, dancing up and down. Such an ovation could not be squelched unrewarded, so up stood a tall, lanky, gawky-looking negro answering to the moniker of "One-Punch" Jackson. As he turned to face the crowd he displayed a perfect set of white, ivory teeth set in a face that expressed nothing but absolute confidence. After shaking his gloved hands to the happy throng, he resumed his seat and turned to his manager saying, "Jus' you watch me sock 'at baby. Was punches dollars he'd be a Rockafeller in one minute!! Ah'll put 'im to sleep with one punch. Yes, sa, ah shure'll live up to ma name tonight."

And now the announcer had again stepped to the center of the ring. "And over here, in this corner, we have the heavy-weight champion of Germany, Herr Van Snetze." Whereupon a huge, bullet-headed gentleman arose, gave a short, jerky nod of his head, and then sat down amidst a few scattered handclaps.

Both men were out of their corners with the bell, and then one could see a swing of an arm, hear a loud thud of a gloved hand upon a bare jaw, and watch a foolish but sickly grin pass over a face that had been hereto wreathed in smiles. Somebody slipped to the soft, welcoming canvas floor and lay there. He lay there 'till the referee counted ten and would have lain there much longer if some one hadn't come and taken him away. Five minutes later he came to. Yes, dear reader, it was none other than our budding hero "One-Punch" Jackson.

Somehow or other Jackson never got over that haunting defeat and lived in constant hatred of any one who merely mentioned the word "German." Nor did he cease to remember it some two years later when Uncle Sam called for men to cross the sea and battle for our safety. Here was his chance for revenge and he decided to make the most of it. So now we see the former "One-Punch" Jackson on board the steamship "Georgia" bound for France.

When word was passed around that the troops would land on the morrow there was much joy aboard the "Georgia"; but above it all, like a radiant star there shone our old friend, Jackson. His mere presence was an in-

(Continued on Page 7)

CLEOPATRA'S MEAT

By Josiah Lewis

Dramatis Personae:—

Augustus Caesar—a friend of Julius.
Julius Caesar—a friend of Augustus.
Mark Antony—a friend of Cleopatra.
Cleopatra—a friend of Antony.
Marcus—a bachelor.
Quintus—a young bachelor.
Publius—another one.

ACT ONE

Scene—The Forum.

Marcus—I hear tell that a new Egyptian woman of night club fame has come to Rome.

Quintus—Aye, Antony's taking her out to-night to the Cocoanut Grove.

Publius—Antony'd better look out! Y'know, this is leap year. I betcha he ends up in the poorhouse! Cocoanut Grove, huh?—he'll think it's Cocoanut Grave before he gets through.

Quintus—Why,Publius Aulius Scipio Smith! When did you turn woman hater?

Marcus—Let him alone. Friend Augustus just beat him at poker. Yessir, I myself saw his suspenders go.

Quintus (shocked)—I never knew Publius played poker. (then) That's bad. Y'know Marcus, I think he's been associating with Catiline too much. We'd better take him to a revival meeting. Besides, Cicero's going to speak about the new Ford Chariot.

Marcus—Aye, let's go. I always like to hear Cicero speak. He uses such choice nominatives and he never misses on a complimentary infinitive.

(EXIT)

ACT TWO

Scene— Caesar's palace.

Augustus—What ho, Julius, what ho!

Julius—Hello, hello, hello.

Augustus—I hear Cicero's been throwing dirt about Antony and Cleopatra.

Caesar (gloomily) — Nobody can throw dirt about that woman. She's made out of it. Why, Antony's borrowed nearly my last cent to take her to Cocoanut Grove to-night.

Augustus—Do you mean to say Julius, that Antony actually got you to loan him some money?

Caesar (nearly weeping at the thought)—Yes!

(Augustus faints and is dragged out by a guard—Antony enters.)

Antony—Ah there, Caesar. You're looking handsomer than ever, today. Yes sir, you sure are a handsome man. I've always said——.

Caesar—Something tells me that Antony's going to ask for a loan.

Antony—Oh, I say. Can you lend ——?

Caesar—No!

Antony—But Julius, we were at school together—at dear old Brookline High.

Caesar—No!

Antony—But Julius—we once went to the same school together—to dear old Broo——.

Caesar—No! By Jupiter, Hermes, and Plato, no!

Antony—But Julius—the dear old school.

Julius—Oh, all right.

Antony (approvingly) — That's the right spirit. Well, I'll see you at the Cocoanut Grove tonight. Cheerio.

ACT THREE

Scene—Cocoanut Grove.

Publius—Here comes Antony and Cleopatra.

Marcus—Yup! Cicero was right! She's a blonde.

Publius—Bleached her hair probably.

Quintus—What makes you say that?

Publius—When you've seen as much of the world as I have, Quintus, old egg, you'll know that blondes don't come from Africa.

Marcus — Antony looks worried. Thinking about the bill, maybe.

(Scene shifts to Antony and Cleopatra. Soft music from the Orchestra.)

Cleopatra—You look worried Mark.

Mark (whose face has the worried look of a French poodle about to be attacked by a wildcat)—I was just thinking about these awful rates the chariots charge nowadays (groaning). Here comes the waiter with the bill.

(Cleopatra yawns and makes believe she doesn't hear last remark. Waiter approaches and hands bill to Antony.)

Antony—Ye Gods! What's This?—a bill for the income tax or the last Punic War? What do you think this is anyway?—Saturday night?

Waiter (shocked to the core)—'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo.

Cleopatra (absolutely shocked to the core)—Why, Antony!

Antony—Oh, all right! Here you are, (then) Well, what are you waiting for? You poached egg.

(Antony knew darn well the waiter was looking for a tip.)

Waiter—'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo?

Cleopatra—Why Antony!

Antony—Oh, all right, all right. (Tips waiter.)

Cleopatra—What are you thinking about Antony?

Antony—I'm trying to figure out how we're going to get home on eight cents.

BROOKLINE GETS FIFTH IN STATE MEET

The Brookline Track Team finished its indoor season, with the State Meet held at the East Armory Sat. March 3, in which they captured fifth place. In the 45-yd. dash Linsky and Hagen-Burger got nosed out in the semi-final heat as did Ed Duane and Frank Neer in the 45-yard low hurdles. Captain "Red" Record did not run his favorite event but ran his other feature race the 600 and captured fourth place. "Johnie" Badaracco, who was fouled by a Medford runner in his heat, ran in the finals but the jar was to much for him and he was beaten at the tape by Pearson of Newton. John Jewett led the bunch in the 1000, for all but two laps, when Langley passed him and John was in fourth place on the last bend put was beaten by Meilon, Lawrence at the tape. In the field events Brookline did well. Fink, who has been improving steadily in every meet took third place. Al Prince sure did some hopping when he won the broad jump. With Locassio, another first year man second. Racheotes and Dermody were unable to get a place in the high jump, but they did their best and then some.

BITS OF A BROKEN HEART

Those who had the pleasure of perusing the last issue of the SAG, no doubt noticed a column below an engaging group of natators, of whom the center one is the well-known Johnny Rae, as he himself will tell you, in which were set forth a group of questions. At the head of the column was printed: "The answers to the following questions are wished," and at the foot:" If you can answer any one of these, please let the proper person know." Now, in our humble opinion, we have the answers; and we claim these to be the only original responses. Now let us pass from the ridiculous to the sublime!—

1. "When was the war of 1812?" . . . The proponent of this little brain child has evidently been employing Mr. Kepner's history class for nefarious purposes. The answer, of course, is that the war of 1812 took place when they got ready to fight— and no sooner. (This is really child's play!—ahem.)

2. "Who was president in Wilson's administration?" . . . Now this is a moot question. Authorities differ; some say Mr. Wilson's wife; some say Mr. Wilson himself—these however, are in the minority—Mr. House—rather, **Colonel** House, in his illuminating work, has said something else, but it isn't nice and who are we, to corrupt the morals of the school?

3. "Who is Richardson, '28" . . . Now this, in our mind, wins the cast-iron kimono. We detest vituperation, but there are times when even the kindest heart is moved to anethema. Who, indeed, is Richardson, '28? That stalwart son of toil. A man of whom B.H.S. is proud; to whom she can point with a tender note of possession agitating her vocal chords and say before the world, "He's mine! All mine." Nay, gentle reader, there is no need to identify that lad; he speaks for himself. . . Richardson. '28!

4. "Why is the Fourth of July?" . . . We disdain to answer this question. We are not that kind of a boy.

5. "Who invented Mid-years?" . . . We don't know. But if we ever catch the snake in the grass, he'll be pushing up daisies, six feet under, 'ere long. Be still, sad heart, and cease repining.

6. "Has anyone seen Dead Dick-eye?" . . .No at the time of going to press, the gentleman in question has not been sighted. However, this enterprising publication is always first with the news, and we promise to print an extra the moment he is brought to light. Hurray! . . . "No. Roscoe, the gentleman is not drunk."

7. "In what state is Brookline, Massachusetts?" . . . When we consider that a Freshman shyly admits this to be his work, we wonder . . . However, we once heard the answer from a Boston Latinite: "In the state of coma." Now, frankly, we resent that. Our bosom swells with manly pride, and righteous indignation. We shall rise up in our wrath and smite him.

8. "Did the SAG ever have a new joke?" . . . No, but it will have as soon as the chappie who queried gets printed. If we say it ourselves, that's a nasty crack. Howthesoever, it comes natural. The ability to sarcasticize like that we mean. Genius . . . .

9. "Is there anything in life dumber than a Freshman?" Really, folks, this question is not so easy as it sounds; it is not an open and shut affair, one that can be answered with any degree of accuracy upon snap judgment. When faced with this, we marshaled our forces together, determined to rout the enemy. "Do not fire until you see the whites of their eyes," we shouted to our men. "Be brave, and let who will be kindly!" Nearer they came, nearer, their panting breaths slipped over their lascivious lips, oozing its infinitesimal way toward us. "Fire!" we cried. The enemy collapsed. But from the lips of the dying and wounded, lying upon that gory field of battle, came a murmer, low and swift: "Two freshman" . . . and the question is answered.

10. "Who is going to be the Poor Nut" . . . Really, such "iggerance" must be bliss. When anyone can see him every day, walking about the corridors, chatting with his comrades, masticating in the lunchroom. . . .

And so we come to the end of the list. It is like the cloying ending of a story. So sweet, and yet . . .

The End

"YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

Ye are all asked to lend an ear!
Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

* * *

And once again does Ye Crier greete ye alle. This issue comes out on the day of the Junior Social—an event widely heralded. I hope I'll see ye there.

A goode time is promised alle—plentie of dancing and fune.

* * *

Don't forget this is Ye Leape Year, Girls! Come to the Junior Social with this in mind.

* * *

The famous Four Sea-Horsemen will be back in full strength to do battle with the Green-clad men from Dartmouth who have sprouted fins and wish victory.

* * *

Johnny Rae is again doing "a Jesse James without a horse" in selling swimming tickets. It's a gift, John.

THE COMMON VIRTUE

(Continued from Page 4)

the man who had been borne in the last, and who had been placed in a corner as Dr. Terence had expressly commanded. The beam which supported the roof over his head had luckily held firm: there he sat like a Chinese deity, his back propped against the wall, face a gaping mask of pain and horror, surrounded by wreckage piled as though upon a lee shore, babbling of green fields and blue skies. Dr. Terence gave a low whistle of amazement, and picked his way to him. "Buddy, you bear a charmed life," he said. "You ought to be on your way to the hospital now, but the ambulance doesn't seem to have shown up; and I can't carry you, my legs go wishy-washy when I stand up. This ain't no place for a doctor. But stick around. I'm going to scout for help. Maybe it will be just assistance. There's a subtle difference. Dr. Terence was slightly out of his mind at this point. The Private raved on.

Dr. Terence came back in a short time, leading a freckled doughboy who answered to the name of Oscar Pell He was afraid in this den of evil.

"Look here, Oscar," said the doctor, "suppose you bring it over here like a good boy." Pell accomplished the task with a grin. "Now jes' sortta ease him onto it, like this. Thas' the boy. Come on now. Grab hold the front end."

"Wh--what's that?"

"Grab hold the front end. Lively now."

"Say, doc, I ain't no bloomin' Ambulance Corps; I'm a doughboy."

"And it's a h— of a soldier you'll be making, I don't think," said Dr. Terence calmly. "Catch hold there, or your name'll be Dennis." He was growing truculent now. "Do you suppose this poor feller'd care if you were in the Horse Marines? He would not. He's got to be saved. Come on now, or do I have to hit you with this? If I do, you won't like it, so why not go anyway, and go quick n' easy?" This was a two foot beam somewhat like a night-stick, but about twice that instrument's breath. Oscar took hold of the stretcher. Dr. Terence, with a sigh, picked up the back of it. So they started.

* * *

At this point in the story a change of scene is both advisable and necessary. The exigencies of the space allotted to a short story demand that the tale be to the point. So the reader's attention is requested to be focussed upon three very eniment surgeons of Base Hospital—, as they sit around a disillusioned fire, drinking hot toddy, and chatting.

"—and when he opened the flap and saw an elephant, he said, 'O, my sainted aunt!' like that, and fainted."

"Ha! Very good, doctor, very good. Somewhat more than I expected from you, though. It's more of Tommie's type, here. You know—the lewd type of humor—put down that threatening fist. It must require quite an imagination to think up those stories."

"Imagination!"

"Don't mind him, it's the one thing he has got."

"Imagination. Say-y, speaking of imagination, what ever became of Terry Dick? There was the boy with imagination."

"Terry? The chief thought he had too much imagination; at least, too much for this place, so he sent him up front where he could use it to better advantage."

"He was a funny kid. His brain used to run away with him. If he saw a little blood it was a serious operation directly. He was a heavy drain on the ether supply."

The conversation might have gone on much further along this line, but for a scuffling sound at the outside door (which happened to open directly in upon the room where the doctors were seated) One of them rose to admit two men bearing a stretcher.

Astonishment was writ large upon the countenances of the worthy surgeons. "Terry Dick! Ye—where'd you drop from?"

"Terry!"

"Put your end down easy. Thas' the boy," whispered Dr. Terence huskily His face was greenish—white and very ghastly; his eyes were wild. "Now we'll jes' sortta—a— . . ." his voice melted away into nothingness; his eyes went white; he dropped on the floor in a heap.

They put Dr. Terry to bed. When he came to, twelve hours later, he told them a story of weary tramping through the dark; of muddy, shell-torn roads; of shrapnel, bullets, bombs, bursting in dazzling flare about two straggling men with a stretcher; of horrible night, hunger, thirst, challenging sentries; of wild alarms, moments of peace, in the shock of war; of a hell-strewn, Satan-conducted tour over, in, and through mud.

The doctors listened and marveled.

* * *

Back up the road, Oscar Pell, late special-recruited Ambulance Corps, was talking to an artillery man.

"It was the softest stroll. We just carried the bloomin' stretcher along, an' the guy behind kept talkin' about bombs, and snipers, and guns. What an imagination he had! It was so calm and peaceful you felt like goin' to church."

The End

THE GLEE CLUBIAN

The Boys' Glee Club hopes to sing at Dramatics this year. We remember it made a very good showing last year and ought to do as well this year.

Both the Boys' Glee Club and the Girls' Glee Club hope to present this spring, "Trial by Jury", another of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas. As with all the Gilbert-Sullivan pieces, it is funny and slightly impossible.

WHAT IS PERSONALITY?

(Continued from Page 4)

Personality, we used to think, was bestowed on us only by nature. Now this idea has passed, along with many of the other superstitions of bygone days. Today it is apparent that personality may be acquired through self-realization and self-improvement as much as though inheritance. It is, in a sense, the complement of culture, and the result of a better understanding of one's self and a consideration of others.

BROOKLINE SUBMERGES PAWTUCKET HIGH

The Brookline High Swimming team easily defeated the Pawtucket swimmers 54 to 8 at the Brookline Pool last week. Brookline took every first place and all except one second. The Brookline "iron men" Eynon, Rae, Fay, and Ford, walked away with the Relay. Then came the dive, which was easily won by Eynon, with Hyscko of Pawtucket to take the only second place for his team. Nisson of Brookline took third. Martin Ford easily won the 100 and 200 yard free style, while Eynon took second in the 100 and McClury of Pawtucket took third. John Coatts followed Ford in the 200 with Gramblebaek swimming third. Johnnie Rae was one other double winner, winning the 50 yard free style and the breast stroke. Donald Broadbent, a freshman, took second in the 50, and McClury again added an extra point for Pawtucket. Andrew Conway followed Rae in the breast stroke, and Monahan had to be contented with third place. The last event, the back stroke, was won by Captain Ralph Fay, with McTigue, his team mate, second and Murphy of Pawtucket third.

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WHEN MEN FORGET

(Continued from Page 4)

spiration to his buddies and one could see, in that smiling face, an expression of utter and complete contentment.

As he cleaned his rifle he crooned a southern melody that his old mammy had taught him many years ago. Jackson was happy. His chance for revenge upon the entire German nation had at last arrived.

"Jus you let me get a pop shot at one of dem Huns, 'ats all!!!" he said, and smiled knowingly.

"Boys," said the cool, steady voice of the colonel, "a message has just come to me asking for a volunteer for an important and dangerous mission, I shall——

But before he could finish, there was a noise of some one struggling to his feet. "Here ah am, sa!" hollered Jackson.

Some ten hours later Jackson found himself alone on the cold, barren ground of "No Man's Land." A heavy mist hung over him so that he could barely see five feet in front of him; but bravely he advanced. Then suddenly he heard firing and saw flashes of fire. He was trapped. For some reason or other the French forces had decided to advance before the appointed time. He was caught between two fires. He quickly donned his gasmask and ran onward. He knew he could not live long under this rapid firing. Then he felt a numbing pain in his chest and all went black before him.

He did not know how long he lay there, but when he came to, he found himself unable to move. His eyes were misty and his throat was parched; he was dying—and he knew it. He reached for his canteen for water—but stopped and felt for his gun instead, for there, staring down into the pit where he lay, was the face of a German. A long, drawn, gaunt face with dark eyes that seemed to burn in their sockets. "Vassa!!! Vassa!!!" moaned the man feebly, but Jackson only stared. Then he took his canteen and was about to drink mockingly before the eyes of the German; but then he stopped. Out of the cold, gray mist there came to him a memory of long ago. A day when his old employer had sent him away and seen that he obtained employment. Then he seemed to see his old mammy and all the little pickaninnies around the evening fire. Jackson sighed, and then gave the water to the German who drank eagerly.

Two hours later Jackson died. Death was swift and easy. But when his old mammy received word of his death she pictured him in a terrible torture, and dying hard. She was wrong though; for Jackson died with a smile on his face.

LIBRARY LINES

Last week, during the National Education Association Convention, the American Library Association had an exhibit on the subject of school libraries. Our librarian, Mrs. Siebens, took charge on Tuesday. The exhibit was of interest, and was formed for the purpose of encouraging other schools in establishing libraries.

New Books

Recent additions to the High School shelves are:

Hagedorn—"Rough Riders."
Good story of Roosevelt in the Spanish War.

Smith—"Porto Bello Gold."
Adventure Tale: a sort of sequel to Treasure Island of Stevenson.

Martin—"Introduction to the Study of the American Constitution.'

Nugent—"The Poor Nut."

Crownfield—"Alison Blair."
A new book of the adventures of an English lass in the French and Indian Wars on the Mohawk trail.

Russell—"Wreck of the Grosvenor."
Fine old sea story, illustrated by Schaeffer.

Hale—"Peterkin Papers."
One of the most amusing books you can find.

O. Henry Memorial—Award Stories for 1927.

Magazine Articles of Interest.

Harpers—March.
"The Great Sports Myth," by John Tunis.

American Magazine—March.
Houdini—The Master Magician.

"War Drums", by Sass.
A stirring romance of the early American wilderness.

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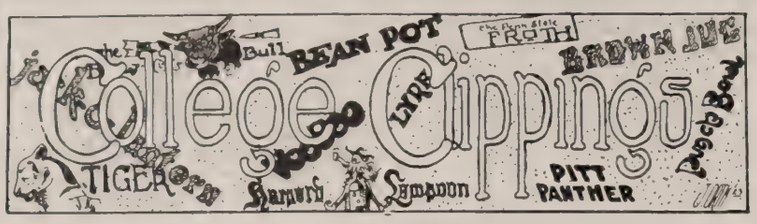

She (an idealist): "I wonder why they say, 'The silvery moon'? It appears yellow to me."

He (very practical): "No doubt because it appears in halves and quarters."

* * *

"A woman of Boston died recently of lint on the lungs, contracted by excessive chewing of the rag.

* * *

"He (to fair one with him in auto): "Do you mind if I let the speed out a bit. Have you the nerve?"

She (swallowing another pint of dust): "Let her go; I'm full of grit."

* * *

He scorched along the boulevard,
He scorched across the hill;
He scorched into a trolley car,
We think he's scorching still.

* * *

A man was brought into the Police Court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the streets. One of the witnesses was a pious old darky, who testified to the following:

"Did the defendant use improper language?"

"Well he talk powerful loud."

"Did he indulge in profanity?" The witness was puzzled.

"What I mean is, did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh yes, sir, oh, yes, sir, but they'd have been ranged differently."

* * *

A German (introducing himself): "I am the Herr Professor——"

Native: We call them barbers in this country."

Pupil (translating German): "I threw my arms around her——,(hesitating to teacher), That's as far as I got."

Teacher: "That's far enough. Be seated"

* * *

English Teacher: "Tomorrow we will take the life of Shakespeare. I hope you will come prepared.

* * *

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively down a remnant of gray hair and said, "Your Honor, man's inhumanity to a man makes countless millions mourn. I am not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as——"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrated. "Ten days!"

And, Officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad as he is."

* * *

Heard in the locker room: "Come here; I want to tell you a question."

* * *

Modern Young Lady:—When I think of Jonah in that whale, it makes me fairly creep. Think of having to go three days and three nights without a cigarette!

* * *

When you see a plain looking girl who is not a good dancer, and yet is popular————dun't esk!

* * *

"What's the difference between you and a toothless old hag?"

"I'll bite."

A SUSPENDED LIMERICK

PARKS' RESTAURANT hands it to Brookline High
For brains backed by brawn, but the cook'd line I
Down in Pelham Hall eat (Beacon near Pleasant Street)
'Till my tummy's replete, ice cream, sundae, and meat,
Cold and hot, salad, sweet (Love o'Pete, all these feet!)
Gets 'em beat, while the pastry's not made concrete
–And in dreamland you're sure you're no rook flying high!

What I mean ———.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL XXXIV No. 11 MARCH 23, 1928 TEN CENTS

LONG HERALDED "POOR NUT" MAKES DEBUT

BASEBALL OUTLOOK FOR '28

The prospects of the baseball team of 1928 look very bright at this early writing. The returning letter men of last year's team are: Capt. "Jim" Ryan and "Red" Flemming, catchers; Allen McDonald, pitcher; "Jinx" Nyhan, 2nd base; "Bud" Wilson, shortstop; "Pat" Cannon, 3rd base; Henry Lynch, outfield. Profiting from the experience gained last year, these veterans, aided by the new material, should finish high up in the battle for the championship of the Suburban League.

"Tom" Fitzgerald will assume the coaching duties this year, taking the place of "Rhody" Connor, last year's mentor. The new coach has had a great deal of experience both in coaching and in playing baseball. He attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but was unable to play baseball there, as he had coached the Lexington High team during his matriculation. After graduating from "Tech," he coached all the Stoughton High athletic teams until this winter. He gained his playing experience with Toronto in the International League, and with Portland in the New England League, with whom he played two years.

Up to this time the battery candidates are the only players who have been called out for practice, owing to the wet condition of the playground. For this reason, the new coach is unable to secure a true estimate of the ability of the team.

The pitching candidates are showing up very well, several of them being of league caliber according to the coach. In addition to "Al" McDonnell, the most promising athletes are: "Mickey" O'Neill, who starred for Huntington last year; Melvin Austen, who won his

(Continued on Page 2)

SENIOR ELECTIONS

At the Senior Assembly, on Monday, Mar. 12, nominations were held for Class Day parts. The nominations were: Class Lawyers, Fay Silversmith and Herbert Wilson; Class Orator, John Jewett, Robert Let, Mark Markey, and Sumner Shikes; Class Historian, Robert Currier, Milton Finger, and Richard Quinners; Class Prophetess, Louise Brown, Helen Idell, Hope Kelsey, and Marianna McAfee; and for Class Prophet, Marcus Alper, Henry Greenleaf, Stanley Lewenberg, and Dan Rollins.

When the Seniors met on Friday, March 16, they elected Herbert Wilson for Class Lawyer, John Jewett for Class Orator, Richard Simmers as Class Historian, Marianna McAfee for Class Prophetess, and Daniel Rollins for Class Prophet.

THE ROAD TO ROME-ANCE

The other day, a Sagamore reporter interviewed two prominent members of the Senior class on their ideas on marriage.

The reporter first questioned the boy.

"What are your views on marriage?"

"I haven't any views on marriage," replied the fellow, "I just want to get married."

"What kind of a wedding would you like?" was the next question.

"An old fashioned one," was the reply. He then went on to say what he meant by old fashioned.

"When I say old fashioned wedding, I mean an old fashioned marriage too," he explained. "I'd like to go to work after a hearty breakfast. Before I leave though, my wife must give me a good luck-kiss to start the day off right. When I come home after a good day's work, she must have a good, hot supper waiting for me. After the supper, she must get my pipe and put my slippers on for me. Later in the evening, after reading all the worth-while news, she'll ask me to sing our usual song, "My Wild French Rose."

"Would you always want to stay home?" asked the reporter.

"Well, not always, I'd like to go to a show or a dance once in a while."

"What qualities would you like your wife to have?" questioned the reporter.

Wife Must Be French

"She must have a good sense of humor," came the reply. "She must also be light and easy to carry. She must be able to sew and darn. She must be able to cook biscuits that will not sink the table under their weight. Also she must be French (this looks like a frame-up to me) and have blue eyes and blonde hair and blush easily."

The reporter then asked the fellow what he thought of companionate marriage.

"Companionate marriage is the bunk. I think it's one of the craziest, foolishest —(last few adjectives are censored) notions of the age."

The reported then turned to the girl. Funny enough too; she had all the qualities that the fellow named—and she looked as if she were easy to carry. (Yes sir, it looks like a frame-up to me.) She also had the same views as he had on companionate marriage.

When the reporter asked her the kind of a fellow she would like to marry, she replied, "He must be a clean, upright boy and he absolutely must not wear a derby." She was firm on this point. "Uh-huh, there must be no derby. He must also have a good sense of humor

(Continued on Page 5)

Talented Cast Assures Outstanding Performance

MISS COMSTOCK'S ADDRESS

On Tuesday, March 6, the student body was addressed by President Comstock of Radcliffe College. After complimenting the Brookline girls for the showing they have made at Radcliffe she launched into an interesting talk on activities of the Institute of Pacific Relations. This organization was founded about three years ago, and its purpose is to study the problems of the people living around the Pacific. The work includes the promoting of research work, the issuing of a few publications, and the holding of occasional conferences.

The last conference was held at Hono-

(Continued on Page 2)

JUNIOR SOCIAL PROVES SUCCESS

The social given Friday, March 9th, was the most successful Junior Social given this year. In fact, it was the only one.

But, to lay all joking aside, the social was a very well regulated one, both in the arrangement and the financial outcome. The only things missing were the ice creams and the drummer, and the drummer turned up soon after the dancing began. He blamed it on the fact that Henry hadn't made a lady out of *his* Lizzie.

The "Crimson Ramblers" of Senior Social fame made up the orchestra, Shailer Hall made up the place, and the Juniors made up the entertainment.

Mr. Hines should have been present when the Leap Year dances were on. The girls who rushed over and grabbed their men would have made wonderful material for a feminine football team. When the boys saw the mob coming, half of them sat down in the chairs. They thought they could elude notice. They were mistaken!

"Bud" Wilson, garnering in Hope Garagan, took one of the Lucky Number prizes, and Ned McEttrick with Eileen Bennett took the second.

Everyone present wondered how our football hero kept possession of his heroine during the grand march. I suppose even he wonders. Probably Lucienne had something to do with it.

With all respect to Hope Kelsey, we do hope that she got a new pair of shoes from the proceeds of the social, for the pair she used up whirling from one fellow to another.

Finally, it was enjoyed by all, if you aren't getting tired of hearing that phrase.

Any squirrels that are seen in the vicinity of Brookline High School on Friday and Saturday, March 23 and 24, will be given free tickets to "The Poor Nut." All others step right up to the window and pay 50c, 75c or $1.00 for seats in the greatest show ever produced in Brookline.

Tonight's the night! Here in the Brookline High School Auditorium we shall have the first amateur release of that great Broadway production "The Poor Nut." A thousand and one community houses, clubs, colleges and schools throughout this country are waiting to see how well this show goes over. Up to this time Brookline has always led the way in scholarship, athletics, and in dramatics, and again tonight she will "put over" one of the greatest of productions.

This is the day for college humor. You pay $5.50 to see the play "Good News," built around a mid-western college and we offer you a better show, built around college life at Ohio State University, for $1.00

The thing to do tonight and tomorrow night is —take (or persuade) your sweetie, then step right along to the Brookline High School Auditorium, before 8 o'clock, and then to buy a ticket (first come best served) at the desk from Art. Anderson, business manager, who turns you over to a

(Continued on Page 2)

THE TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

With the object not only to accomplish something in behalf of the activities and affairs of Brookline High School, but also to hold a lively and enthusiastic meeting, The Teacher-Student Council of Brookline High School held its seventh regular meeting March 14, 1928.

Some of the most important matters of business decided were: first, the rules for marshals which had been drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose were read and approved by the Council. It was also moved and carried that these regulations be typewritten and copies be given to all marshals.

The report was made by the delegates to the State Convention of Teacher-Student Councils which was held at Lowell, February 22. Ted Cole told about the marshal system of Lowell High School. Chester Litman talked about general features of the convention. Mr. Packard gave a very interesting outline of

(Continued on Page 2)

MISS COMSTOCK'S ADDRESS

(Continued from Page 1)

lulu, as that seemed to be the most central place. Its climate, surroundings, and atmosphere made it an ideal place to hold a meeting in which the furtherance of world peace was the goal. Miss Comstock's colorful description of Honolulu brought that tropical land into vivid contrast with the wintry conditions prevailing in Brookline. Miss Comstock explained how the conference was conducted, and told of the results obtained. Unlike other conferences, no votes were taken, no definite conclusions reached, or resolutions passed. This might lead one to believe that no results could come from such a meeting, but Miss Comstock said that valuable facts were learned, and that the entire idea was useful as a new mechanism for the study of international questions. Of course no drastic changes could be made, because the representatives from the various countries were not present in an official capacity, nor did their statements necessarily represent the views of their respective countries.

Among the delegates at the conference were college presidents, professors, and business men from China, Japan, Korea, England, Canada, the United States, and practically every other civilized country bordering on the Pacific, except Russia and the South American nations. The organization hopes to have these countries join within a few years.

Miss Comstock's address was particularly interesting as so few of us had any knowledge of this society and its activities.

BASEBALL OUTLOOK FOR '28

(Continued from Page 1)

numerals on the 1929 baseball team; Barrett Roberts, quarterback on the football team, and pitcher on the second varsity last year; "Dutch" Hightman and Naylor, the only left-handed pitchers on the squad; and Noonan. These pitchers will be aided by an able receiving department consisting of Capt. Jim Ryan; "Red" Flemming, last year's first substitute, and a few others of untested ability.

With this large and promising batch of battery men, the Brookline team, under Coach Fitzgerald and Capt. Ryan, ought to make a good showing throughout its difficult schedule. The schedule is as follows:

April 12, Brighton at Brookline.
" 14, Open.
" 16, Boston Latin at Brookline.
" 19, Lawrence at Lawrence.
" 21, Somerville at Somerville.
" 24, Jamaica Plain at Brookline.
" 28, Rindge Tech at Brookline.
May 2, Boston College High at Brookline.
" 5, Newton at Newton.
" 9, Open.
" 12, Everett at Brookline.
" 16, Cambridge Latin at Cambridge
" 18, Dedham at Brookline (?)
" 23, Somerville at Brookline.
" 25, Rindge Tech at Rindge (Cambridge).
" 30, Newton at Brookline.
June 6, Everett at Everett.
" 9, Cambridge Latin at Brookline.

"R" COLYUM

A soph in one of Mr. Case's classes was so dumb that he thought pie R square was a filling dessert.

* * *

When he heard the pie R square, he started to bolt for the lunch room.

* * *

All we can say is that the brain of the Sophomore must have been going around in circles.

* * *

In about fourteen more years, we'll have a lot of little Charles Lindberghs, Smiths and Jones entering high school. In fact, one Chinaman has just named his son after the flight. He calls him Wun Long Hop.

* * *

One boy in Mr. Snow's Latin classes got so tired of saying "unprepared" that he decided to do his homework for once.

* * *

Next day, he knew his translation to a T but the teacher forgot to call on him.

* * *

The boy became so discouraged that he never looked at his trot again.

* * *

Proverb—Don't sass your teacher unless your teacher sasses you first.

* * *

Did you hear about the Senior at the Junior social who had the lucky number but who forgot the woman in the case?

* * *

That boy should read Emerson's essay on compensation over again.

* * *

According to Emerson, that Senior wasn't balanced right. He had the good but where was the other?

* * *

Pennies were invented so that Scotch people could be charitable.

* * *

Recently, people have complained of strange sounds as of a murder, issuing from the B.H.S. auditorium. Be at rest. It was merely a rehearsal of the cheering scene at Dramatics.

* * *

You haven't got the last word in cussing unless you see "The Poor Nut" tonight.

* * *

Famous Saying—They laughed when I sat down at the piano—.

* * *

What is it that attracts Bob Currier and our Managing Editor to Wollaston every other Friday night?

TEACHER-STUDENT MEETING

(Continued from Page 1)

the day's work of a Lowell High School pupil. He also emphasized the great number of activities managed by their Teacher-Student Council.

The Council succeeded in holding one of the most energetic and exciting meetings in the history of the Council. It was truly a worth-while and merry assembly. In fact, it was so model a meeting that The Teacher Student Council resolved to give the whole student body a "taste" of its vigor and atmosphere at one of the weekly assemblies.

DRAMATIC CLUB MAKES ANNUAL PRESENTATION

(Continued from Page 1)

most courteous head usher, Edward Cole, and his snappy collegiate helpers. After being ushered to a comfortable chair, try to make your feet behave to the music of the Brookline High School Orchestra lead by Mr. Zanzig. Flick your eyes over the program While Mr. Zanzig closes the overture. Look around and see the full house and thank your lucky stars that you got there before the S. R. O. sign was put out.

Ah! the curtain goes up—the first scene is set in the Ohio State bookstore. What humor, what joy, what wise cracks, what raucous laughter! Far be it from us to paint any more pictures—it's going to cost you money to see this show. Good seats at 50c, better seats at 75c, and extra d. g. seats at $1.00.

Come prepared to warm your hands in wild applause. There are three more scenes: In the Training Quarters, At the Track Meet, and the night after In the Fraternity House. You'll be surprised at the theatrical talent developed by Brookline High. One hundred and fifty dramatically inclined Brookline High students tried out for the cast, one month ago, and after much deliberation Miss Lewis, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Allen and Miss Hannon have succeeded in selecting this superior cast:

John Miller (The Poor Nut) Robert Lett, '28
Margerie Blake..Eleanor Thomas, '30
Julia Winters.....Dorothy Gay, '29
"Colonel" Small Hervey Armington, '28
"Spike" Hoyt.....Daniel Rollins, '28
"Herb" Smith.....John Jewett, '28
"Magpie" Welch Roger Wentworth, '28
Coach Jackson...Herbert Wilson, '28
"Wallie" Pierce..Henry Greenleaf, '28
Professor Deming Richard Simmers, '28
"Doc" Shurney..Kenneth Umlah, '28
A Freshman....Richard Robinson, '29
Wisconsin Official..Robert Currier, '28
Reggie.....Lucienne Wilkinson, '28
Betty .....Marjorie Norwood, '29
Helen .....Helen Idell, '28
Announcer.....Milton Finger, '28

When it comes to people playing the parts of poor nuts, let me tell you that there is no better than Robert Lett. He'll just make you chuckle with laughter at his antics. Margie Blake, blonde and fair to look upon, is played by Eleanor Thomas—and believe me, you just watch Eleanor play the part of the shy college girl. Oh, yes! we nearly forgot to mention the other girl in the case who comes down from Wisconsin to root for Ohio, just because she's "sore" at her sweetie. The part of the dashing, flirtatious brunette is taken by Dorothy Gay while Dan Rollins plays the part of the pugnacious "Spike" Hoyt, the captain of the Wisconsin track team. We wish to warn the audience not to collapse if they see something white and collegiate swish out onto the stage. It's only Roger Wentworth as the talkative "Magpie" Welch with his shieky side partner "Herb" Smith, portrayed by John Jewett. Dick Simmers takes the part of the dignified professor, Mr. Deming while "Bud" Wilson has troubles of his own as coach of the Ohio State track team. And oh, yes! watch Kenneth Umlah as "Doc" Spurney, give the boys a rub down that will guarantee sixty horse power in the next race.

Special stage settings have been made—not the old barn-storming drops and scenes, that left so much to the imagination but honest-to-goodness professional stage scenery, with talent behind the scenes as well as in front. You won't see their faces but you can recognize the handiwork of Fred Janvin—stage manager, Charles Miller, '28—property manager, Robert Currier, '28—costume manager and William Dean—electrician.

You know what has been said about home talent. "There's a lot of appreciation of homefolks in an amateur show because you know the people and expect them to fall down and are surprised when they don't." That's precisely the kick that you get out of this show. You know the actors but—"you wouldn't know it was in 'em."

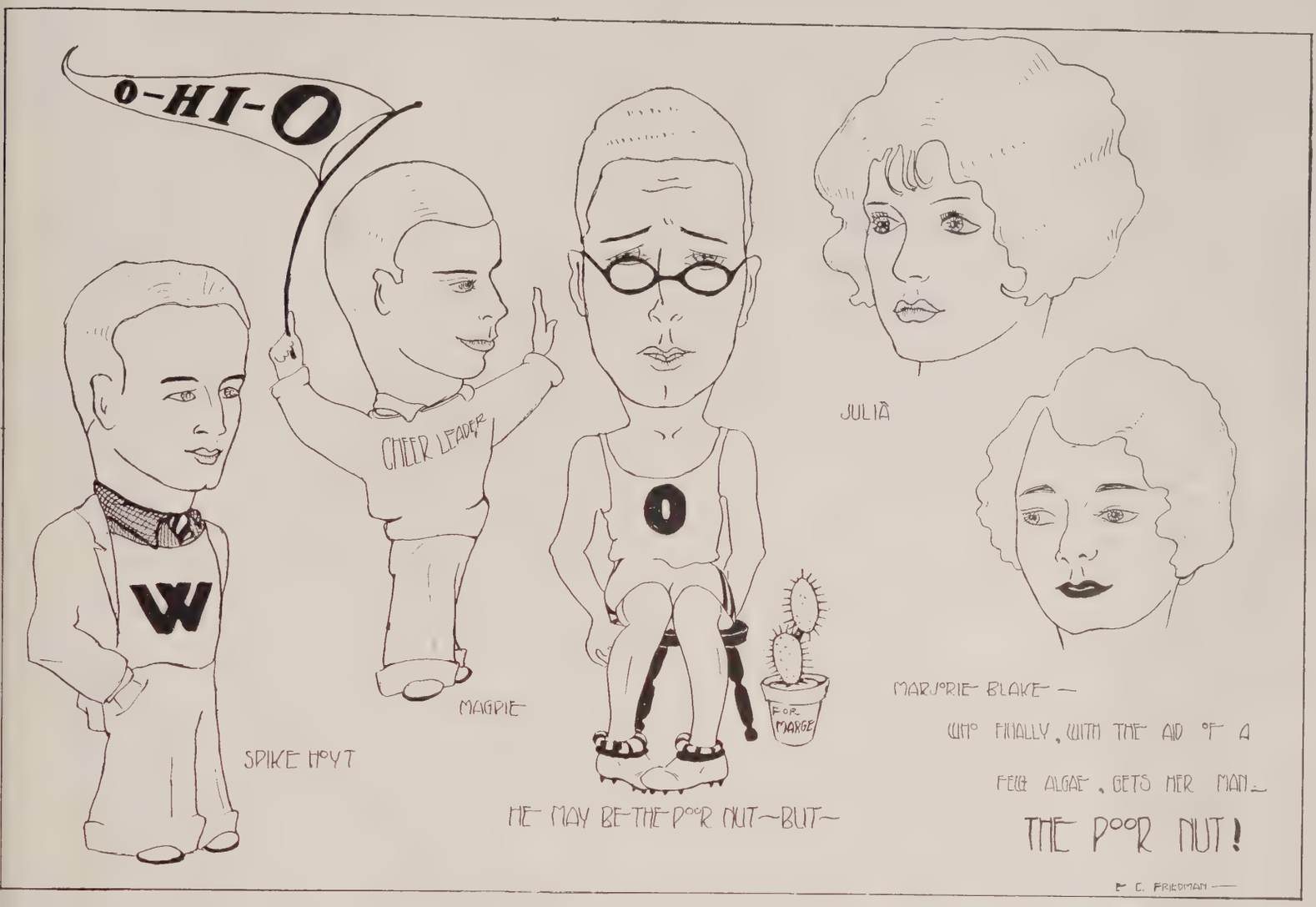
But after it comes out you are surprised but after all they might flop—you never can tell. The reason people go to an auto race is not to see the cars race around but that they want to be there in case anything happens.

After the big show, in which you've had twice your money's worth and then some, we serve a round of dancing. Step right into Shailler Hall in rhythm to that syncopating jazz orchestra. "Ilse o' Rythme," led by John Calderwood. Dancing until midnight.

All this, on Friday and Saturday nights and by this, we expect to fatten the Brookline High School Boy's Scholarship Fund by 1½ or 2 grand.

The proceeds of "The Poor Nut" go to the Boys' Scholarship Fund, from which three college tuitions are paid each June for three boys graduating from the Senior Class. A committee of the Faculty awards the Scholarships, which are presented at graduation. The young men receiving this aid must be of good standing both in studies and deportment, and must have worked a part of the time during which they have attended high school. The remainder of the money left after these payments goes into the permanent fund which in the future the committee hopes some high school alumnus may have the privilege of using, if during his college career he feels the need. This money is to be returned without interest at a suitable length of time after graduation from college. We trust that each year will see a growing response from both the Town and the school toward a service that will be of ever-increasing good to an expanding community.

"DRAMATIS PERSONAE"



SIDELIGHTS ON DRAMATICS

Did you hear about Dick Simmers' famous pants? Well, come and see them tonight. He'll have his underpants on in the third act.

If any of your books are damaged at the end of the year, just tell your teacher that they were used at the rehearsals of the bookstore scene in the first act.

None of those in the cast this year seem to be getting scarlet fever or mumps, as was the case last year.

Who ever heard of the spiker getting spiked and then "cactused"?

We wonder how the devil a guy who's shy can make two beautiful women chase him—wot the devil—huh?

Watch the college runners break the record in the second scene of the second act when they do the quarter-mile in about twenty seconds.

By the way, Gene Record, captain of B.H.S. track team, has been graduated to either Ohio State or Wisconsin. Anyway, he's one of the runners.

In the first act, don't die when something white comes in. It's only Magpie in his white flannels.

WHOM TO TAKE?

The School Crier steps out of character for a moment and appears before you as an ordinary "Stude" and here's how.

The time is a week before Dramatics and the place is home beside the telephone. I have my notebook before me which is filled with telephone numbers (the price of popularity), and just a few are checked off. For your information and mine, I'll go over these few.

1. M. —— Small and blonde. Pulls this pretty, unsophisticated stuff. Good dancer. Would like to take her but she is probably going with H.

Editor's note: All names have been censored by request.

Author's note: Whose request?

Ed's. note: None of your business!

2. M. —— Black bob. Brown eyes—big ones. Big stuff. Has a cute little almost stutter. (Secret) Would have to call her two months ago. Like to take her, but try to get her! She gave me her number, but I called it and it was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Wow!

3. H² ——Black-haired, and that's an indication. Up to the minute. She's all right, but she'd borrow my car to take some new boy home. She bears watching.

4. M. —— Tall and Spanish. *Big* black gazers. Good to look upon. If I take her, I won't be let alone all evening. She's too popular. And besides, Dick may be back.

Well, I'm still undecided, so what to do? A thought! What's the matter with a good friend and true? Well, you'll see me there anyhow. If I've been any help telling you who to keep away from, any presents of automobiles will be gratefully received.

SPANISH CLUB MEETING

The regular meeting of the Brookline Spanish Club was called on Tuesday, March 6, in the Auditorium. President Lucy Benejam presided. The minutes ment was given.

Polly Hansen played the Spanish National Anthem, after which Emigue Canada sang two songs descriptive of Spanish life.

Dan Rollins as Don Juan, dressed in a vivid purple costume of five or six centuries back, conducted a touching love scene with Helene Mettetal, enthralling the audience by the living fire of his suit. When the little playlet was finished, Dan sang "Yo Soy Espanol," which he so successfully sang at the Spanish play last year.

The President then introduced a Spanish game, in which a blindfolded person swings a baseball-bat at a flower-pot full of candy. After refreshments the meeting adjourned and everybody went home satisfied with the success of the affair.

ALUMNI NOTES

Among the B. H. S. graduates at Boston University are Victor Rintels '27, Milton Shefreen '26 and Benny Nesson '27.

Edmond Hanauer '27 is at Dartmouth College.

Lester Philips '26, the well-known swimmer, is at William and Mary.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is William Adelson '26.

Miss Alna Ford '27 is training to be a teacher at the Framingham Normal School. With her is Miss Frances Connelly, also of '27.

'LeRoi Brereton '27 has had a prominent part in the Freshman play at Norwich University. He also decorated the armory for the Freshman Hop Week.

Tom Taylor '19 is the assistant graduate manager of Physical Education at Brown University.

Frances Tate '24 is a senior at the Museum of Fine Arts.

Katharine Hutchinson '27 has recently been married.

Barbara Pike '25 is at present teaching a course in colors at a hospital in Worcester.

Betty Hamilton '27 is doing successful work in greater Boston by playing amateur children's parts.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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WORLD'S KNOWLEDGE INCREASES THROUGH THE CENTURIES

The progress of mankind, usually measured in its material aspects by the increase in the population of the globe and in wealth—the number and value of objects useful to man—which the globe contains, may also be measured in its intellectual aspects by the volume of knowledge which is available for man's service and enjoyment, and the capacity of the human mind for using or enjoying knowledge.

The increase in population has been very large during the last four centuries up to the beginning of the World War of 1914. The increase in wealth has, of course, been incomparably greater. The increase in knowledge, however, has been so much vaster and more rapid than either of these that no sort of comparison can be made. Think of what was known regarding Nature in A.D. 1660; the date when the Royal Society of England was founded, or even as late as 1814-15, and consider what is known about Nature now! And although the advance has been more remarkable in the sciences of Nature than in any other direction, it has also been immense in other fields. In many branches of history, in economics, in philosophy, to take the most obvious examples, the volume of facts acquired and the principles ascertained since the beginning of the eighteenth century exceeds the whole of the stock that had been accumulated up to that date.

We know more of ancient Egypt, for example, than the Romans knew when they had conquered it, and far more about primitive man, his races and his ways of life, than was known to any earlier age. And today we see how in every direction knowledge goes on increasing at a constantly accelerated pace.

ADVERTISING

Did you ever wonder where we get the money to publish the "Sagamore"? We haven't any great philanthropists at school to back our paper, and, with all due respect to our subscribers, the money that we make from selling the paper goes just about far enough to print our jokes. The **real** mainstay of our paper is advertising. However, our advertisers don't seem to think that the mainstay of their business is advertising in the "Sagamore." I suppose the real truth is that they have no proof that their customers are prompted to come to them by reading the Sag ads.

How are we going to let them know that advertising in Brookline High's Official Organ is profitable?—Well—again we'll have to call for the help of the student-body.

Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to read more of our ads. They're truly interesting. Some even tell where you can get bargains in ice cream. I read one once that told where you could get marcel waves at half price. Think of it boys!! A whole head of marcel waves at half price!! You really don't know all the bargains you're missing in not reading all of our advertisements.

Then perhaps it would help if you, in patronizing our advertisers, would mention the "Sagamore." You might say something like this when you go into an ice cream parlor, "I'd like to try one of those chocolate sundaes you advertised in the "Sagamore." If you said that, they wouldn't think they were being—well, sort o' charitable when they give us their ads. And **then**—perhaps **we** wouldn't have to give them long orations about the advantages of advertising in our paper before they would consent to give us a 1/20 page advertisement.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THROUGH THE TRANSOM

The station of Greenbank was entirely deserted as the through train from New York drew up. The porter lumbered out with his stool, and turned to help a frail little blonde woman. She was immediately followed by a man who appeared to be her husband. He was tall and dark, and handsome enough in a way; but there was a cruel hard look about his mouth, and a glint in his eye that was in great contrast to the timid air of his companion. As he turned and tipped the dusky porter, the great train puffed its way out of the station, leaving them alone.

They sauntered slowly down the main street of the town to an inn—the woman interested in everything she saw, the man remarking with evident satisfaction the quiet and seclusion that the place afforded. The strangers stopped in front of a small house with the sign "Clover Leaf" on the door, and hesitated there a moment. At last he spoke a word to his companion, and they entered.

Surprise and astonishment shone on the face of the good landlady as she saw the strangers enter, for they were the first guests she had seen in months

She beamed a "Morning, sir," and pushed the old, yellowed register toward them. The man hesitated a moment, then seized the pen and wrote: *John Smith* and *Mrs. John Smith*, New York.

Then he turned to the old woman: "My dear lady, my wife and I intend to pass a week or two here. I would like rooms in back, as I require quiet and seclusion. Do you think you can put us up?"

"Wal, I dunno," she replied in a somewhat dubious tone. "The bridal soot is sorter quiet like, but it costs a heap—a dollar and a quarter a day."

"That will be all right. Will you be so kind as to show us the way?"

In the end, Mr. Smith decided that the bridal suite would suffice, and requested that he should not be disturbed. The old woman trundled off, but stopped short as she heard through the transom: "Henry, do you think this will do?"

The old woman stood petrified for a moment. Henry! Why, she was sure he had registered as John. She hurried downstairs and looked again at the register. Yes, there it was in black and white: *John* Smith. Who was this strange man she was harboring under her roof? Well, maybe Henry was a middle name.

For an hour or two the old woman was kept busy downstairs. Finally, she could stand it no longer. She must see this man's face again, at least! She went to his room, but could hear nothing, —the transom was shut. She knocked.

"Who's there?" came sharply from within.

(Continued on Page 6)

FRESHMAN'S SECOND LETTER

By Josiah Lewis

Dear Ma,

I had a hard time gettin' this letter off to you because the French teacher kept lookin' at me so I had to postpone it until a study period. Gee ma, the French teacher kept askin' me the craziest questions. Hey ma, what would you do if a fellow came over to you and said, "Parlay voo fronsay, seel voo play—come-on voo alley voo ser maten"—huh ma? I'd bust him one, I would. Gee ma, these French must be awful dumb not to know how to speak English. Why, even I know how to speak English but my English teacher says I don't. I asked him how he got that way and he said I spoke rotten English; that my grammar was terrible. Hey ma, how'd he know that, when he never even saw her?—huh ma?

Y'know ma, I have the worst luck. The fire bell always rings in one of my study periods. What's the use of a fire bell in one of my study periods, huh ma? Now, if it was in a Latin test, then I could find some of the answers to the questions. Y'know ma, the fire bell once rang during a Latin test and outside I asked a fellow what was the answer to one of the questions and he said he didn't know. Gee ma, can you imagine that? That guy must of been awful dumb, huh ma?

Hey ma, they had a Senior social here not long ago. Hey ma, a senior social is a thing where the whole freshman class goes and sees some acts and after the acts are over, then dances. Hey ma, I went and sat at the fifty-cent seats not because I didn't have the money but who was I, a freshman, to sit in the dollar seats? Anyway ma, I went to the dancing afterwards and I asked a girl for a dance and she consented. Hey ma, once during the dance I bumped into a post but I didn't get hurt because I used my partner as a bumper. After that, she gave me a dirty look and said her corns hurt her, so I said that that was a sign of rain. Hey ma, after I said that, she gave me another dirty look and said I was a clumsy diplomat and a fool. Hey ma, what's a diplomat? Anyway, I betcha it's something rotten, huh ma? Well, all evening she kept giving me dirty looks so I didn't ask her for another dance, not because I thought she'd refuse me, but who was I, a freshman, to dance so much, huh ma? I betcha that girl was a Senior, or at the very least, a Junior.

Hey ma, they had a teachers' convention here not long ago, and some of the teachers visited Brookline. Just before a teacher came in to visit our math class, my math teacher told me to look intelligent even if it hurts because he wouldn't call on me. Hey ma, can you imagine that? I felt like tellin' that teacher that

(Continued on Page 6)

Le Coin Francais

RAPPEL A LA PRUDENCE

L'imprudence, cause de quatre-vingt-dix-neuf accidents sur cent, ne consiste pas à marcher vite. Elle consiste à ne pas tenir compte des circonstances, soit en ce qui concerne la vitesse, soit en ce qui concerne la conduite elle-même. Ainsi, il est stupidement dangereux de rouler vite sur un *sol gras*[1], de ne pas tenir sa droite, de doubler à un croisement, de freiner brusquement au beau milieu d'un virage.

J'ai vu, ces jours derniers, sur la route, les débris d'une voiture tirriblement accidentée.

Deux imprudents sont cause de l'accident qui fit trois victimes. Voici les faits:

La nuit, une *voiture de tourisme*[2] marchait à *belle allure*,[3] la vision du conducteur étant trés diminuée par la pluie. Devant elle, un camion roulait peu éclairé. Ce sont les deux imprudents.

A travers son *pare-brise*[4] obscurci par la pluie le conducteur de la *touriste*[5] devina soudain, dans la lueur de ses phares, l'ombre d'une masse. Il se pencha à l'extérieur pour voir et eut la tête *fracassée*[6] par l'arrière du camion qu'il frôlait.

La voiture, sans guide, quitta alors la route et vint se *broyer*[7] contre un arbre.

Le conducteur du camion, qui circulait la nuit lanterne arrière éteinte, est un criminel; le conducteur de las "touriste", qui *foncait* dans l'obscurité fut victime de sa teméraire folie.—Les Annales.

[1] Slippery road.
[2] Tourist car.
[3] At a fine speed.
[4] Windshield.
[5] Tourist car.
[6] Crushed.
[7] Smashed.

Un Francais—Je remarque combien toutes les Américaines sont charmantes et jolies . . .

Un Américain—Yes . . . les Francaises aussi . . .

Un Francais—Ce n' est pas étonnant, puisque les deux nations sont soeurs . . .

Un Francais—Vous savez, mon cher Américain, il y a longtemps que mon coeur est en Amérique . . .

Un Américain — J'avais commencé avant vous . . . En 1918, j'ai laissé une de mes iambes dans l' Argonne . . .

THE ROAD TO ROME-ANCE

(Continued from Page 1)

and he must just adore me. (This last request pronounced in a long drawn sigh, the kind of a sigh that only girls can breathe—ahem, to get back to the main point.) He must be able to sing well and he must be a good football player. Oh yes, he must also be a good provider."

"But suppose he isn't a good provider," asked the reporter.

"Oh, but he will be," was the evasive answer.

Well, as I said before, it looks like a frame-up to me. Anway, see if you can guess who it is. This'll be a lot easier than a geometry problem and it'll be a good riddle for the Freshmen anyway.

"YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

Hear Ye!
Hear Ye!

One Again does Ye Crier bring all manner of news! Hear Ye!

Ye Crier is wroth! Just as he hath turned over a new leaf and is feeling extremely righteous, along cometh one in authority and **bids** him to do the very thing he had **resolved** to do **before** he had an opportunity to act. Wroth? Nay, he is in a state of mind unmentionable!

* * *

As tonight is the night of the long awaited Dramatics, our lads will get their tux out of the mothballs and our lassies will "ask Dad" about that new dress.

* * *

Poor old Dad—a tux will go on forever, but a dress, after it's worn once, is passé. And how!

* * *

Elsewhere in this worthy paper ("The Sagamore") you will find (if there is room to print it) a guide to the best girls to take to Dramatics, compiled by one who knows—Ye Crier by name.

* * *

The well known Brookline night club, The Georgian, will hold regular meetings tonight and tomorrow night. The usual waffles will be served.

* * *

Ask "Mac" or "Blainio" about a certain chocolate sundae there once upon a time.

* * *

Mr. Taylor, our collegiate instructor, is starting a Saturday Morning Club for we who crave knowledge in the mysteries of Math.

* * *

Now I can't sleep on Saturday morning's anymore.

* * *

While whiling away time by strolling down the corridor the other day, Ye Crier heard this bit of wisdom from the lips of a Co-ed:

Student: "What's your idea of strategy?"

Her: "It is when you do not admit to the teacher that you are unprepared when called on, but keep right on talking." * * *

Fred, the great SAG financier (never gypped a cent) has found a new way to spend a whole Sat. Ask him.

* * *

But Dramatics will be all the better because of him.

* * *

I knew I'd do it! ——! I'm in the "mob-scene" tonight! Try and find me though. I'm hoarse from the rehearsals.

* * *

The lad who takes the part of "the poor nut" is getting so that he doesn't step out of character at all and walks around school in an "awful daze."

* * *

Methinks I shall call the G. F. (girl friend) now and be sure that it's her I'm going with tonight.

* * *

Ye all Hear!
Hear Ye! Hear! Hear!

SPORTS

BROOKLINE SINKS DARTMOUTH '31, 39-23

The mighty Wah-Hoo-Wah's of Dartmouth journeyed back to their wigwam with their respective scalps floating in the water of the tank. As Dewey, or some such bozo, said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." By means of eight hard gotten units obtained by a record-breaking race in the relay, Brookline High beat the Dartmouth Freshmen on March 10, by a score of 39-23. Marty Ford's spectacular finish at the end of the relay capped the meet.

The first three Dartmouth men in the relay were a bit too strong for the "Triumphant Trio"—Eynon, Rae, and Fay. When Marty Ford, anchor man, dived off, he was handicapped by about two yards. At the first, he was even with Wolfe, the Dartmouth anchor, and by a wonderful spurt at the finish, he won by a few inches. The time, 1:54, sets up a new dual meet record.

Blaine Eynon rather handily captured first place in the dive over Warne, the sole Dartmouth entry. Jack Prendergast was third.

A fast finish by Johnnie Rae in the 50-yard free style gave him a win over Wolfe of Dartmouth. Captain Fay nosed out the other Hanoverite for third place. McAllister of Dartmouth held a lead over Marty Ford and John Coutts for six lengths in the 200. At the seventh turn, he stopped, thinking the race over, and was passed by Ford. He discovered his error too late to catch Ford, and was barely able to beat out Coutts.

Ralph Fay met his first defeat of the season in the backstroke when he was beaten by Fred Burhard of the Green. Ollie McTigue finished a good third. The time, 1:11.5, sets up a new tank record. Burkhard has been undefeated this year. Johnnie Rae turned in his second win of the afternoon, when he won the breast-stroke. Purdy of Dartmouth took second after a hard fight with Andy Conway.

Frank McCourt of the derby hat, beat out Marty Ford in a close race in the "100." Cuker of the Green, nosed out Eynon for the important third place.

This meet has brought a second win for the swimming team over college freshmen. Their win shows that they easily ought to take into camp the Meehan Interscholastics.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

All winter the girls have been practicing faithfully in the gym and now games and meets are being held in every sport between the four mixed teams which have been chosen from the different classes.

The captains of the swimming teams are: Esther Morrison, Tina Morrison, Betty Richey, and Barbara Richey. Dual meets are to be held with Pawtucket High and Malden High about the last of March or the first of April.

A second of a series of games in captain-ball was played in the gymnasium on Thursday, March 8. The captains of the teams are: Mary McGrail, Betty Greenleaf, Betty Richey and Helen Navin.

The captains of the gym teams are: Rosamond Badoraco, Betty Richey, Marian Myers and Elizabeth Myers.

Now that spring is coming, it is hoped that a large number of girls will report for the spring sports when the call for candidates is issued.

BROOKLINE SWAMPS ORANGE AND BLACK, 56-6

Piling up the highest score of the season, the Brookline High swimming team defeated Newton High on March 15 by the overwhelming score of 56-6. Brookline took every first and second place, thus making every possible point, as only two men from each school are entered in each event.

The relay team, although not entirely composed of first-string men, almost reached its first schoolboy defeat of the year. Eynon and Broadbent, the first two men, handed over a three-yard lead to Johnny Rae, who lengthened it to about six. John Horne, Brookline's anchor-man, had great difficulty in staving off Lodge of Newton, but he managed to keep his lead and win. Blaine Eynon rather easily took the dive. His teammate, Jack Prendergast, surprised the dopesters by taking second over McGrath and Essen, the Newton entries, who tied for third.

Johnny Rae hardly beat out Captain Ralph Fay in the 50. Perry of the Garden City pushed them all the way. Marty Ford led John Coutts in the 200-yard free-style to win in rather slow time—for Marty, but fast for most schoolboys. Thompson of Newton also swam.

Andy Conway and John Rae led an easy life in the 100-yard breast-stroke. Rae, of course, won, with Scott of Newton taking third place. The 100-yard backstroke brought out a merry battle between Ollie McTigue and Sumner Shikes, both of the red and blue. McTigue barely nosed out Shikes at the finish. Wales of the Newtonites was third. The meet ended with the 100-yard free-style. Marty Ford nosed out Captain Ralph Fay after they had been neck and neck all the way. Perry of the losers chased them for a way, but the competition was too strong for him.

The victory brings a second sport in which Brookline has been victorious over her rivals this year. May the outdoor track and the baseball teams has as much success!

Did you know that Johnny Rae won the National Schoolboy title in the breast stroke at New York on March 17. His time, 1:13 1-10, was extremely fast.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

THROUGH THE TRANSOM

(Continued from Page 4)

"Only me."

"What do you want?"

"I came to find out what you wanted for lunch."

"We're not hungry. Please go away, and don't disturb us."

That was too much for the old landlady. The very idea of being ordered around like that in your own house! He must be up to something! She stole down the hall and waited. In a few minutes, the door opened cautiously. The man peered out into the dark hall, but could see nothing. The door closed again.

The old woman stepped out of the shadow, and came up to the door again. Drawing a deep breath, she listened through the open transom. The very first words made her blood freeze.

"Henry, tell me, is it absolutely necessary to have this murder?"

"Absolutely, my dear. He knows entirely too much."

"Yes, I know, Henry. But can't you cause him to disappear without having to murder him?"

"Well, hardly, Helen. There is really nothing else to do."

"You always know best. He is such a nice fellow. I can stand the rest of it, but—"

"I tell you, Helen, there is no other way out of it. If he lives, it means the failure of the whole plot. He must die!"

The old woman, listening outside, could hear no more. Her knees sank under her. The whole world seemed to spin dizzily underfoot. Her first impulse was to shriek "Help! Murder! Police!" at the top of her lungs; but, she reflected the man was probably a dangerous character, and controlled this desire. Then she reached slowly down and turned the key in the lock. Fortunately it was well-oiled, and made no noise. She tip-toed down the hall and hurried outside—out into the glaring sunlight without a bonnet or a shawl. Down the street the poor woman fled; down to the post-office where the constable usually was.

Meanwhile the sinister plot was rapidly developing in the little room.

"Henry, dear, how can you have him murdered without drawing attention to the scheme?"

"It will be quite simple, my dear. You see, he will be down at the wharf in Joe's shanty. They can let the body right down the trap-door into the bay. It will be miles away before it is discovered."

"Yes, I suppose it will be simple enough," she sighed.

But while they were so coolly discussing the contemplated murder, the old woman had panted up to the post-office. She gasped out her frightful story. A posse was quickly formed, and set out to apprehend the two plotters.

"Well, Helen dear, having at last decided everything, let's talk of more cheerful things."

"Yes, let's change the subject. My blood runs cold at the very thought of this horrible business. But first, will you get me a drink of water? I am very thirsty."

"All right. Just stay here and I'll be back in a minute. . . . God! Something's up! The door is locked!"

"Hurry! Look—you can get out of this window. It's not far from the ground."

"I won't leave you here alone. I think I can break open that door. Get out of my way!"

The very walls of the house shook under his furious blows. The wood of the door was old and rotten, and seemed ready to give any minute.

"Lord help us! He's bustin' the house!" gasped the old landlady, as she reached the inn, followed by a group of husky farmers armed with everything from pitchforks to shot-guns. Up the stairs they ran, and had just gained the upper hall, when the door crashed open.

It was all over in a second. The constable slipped the handcuffs on the dazed man and his wife, who was almost ready to faint.

"What's the meaning of this damnable outrage?" Smith demanded.

"Aw, don't try to pull that kind of stuff. You were . . ."

"I demand an explanation of this. Free me at once, or I'll . . ."

"Fergit it. You can tell that stuff to the judge if you want to. You were heard plannin' yer dastardly murder!"

"Murder!"

"Yeah, that's what they calls it, an' what's more . . ."

He stopped short. The handcuffed man had been seized with a convulsion of laughter. A light seemed to dawn suddenly on his little wife's face, and she smiled. Everybody else stared. Finally, the accused man composed himself sufficiently to say, "Oh! that murder!" and a second peal of laughter escaped from him. "Why, gentlemen, I am Henry Starr the playwright. That murder will occur in the third act of 'Tiger Lily,' my forthcoming play! I shall be glad to send you all complimentary tickets when it opens next spring."

FRESHMAN'S SECOND LETTER

(Continued from Page 4)

he had nothin' on me but I thought I wouldn't, after all. Besides ma, who was I, a freshman, to tell my teacher anything, huh ma? Well ma, next day my teacher asked me what I thought of the teacher that visited us. Hey ma, I told him that I thought that teacher must 'ov been from Chicago because she was such a tough lookin' egg. Well ma, anyway I did all my homework in detention. Besides ma, don't you think that Brookline High has enough teachers without havin' more? Ye gods ma, I do.

Hey ma, our monthly marks came out the other day. I went back for mine and found I had got all E's. Hey ma, I was gonna go back and tell them teachers what I thought of them for givin' me them marks but on second thoughts I decided not to, not because I thought that the teacher wouldn't change them, but who was I, a freshman, to go back and give the teacher an argument, huh ma? Besides ma, I'd rather have one steady mark than have them go jumpin' around. Yessir ma, you give me the good steady mark, huh ma? These teachers don't appreciate good talent anyway ma, not even when they look at it twice, huh ma?

I told that to the teacher in my study room and he said I did have more talent than any other boy for throwing pencils and erasers at other people in my study periods. Hey ma, that's the first compliment any teacher ever paid me, huh ma? Now that I think of it ma, do you think that could have been a nasty crack at me, huh ma?

Well ma, I got to end the letter because the bell's goin' to ring. Gee ma, I haven't done my history yet and I can't kid the teacher along—not this one anyway. I tried it once and got detention. Well, I got to go to detention today anyway. Well, I'll write again ma.

Your lovin' son,
J. Pluvis Knoggle.
(the champion dancer)

POME

PARKS' RESTAURANT twelve-eighty, just on Beacon Street
An' Brookline High's on quite another p'liceman's beat,
An' East is East
An' West is West,
An' ne'er the twain shall meet, so
Think it's gotcheh beat? No
Listen, while I tell yeh wotcheh
Goh'n teh duh!

If you're needing stanzas' feet and moments' arms
And Lambs' Tales (this is stuff my tender soul alarms)
To "High" you go
But if you feel
As though the inner man or
Maiden falters, stagger
Up to PARKS' front door a-
N'open it.
'N 'in yeh go,
'S wotcheh duh!!

GLEE CLUBIAN

Members of the Boys' Glee Club will improve the mob scene in Dramatics now that they are in the cast. Due to the fact that songs are songs and must be *sung*, even in Dramatics, they have been included.

All work, therefore, has stopped on "Trial by Jury," the promised operetta, but it will be renewed and, we hope, presented this year.

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Exchanges

AS OTHERS SEE US

"It was with interest and much pleasure that we read the favorable comment given to us in the 'Sagamore.' Their short stories and jokes are very good." —"The Sphinx," Shrewsbury High, Shrewsbury, Mass.

"You have a lovely voice and plenty of news according to 'Ye Olde Towne Crier'. Yes, he is clever. However, don't you think a few editorials would add greatly to your paper?"

"The Argus", Worcester Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.

"Le Coin Francais" is certainly a unique and praiseworthy feature. Your cuts add an extra touch of humor to your "R Colyum".

"The Huntington Record", Huntington School, Boston, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"Red and Black"—Dorchester High for Boys, Dorchester, Mass.

Yours is a really excellent paper. The cuts make it lively and interesting, and it is very well arranged. Your literary department shows that you have real talent in your school. "Pierrot" was especially good.

"The Colt" — Northwestern High School, Detroit, Michigan.

Your paper is very good on the whole. Your exchange editor deserves credit for the clever way in which he presented his column. We suggest a better arrangement of your paper. Although you have allotted a special page for sports, you have mixed sport articles with other news. "Scenes from the Stall" is clever.

"The Record"—Mamaroneck Junior, Senior High School, Mamaroneck, New York.

Your paper is fairly good, but it lacks brightness and pep. We suggest cuts and cartoons, and "literature" such as short stories or feature articles. Your "Program of a Student's Study Period" was enjoyable. Please continue exchange.

"The Hem"—Dorchester High for Girls, Dorchester, Mass.

A very lively and entertaining paper! Your cuts make it easy reading. "It Will Be Long Now" was cleverly drawn. We think that if your exchange column contained more actual comment, it would be better. Please continue exchange.

"The Rindge Register", Rindge Technical School, Cambridge, Mass.

Yours is a bright and "newsy" paper. You sure know how to advertise your school dramatics! The cuts are excellent and the paper is very well arranged. We think it could be improved by an increased number of jokes.

LIBRARY LINES

What do you think of a person:

Who takes out a one-day book and does not return it before school in the morning?

Who takes a book out without having it stamped?

Who writes in a book or turns down the leaves?

Who stuffs papers in a book?

Who uses a book as a door-stop or football?

Of course you wouldn't do anything like that, would you?

Complaints have been made about High School pupils who go to the Public Library to meet friends or keep appointments. The library is a place for study. Please do not use it for other purposes.

NEW BOOKS

The following books have been added to the Library:

Fraser—Heroes of the Air.

Copeland—Treasury for Booklovers.

Wilson—Poetry of the Age of Wordsworth.

Williams, B. A.—Splendor—a fine new story of a Boston boy.

Among the recent magazine articles of interest are numbered:

World's Work—March:

(1) Tales of Our Deep Sea Divers—by Howard. Mungo—A Thousand Narrow escapes.

(2) Safety for Our Submarines, by Edward Ellsberg.

(3) Stopped in a Submarine, by Johannes Spiess.

(4) A German Officer's Story of a War Experience.

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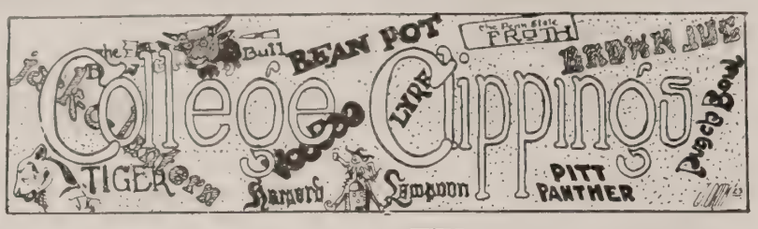

Seems About It

An arm protruding from the car ahead means that the driver is:

1. Knocking the ashes off a cigarette.
2. Going to turn to the left.
3. Telling a small boy to shut up, he won't buy any red pop.
4. Going to turn to the right.
5. Pointing out a scenic spot.
6. Going to back up.
7. Feeling for rain.
8. Telling his wife, hell yes, he's sure the kitchen door is locked.
9. Saluting a passing motorist or going to stop. —*Berkshire Eagle.*

"Is that play finished you were working on?"

"It is."

"Has it been produced yet?"

"Yes. That's what finished it."

Bossy's Epitaph

A farmer was trying hard to fill out a railway company claim sheet for a cow that had been killed on the track. He came down to the last item: "Disposition of the carcass." After puzzling over the question for some time, he wrote: "Kind and gentle." —*Tawney Kat.*

Have you heard the latest Scotch song, *Let the Rest of the World Go Buy?* —*Washington Dirge.*

"What is a Fjord?"

"A little Scandinavian automobile." —*Cincinnati Cynic.*

Much Worse

"I'm happy and all that, of course, old chap; still I wish my wife wouldn't talk so much about her last husband."

"Forget it, old man—mine's always talking about her next." —*Stray Stories.*

Capacity

Clerk—"This is the finest cigarette lighter on the market, madam."

Young Thing—"It certainly looks cute. How many cigarettes does it light to the gallon?"

The only thing that can be said for people who keep on predicting the end of the world is that they get a little closer each time.

Author—"What did you think of my last story?"

Tired Editor (brightening up)—"O, is this to be your last one?" —*Capper's Weekly.*

It Happened in Boston

"Look here," stormed the customer, pointing to the tureen, "what is the meaning of that dead fly in the soup?"

"I regret, sir," said the waiter politely, "I cannot supply you with the desired information. I am only supposed to serve the soup, not explain its ingredients."

"But a dead fly, man," persisted the customer, "a dead fly! How did it happen?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, I have no idea how the poor creature met its fate. Possibly it had not taken any food for a long time, and, fluttering near the soup, found the flavor particularly pleasing, and, eating too heartily, contracted appendicitis or some kindred ailment, which, in the absence of an opportunity for the application of X-rays and the resultant operation, caused its untimely demise." —*Hardware Age.*

Had Been Across

Smith—"If a man has anything in him there's nothing like travel to bring it out."

Brown—"Especially a sea trip." —*Capper's Weekly.*

Probability

The movie exhibitor had just insured his theatre against fire. As he signed his name he turned to the insurance agent and asked:

"What would I get if my theatre was to burn down tomorrow?"

"Oh, I should say about ten years," replied the insurance man, nonchalantly.

The phone girls are now instructed to say "Thank you" after you have given the number. The next step will be for them to give you the number. —*Collier's.*

Honk!

Customer—"The horn on this car is broken.'"

Salesman—"No, it's not. It's just indifferent."

Customer—"What do you mean?"

Salesman—"Why, it doesn't give a hoot." —*Log.*

Cigarette Girls

Camel—they'd walk a mile.
Fatima—Thin wrappers.
Lucky Strike—A hot blind date.
Prince Albert—Don't bite the tongue.
Bull Durham—She rolls her own.
English Ovals—It's a good tip, she's a corker.
Blue Boar—That wild type.
Chesterfield—Censored. —*Buccaneer.*

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, No. 12 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 5, 1928 TEN CENTS

ALPHA PI AWARDS KEYS

At the annual mid-year initiations of the Brookline High School Honorary Society twenty members of the student body were admitted to this most select organization. The names of ten Seniors and thirteen juniors were inscribed on the roll of membership of Alpha Pi, to which only the cream of the school is admitted. That the standard of school work has been higher during this year than that of previous terms is shown by the large number of scholarship points earned by the incoming members. The names of these students together with their various points in scholarship and outside activities is included below.

Seniors

Marcus Alper
Scholarship 3⅜
Total 6⅛

Louise Barrett
Scholarship 5⅜
Total 7⅜

Robert Currier
Scholarship 13 3-16
Total 15 11-16

Marie Driscoll
Scholarship 8 7-8
Total 10-78

Charlotte Helman
Scholarship 6
Total 8

Helen Levenson
Scholarship 8½
Total 10½

Gertrude Nisson
Scholarship 9
Total 11½

Sumner Shikes
Scholarship 3¼
Total 8¾

Richard Simmers
Scholarship 15⅛
Total 17 5-8

Kathleen Ure
Scholarship 9
Total 11

Juniors

Melvin Anshen
Scholarship 13⅞
Total 17⅜

Paul Banabee
Scholarship 2¾
Total 7

Beatrice Finn
Scholarship 9
Total 11½

Edith Greenleaf
Scholarship 4⅜
Total 7⅞

(Continued on Page 2)

POOR NUT FULFILLS EXPECTATIONS

"The Poor Nut" has gone to join his father, "Officer 66", and his grandmother. "Such a Little Queen", and all his other more remote ancestors. However, he has left in his wake receipts exceeding those of last year by $250. That is, over $1,700 was taken in. This play proved to be one of the best presented at the annual occasion.

Robert Lett took the part of the poor nut. The way he portrayed the boy of the inferiority complex and out-turned libido (?) greatly amused the audience. His leading lady, Eleanor Thomas, did equally as well as the modest heroine, who finally gets her man. The third member of the eternal triangle (nowadays) was Dorothy Gay, who pranced through her part, making many jealous.

We have found new talent in Brookline. If only we had discovered it before the Newton-Brookline game; "Hip, hip" Wentworth, the newest rage among cheer leaders—attired in the latest loud styles. Boy! the way he robbed Robinson. His friend "Hub," or rather John Jewett, was merely living up to reputation.

Kenneth Umlah made a hit as, the religious, Irish trainer.

(Continued on Page 2)

TEN COMMANDMENTS LAID DOWN FOR TEACHERS

"Thou shalt have other interests besides thy schoolroom.

"Thou shalt not try to make the children little images, for they are a live little bunch, visiting the wriggling of their captivity upon you, their teacher, unto the last weary moment of the day; and showing interest and co-operation unto those who can give them reasonable freedom in working.

"Thou shalt not scream the names of thy children in irritation, for they will not hold thee in respect if thou screamest their names in vain.

"Remember the last day of the week, to keep it happy.

"Humor the feelings of the children, that their good will may speak well for thee in the little domain which thou rulest.

"Thou shalt not kill one breath of stirring endeavor in the heart of a little child.

"Thou shalt not suffer any unkindness of speech or action to enter the door of thy room.

"Thou shalt not steal of the drudgery of many "papers" the precious hours that should be given to recreation, that thy strength and happiness may appear unto all that come within

(Continued on Page 2)

BASEBALL TEAM LOOKS FORWARD TO SUCCESSFUL SEASON

First Game With Brighton, Here, Next Thursday

The season has opened with a crash! The warriors of Coach Fitzgerald are on the warpath, looking for scalps! From the way that Mr. Fitzgerald is going about his work, it looks as if the nine will secure plenty of victories to hang on the Red and Blue Pole. This year's aggregations of players promise to be one of the best teams that Brookline has ever produced!

Difficult Schedule

The baseball team has begun its preparation for the difficult schedule which faces it. The nine has been practising hard on the Cypress St. playground for the last two weeks and Mr. Fitzgerald hopes to fashion a championship outfit from the large group of candidates. Last year's team was fairly strong in fielding, and, as the entire infield with the exception of the first baseman is returning this year, the inner defense of the 1928 club ought to be well-nigh impregnable. There are several promising candidates for the first base position including "Shack" Dexter of last year's second team; "Eddie" Lebowich, who transferred from Boston Latin School; and Stitt. Coach Fitzgerald says that the veteran infielders will have to work hard to keep their places, as the following athletes have been showing up very well in practice: "Al" Lewityzky, who played in several games last year as a substitute infielder and showed some ability with the stick; Max Dexter, another second team player of last year; and "Joe" Stranahan, first varsity substitute at shortstop and second base.

The pitching squad is improving everyday and for this reason, Mr. Fitzgerald expects that the best work of the team will be shown in the box. "Mickey" O'Neill, the former Huntington School athlete, is the "find" of the

(Continued on Page 3)

ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

On Tuesday, March 27, Sir Herbert Ames, a graduate of Amherst, addressed the student body on "The League of Nations." Sir Herbert illustrated his talk with a map of Europe.

He began his lecture by relating a small, though very important incident which took place about fourteen years ago. This incident was the assasination of the Austrian Crown Prince—the affair which started the war. Sir Herbert related the interesting events and battles of the Great War and what the outcome meant for all Europe. He spoke of the victorious Allies and the attitude taken be them towards the Central Powers. During the eight years following the war, Germany had a hard time to get a seat in the League of Nations. Brazil was the only obstacle to Germany's entering. Finally, however, Brazil complied with the general request of the League and the Central Powers were admitted. Sir Herbert stated that Germany's entrance

(Continued on Page 2)

FRESHMAN GIRLS ENTERTAIN AT LEAGUE MEETING

Yes, Friday the thirtieth was the big day! The freshmen came out in full bloom, and let loose their dormant talent with a bang. More girls than ever, were there, the Freshmen aiming to support their class, the Sophomores vowing not to go back on the League, the Juniors determined to be represented the best, the Seniors knowing better than to miss a thing that they had enjoyed for three or four years, and the new members refusing to stay away and to miss any more. And what a meeting it was!

It was brought to order at two-fifteen by Edith Greenleaf, who then called for the secretary's report. After this, the reports of the three executive board meetings were read. Miss Sawyer spoke of the pins, and dis-

(Continued on Page 2)

SPRING—WHO SAID SPRING?

Brr-r Warm houses, cozy fireplaces and fur coats are still appreciated. Boys with closed cars are still preferred to those with open ones. Nevertheless, we have found four signs of spring. First a few budding crocuses, (not in a hot house either). Second, a robin. Third, a pair of white shoes and a white hat on the same person. (We admit that the wearer was huddled into a fur coat at the same time). Last but not least, the malady prevalent at Brookline High. Yes, this

(Continued on Page 2)

ALPHA PI ASSEMBLY

Chandler Hagen-Burger Scholarship	4⅛
Total	9⅞
Francis Hall Scholarship	5⅜
Total	7⅞
Elliott Hurvitz Scholarship	10⅜
Total	13⅞
Gertrude Lakson Scholarship	13⅝
Total	18⅜
Rebert Levi Scholarship	7¼
Total	10⅞
Janice Levy Scholarship	3¾
Total	7
Josiah Lewis Scholarship	4
Total	17½
Ralph Shikes Scholarship	12⅞
Total	14¾
Geraldine Stearns Scholarship	7¾
Total	9¾

SPRING—WHO SAID SPRING

(Continued from Page 1)

herald of spring is surely with us. We scuff along the halls yawning when we should be smiling. We slouch into our chairs and take a wistful look at the clock. We get called on and force ourselves to our feet. We are asked who discovered America and we answer, "Yes." We go to sleep in History and hear singing. We join in, but are soon awakened by the laughing of the class (except for the teacher) and find we have an invitation to sleep from two to three in detention room for the next two weeks. We go to math. and argue that an angle is the name of a worm we fish with. We go absentmindedly into Latin and ask if Caesar is what we're supposed to do when the girl friend turns us down. We try to "kid" Mr. Taylor into thinking we were late because we thought it was Saturday. (we don't take Junior Math. either) We go to functions like the Junior and Senior Socials and step on the feet of a fair lady. We forget ourselves and say, "charmed," then wonder why she says, "Pardon me," when we ask her for another dance.

Finally we get despondent and hold a meeting to decide what the trouble is and what can be done about it. After long deliberation we agree that some little germ has affected us. We call our disease "Spring Fever" and decide to take a week off to recuperate, but just then a group of our mentors come in and say we can't blame our state of mind on the season, we've been this way all winter.

YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER

Oyez! Hear Ye! Oyez!
Hear! Hear!

In a wee, small voice Ye Crier cries this time. This is because he's still hoarse from "The Poor Nut."

* * *

No kidding—it was a wonderful show—wonderful crowd— wonderful music —wonderful lassies—wonderful all.

* * *

Doug Fairbanks says, "The Spirit is what counts and helps to overcome difficulties." Well it was **the** "spirit" that put spirit into "The Poor Nut"!

* * *

Methinks it was "Margie" who made us all "see red" when the Poor Nut failed to appreciate her. But her brilliance, not of costumes alone, finally **precipitated** matters and all ended right merrily.

* * *

Ye Crier wonders how longer "Julia" will take "long steps" now that rehearsals are all over.

* * *

Magpie seemed to realize the value of "mob psychology" in the second act.

* * *

Now honestly-peop-le-did you ever see such young people in college?

* * *

Now for a word of wisdow—Fear not, ye shall overcome all your problems by diligent study. Methinks we are not alone in the great battle of Time versus Knowledge, so buck up, fellow students, and the Future shall award our valorous attacks on Home Work.

* * *

Miss Lewis, our genial English teacher, not content with making her pupils stagger under the burden of Burke, now **allows** them to take three hour College Boards for **practice!**

* * *

Ye Crier doubts not that Hope and Polly have added 15 or 20 pounds in the last few days. That's the advantage of being in charge of the candy!

* * *

We often wonder who conceives the fiendish exercises now being done (or at least attempted) in gym periods.

* * *

We also wonder why all the members of the Dramatic cast were waiting in front of the Capitol on Sunday last before it even opened.

* * *

With a dance the night before—how can anyone enjoy (?) Mr. Taylor's Sat. Math Club?

* * *

Don't worry, folks—only two more months of school—Please don't throw that!

* * *

Seeing as how Ye Crier has a date and there isn't anything else to write anyway—Hear Ye! Oyez! Hear Ye! Ye are called upon to Hear! Hear!

DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page 1)

Hervey Armington could hardly be seen in back of his moustache, but you almost couldn't see anything at all when "Dick" Simmers as "Professor Deming" stood up. Herb Wilcox, due to the coaching of Mr. Hines made a wonderful coach.

Then Milton Finger was the starter at the meet. Most of the people were wondering who was the possesor of the booming voice in the second act. Poor Milt! He hasn't recovered his voice yet.

Daniel Rollins came in like a lion and went out like a lamb. He impersonated the disconsolate and jealous lover of Dorothy Gay, who is vanquished, stepped on by the "Nut."

Marjorie Norword, Helen Idell and Lucienne Wilkinson were the girls, and Charlie Dunker and Dick Werner were the boys at the fraternity dance. Everyone enjoyed Richard Robinson as the freshman. And a word for the Rooters. They did their cheering better than at any football game, but both sides showed enjoyment at one time together, and when the runners were just coming down the long (?) track, some were looking at the audience.

Also a final word to give thanks to Fred Janvrin, stage manager, and to William Dean, electrician.

GIRLS LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 1)

cussed the significance of each. A vote was taken and finally a pin selected. These will be made in the near future and given to those who want them. The president then turned the meeting over to Barbara Richey, the chairman of the freshmen committee.

Here the lights went off and gave way to the first feature on the program, which was a moving picture. Helen Wills gave us a fine illustration of "Better Tennis" in slow motion. Then what should appear on the screen, but our own girls engaged in a spectacular game of field hockey. After the grinning countenance of Hope Kelsey lit up the screen, there was a constant titter in the audience until the end of the reel. Anyway, it was an excellent starter for the best program of the year.

After this a series of famous pictures, advertisements, and charades was announced. I think the girls realized that the onlookers were hungry, because they gave a suggestion of Baker's Coca, Peanuts, Gum, Campbell's Soup, Quaker Oats, and Listerine in the advertisements. Anyway it kept up the hopes of all until they reached home.

The charades were interrupted in the middle, and the monotony was broken up by a talking contest. The rules were:

1. The entries must talk loud enough for the audience to hear them.

2. The entries must not use their hands while talking.

IN APPRECIATION

How essential to a smooth performance is the co-operation and efficiency of "the men behind the scenes" every producer of a play realizes profoundly. It is, therefore with gratitude and a happy pride in their achievement that we acknowledge the unvarying excellence of the work of Fred Janvrin as stage manager; of William Dean, in charge of lighting; of Charles Miller, manager of stage properties. Nor do we forget the tireless efforts of the corps of assistants who have demonstrated their ability to perpetuate the high standard of stage management already established.

The business manager of the Senior Social and of the Scholarship Dramatics has been most ably assumed by Richard Simmers and by Arthur Anderson for whose faithful and efficient service we are deeply grateful.

(Signed)
Celina H. Lewis
Louise Hannon

LEAGUE ORGANIZATION ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

into the League was one step further towards more friendly relationships with the war-torn countries of the Continent.

Sir Herbert concluded his address by stating that should we ever visit Geneva, the seat of the Society, we would find that the meetings of the League were held in a beautiful building, adorned with ornaments and flags from every corner of the world.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

(Continued from Page 1)

thy presence. For much scattered effort is a weariness to the soul and a stumbling block to weary fingeers.

"Thou shalt laugh—when it rains and wee, wooly ones muddy the floor; when it blows and doors bang, when little angels conceal their wings and wriggle, when Tommy spills ink and Mary flops a tray of trailing letters; when visitors appear at the precise moment when all small heads have forgotten everything you thought they knew. And again I say unto you, laugh, for upon all these commandments hangs all the law and the profits in thy schoolroom."

3. The entries must not use the same phrase more than twice.

4. The entries must talk more nonsense than sense.

Each class chose a girl to represent it. The Senior entry, (the grinning girl of the movies) had her hands tied in front of her before she began. The four participants all talked at once, and, needless to say the Senior representative won the contest.

The meeting was closed after a bit of "Tire Trouble", an "Our Gang Comedy, and while William is still on the roller-coaster this column must be brought to a close. Anyway we all admit, that the freshmen have talent.

SWIMMING TEAM WINS MEEHAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Front row (left to right)—Andrew Conway, Walter McTigue, John Rae captain, Ralph Fay, Martin Ford and Blaine Eynon. Back row—John Prendergast, Donald Broadbent, coach James MacNamara, John Horn, John Coutts. Insert shows Matthew Carroll of Worcester, who scored an upset by defeating Ford in the 50-yard freestyle.

NINE FACES DIFFICULT PROGRAM

(Continued from Page 1)

season. He has been hitting the ball to all the far corners of the park and beside this, has shown himself to be one of the best pitchers on the squad. Allan McDonnell, last year's first string pitcher, is in better form than ever, and seems to be headed for a successful season. In addition to these two, who will be Brookline's mainstays on the mound, there are at least three or four other pitchers who are good enough to face any league team. These latter include "Mel." Anshen, who has displayed a great deal of ability in his early workouts; "Dutchy" Hightman, the star southpaw; and several others.

The catching department did not suffer from graduation or other depleting causes, as it has two letter men, Capt. "Jimmer" Ryan and "Red" Flemming, in addition to two promising newcomers, Red" Roud, and "Dave" Shepiro.

Th outfield, with Henry Lynch the only letter man, has suffered the most from graduation, but there is a large number of ambitious aspirants for the vacant outfield posts. Among those who are trying for these berths in the outer garden are: Rinsworth, Buckley, "Luke" Lewis, varsity football end, "Sid" Finklestein, Harold Broudy, Herb Sovrensky and several others.

For those who are disappointed in their efforts to make the varsity nine, Mr. Hines and Mr. Fitzgerald will organize a second team. The schedule for this team has already been made and will be published in a subsequent issue of the SAGAMORE.

Of course, with this promising squad, Mr. Fitzgerald has high hopes of having a successful season in his debut at Brookline High, but he can't realize his hopes without the whole-hearted financial and personal help of the student body at large (this means boys **and** girls). The price of the season tickets is low enough for any person in the school who has the interest of his team and institution at heart. These season tickets at 50c (fifty cents) will admit the bearer to all nine of the home games. Any mathematically inclined student can figure from this that the price of admission to each game is approximately five cents, the one-twentieth part of a dollar. When you boys figure how much you spent on dramatics, you will welcome the opportunity to give your girl a real treat for Brookline will win most if not all of the games, at five cents per afternoon for nine afternoons. The tickets may be obtained from the home room representatives any time before the season begins.

In addition to the amazingly low cost of the tickets, the value received is extraordinary, a season ticket admits the bearer to the NEWTON game without any extra charge.

Now let's see some real school spirit and a large attendance at Brookline field, April 12, and every other game day thereafter, and Mr. Fitzgerald will surely turn out a team that will live former Brookline nines. The team and the school expect every student to do up to and surpass the standards of his duty. Come out and cheer, CHEER, CHEER!!!

NEWTON'S BASEBALL PROSPECTS

Although the Newton games are not the final ones on the baseball schedule, nevertheless the contests with the Orange and Black are the objective points in the Brookline season. In view of this fact your correspondent made a trip to Newton for the purpose of obtaining an idea of our arch-opponents' strength. Coach Sullivan of the Garden City outfit declared that Newton would turn out a team this season to battle through a very hard schedule, containing 18 games, of which ten are league games. Newton has five returning letter men, among whom are the following; Riley and Don Wilson, pitchers; Capt. De Mille, first base; Frank Spain, shortstop; and Warren, third base; Fletcher second baseman, was unable to make his letter last year because of ineligibility, but is back on the job this year. However, these are the only positions to which veterans are returning.

The leading candidates for the outfield berths are: Mullen, Scheinfein, Gatchell, and Bennett.

Phil Andres and Art Wilson, the former a brother of last year's catcher, are the leading aspirants to the position of catcher.

On paper Brookline seems to have the better outfit, but as always when Brookline and Newton get together in any sport, the fun is bound to fly. We wish good luck to Newton, but just a little better to Mr. Fitzgerald's nine.

In addition to league games, Newton will play the following teams; Malden, Lawrence, Cambridge Latin, Everett, Brockton, Waltham, Medford, and St. Mark's.

NATATORS TAKE MEEHAN TROPHY AT NINTH ANNUAL MEET

Scoring in each of the events on the program, the crack Brookline High School Swimming team ran away from the field in capturing the ninth annual Lt. George R. Meehan schoolboy swimming championships in the Brookline Pool last Saturday. Brookline netted a total of 28 points, more than double the total Boston English High had finishing second, all of which emphasizes the mastery of the outfit trained by Mr. McNamara.

It is the eighth time in nine championships that Brooklin had won the meet. Records were expected to go in the relay, breastroke, and backstroke and they did. Brookline furnished the major share of the new marks.

The Brookline High relay four, composed of Eynon, Rae, Fay and Ford swam the 640-foot course in 1 minute, 56 4-5 seconds which clips 1-5 of a second from the meet record held by a Brookline High team since the games were staged in the Brookline Pool four years ago. The Boston English High relay team finished second.

Jonny Rae of Brookline High, national interscholastic breaststroke champion and New England A.A.A.U. champion in the same kind of swimming, swam through the water to smash the 100 yard breaststroke record to smithereens. He swam it in 1 minute, 13 1-5 seconds, thus breaking his old mark of 1 minute, 20 seconds. The other record broken was in the backstroke, by Ted May of Derby Academy. He did 100 yards in 1 minute, 11 4-5 seconds.

Close Finish

Marty Ford was nearly a double winner for Brookline. He easily won the 200 yard free style swim, with his rival, Squires of Cambridge Latin eight seconds behind him. Shortly before this race, Marty Ford appeared in the fifty-yard sprint, and the battle he put up against Matthew Carroll of Worcester North had the onlookers up and yelling. The pair swam stroke for stroke, and it was thought that Marty tied his opponent at the finish. However, the judges, after a short conference, decided otherwise.

Outside of the dive and fifty-yard freestyle, the winning margins were rather emphatic until the final event, which was won by Fred Lee of Charlestown High. Gordon Connolly of Mechanic Arts came in a close second. The boys swam the 100-yards free style and the time was 1 minute 1 2-5 second.

Brookline High School wishes to thank Mr. McNamara heartly for his superb coaching of Brookline's swimming teams and we hope that he will be able to be as proud of his future natators he turns out as he is of this year's.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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EDUCATION THROUGHOUT LIFE

Time was, and it was not so very distant, when men were born, lived, and left the world knowing scarcely more of its nature than they did on their first day. A few traditions about the seasons: this superstition or that about the phases of the moon; brew this leaf and get a poison, that, and you may cure a fever; a few travelers' tales about the lands beyond the hills. Such crude ore of knowledge was all their treasure. The privilege of learning was reserved for the few, and even the elect, who were educated, filled their minds with superstition, incantations, and lore of half comprehended mysteries. In such a world the man with the strongest muscles had the largest house, the greatest herd. The wise man was, more often than not, a pensioner at the strong man's board.

The coming of science changed all that. Very, very slowly, against inertia, against hostility, against fear, science made its first headway. Through the scientific method, men have learned the history of their kind. We are no longer half-demon, half-angel beings. Still groping we begin to understand from what we have come, what vestiges of past forms we still carry with us, what the world holds in store for us, and the changes we are making in the world.

Now all this means that the old idea of education, of learning, as something to be compressed within a few years of life, before the real business of living is undertaken, must be abandoned. Wise men all over the world are saying that education must be recast, revised. The enormous body of knowledge, to which new facts are

(Continued on Page 6)

LUNCHROOM TRAYS

As we look at it, there are two types of editorials: the one that is destructive in purport, the other that is constructive. We have been told time and time again that destructive writing is to be abhorred, and yet, at times no other recourse is offered. Whether the following be destructive (because it is written for the betterment of the school), does not matter. The work it does, the good it achieves, are the only factors that count.

Of late an extremely dilatory habit has been gripping the users of the lunch-room. A habit of leaving trays on the tables is being formed, which if not stamped out at once, is likely to grow infinitely worse. Trays left on the tables papers and candy wrappers thrown carelessly on the floor, disorderly conduct in the lines, these after all, are not evidences of a spirit of helpfulness. It is so little bother to take a tray back to the counter at the side, so little bother to pick up a stray piece of paper, that no one should brand himself by forgetting these small duties.

One point that should be stressed is that it is not the Freshmen or those who have been in the school but a short time who are guilty of these faults. It is the ones who have spent three and four years in the school, who are most thoroughly acquainted with the rules, who are to blame.

There is only one way to remedy this situation. That is, to get everyone to help. If something hard were asked, there would be a dozen ready to assist; so when this is asked, surely no one should fail to respond. If everyone would take care of **his** tray, of **his** papers, and make sure that the space **he** has occupied is left neat and clean for the next comer our lunch-room would be a comfortable place in which to eat.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE RED, RED ROSE

By Celepin Luis Femando

Santone was bathed in a murky fog. It was hanging like a shroud from the corner of the Custom Building, making a wraith of every passer, and mourners of the silent shadows that watched from latticed windows. It was vile, embarrassing, vivid, blind, repelling, coercing; oh—a fog of fogs.

Thus begins the story of Don Rila and the red, red rose. An extremely brief history, colorful as the flower that is its prop, the **deus ex machina** to which Don Rila brings his life. With this meagre introduction," you pays your money, and you takes your choice."

* * *

T. Boyle Reilly, gentleman-adventurer, stepped reflectively ashore from the bobbing pilot boat, flicked a handful of coins to the hyfried crew, and, setting his brogan gently on the carpet of pure golden sand, gazed around at the view of Punta Flores presented from the sea. He stood so for ten seconds, then like a homing pigeon he headed straight for the Royal Dutch Saloon. This feat takes on a more remarkable aspect when the fact is brought to light that it was the eminent Mr. Reilly's first visit to Punto Flores. But more of that anon. Leaning comfortably against the bar, he discoursed volubly with Heinrich, the bromo-seltzer behind the counter. Heinrich was a reticent soul, not eager for conversation with a stranger, even in so cosmopolitan a place as Punta Flores, but Reilly's winning personality was not to be denied. He leaned impressively upon the bar, his elbow flirting dangerously with half-a-dozen glasses, and enquired as to the general buisiness conditions in Punta. After a time the talk became personal. Heinrich suggested in a mellow calliope somewhat like the gentle patter of a rivetting machine:

"Where did you live?"

"Santone. And let me tell you, it's one peach of a town. Nothing like it in the world. Why, they mix you a drink there that—"

"Den vhy did you come here?"

"It was that damned fog," said Reilly, bringing down his fist on the bar." It got so last week that I couldn't stand it; I don't like fogs. They let you see too little of what goes on."

"I never see a fog," said Heinrich.

"By golly, you haven't missed much. But why should I stand shilly—shallyin' with you . . . no offense, mind. Is there a hotel in town?"

"The New World is there." Heinrich pointed a heavy finger out the door.

"Then I'm going, there," said Reilly, grinning.

"I want a room," he vociferated loudly, having arrived. "I want a room and . . . oh, that makes a difference." This to the clerk, a smiling, fresh-faced sénorita. "A peacherino," whispered Reilly to himself.

"José!" called the girl. A languid youth detached himself from a wooden bench, and strolled forward, a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. Take the sénor to el numero treinta. Quick!"

"Who is that girl?" queried Reilly softly. The boy started. "Here," said the voyager. A coin passed hands. "Now who is that girl?"

"La Sénorita Josita re Catalfaca Rosario del Puntador."

"Yes?" Reilly seemed impressed. "What does she do when she isn't memorizing her name? However, maybe it won't be that long.

Within the space of the following week Reilly had fallen completely and tempestuously in love, and with the true ardor of his race, was pursuing a hard and open courtship. The girl was not averse, or so it seemed. Affairs were advancing in a thoroughly promising manner. One evening as T. Boyle was stretching out on the verandah, Josita came running to him with pain and agitation in her eyes.

"Sénor!" she cried. "Sénor Rila! May I speak to you a moment? Just a short time."

"Sit down, child," said Reilly softly, "and ease your heart. Come now. If I can help, you ask me, that's all."

"But it is too much—"

"Nonsense. It can't be too much. I do it for you, see?

"It is my father—you know he is imprison' by the government because he led a revolt. They want to shoot him tomorrow; but he fool them. He escape tonight—if you help."

"If I help?"

"Oh, you are the only one I can trust. They are all spies—in league with the government. But you!"

"I see," murmured Reilly. "You want me to help your father escape. Right. But how do we do it?"

"You see. It is all arranged. Pablo brought a message this afternoon from him. If you pass by the west wall at twelve o'clock and throw over a rope, he will climb up and escape. It is all arranged."

"I know. I see that part of it," Reilly said. "But how will he get out of the cell? I can't help him there."

"No," she cried. "He has bribed a guard who is friendly, for his price. He will leave the cell door open. But he will not help at the wall. He is cowardly. Oh, Sénor, you are so brave, so strong! . . . I think . . . I think I would do anything for the man who saved my father."

(Continued on Next Page)

THE RED, RED ROSE

(Continued from Page 4)

"I'll save him; I mean, I'll be at the wall. Have you the rope?"

"I shall leave it in your room, behind the door."

Reilly thought a moment. "Josita," he whispered "Josita, have you a token to give me, a luck charm?"

Josita blushed. "I . . . don't know. But, here! . . . take this rose. It is red, red like my father's blood tomorrow, unless you save him." She rose and went inside, leaving Reilly on the porch, fingering a red, red rose.

And so it happened that at the dead of night, Reilly was throwing a rope over the west wall of the government prison, making fast the outside end to a tree. He looked up and down the street. Not a soul stirred in the night. It was black, and still, an awfull stillness that seemed to shriek aloud. A riotous, noisy stillness! It made Reilly nervous. Overhead he could hear the steady, measured pacing of the guard on the prison wall twenty feet overhead. Fourteen steps up—fourteen down. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Quiet, Tramp! When was the prisoner coming? It was late Tramp! Tramp! Twelve o'clock Tramp! Tramp!

The guard was at the farther end of the wall, when something stirred on the wall above, making a light, slittery noise. The rope lay in a groove over the wall when the somnolent guard would not notice it, but this "something" had found that groove, was sliding down it. Reilly grasped the rope, ready to hand it away the moment the man reached the ground; he was resolved no trace of the escape should be left. The girl's father was down beside Reilly now. Together they pulled the rope; quickly, less the guard should hear, or suspect something. It made a raw rasping noise. The guard stopped his tread. He listened. Then suddenly called for the corporal.

Sénor Puntador whispered to Reilly, "Let the rope go. For your life run!"

The first movement on the ground caught the eye of the soldier on the wall. Leveling his rifle to his shoulder, he pulled the trigger once; again. The night was filled with shouts, and the clamour of running men. Hoarse commands were being given. Rifles and revolvers were cutting the night air with their bullets.

Reilly and his companion of the moment were legging it down a street, unlit, roughly paved, when one of the shots took effect. Sénor Puntador gave a little cough and sank down.

"Where are you hurt, man?" cried Reilly. There was no answer. Reilly picked up the limp body, and carried on. But the pursuers were gaining now. Reilly could here their bullets going past him with a zing! He shifted his grip. He had a revolver, too. He wouldn't run to be shot in the back. He set the body down, turned to fire into the ranks of his pursuers, and sank to the ground without a sound.

When the soldiery arrived, barefooted, in shirt-sleeves and loosely-hanging duck trousers they found but two dead men. Two inanimate beings. They carried their dead away.

And so, every Sunday, when a beautiful, young girl dressed in black goes to the cemetery, one will find, if he watches, that she passes beside two graves; over one she weeps copiously, sinking down on her knees to press the all-enveloping earth with her hands, as if trying to make it give up its burden. On the other she lays a red, red rose. Thus do they remember the dead in Punta Flores.

The End

ALUMNI NOTES

The graduates of Brookline High have become successes in various professions. Music seems to have appealed to many. Among our illustrious alumni in the musical realm we find the following names:—

Maurice Goudey '25, the saxophone virtuoso of his class, is now leading the Barbary Coast Orchestra at Dartmouth, which was featured in the musical comedy production "The Green Peach", presented at the 1928 Winter Carnival.

Charles Gaynor '25 was co-author and composer of the "Green Peach", the musical comedy success of the carnival at Hanover this year.

John O'Sullivan '25 took one of the major leads in "The Green Peach."

"Jack" Coerne, the banjo artist "par excellence" of the class '27, played with his well-known "Isle O'Rythm" orchestra at the Pi Lambda Phi fraternity house during the carnival. "Jack" Coerne is also attending B. U.

"Jack" Calderwood, ex '25, is also at B. U., where he is managing the "Isle O' Rythm" music. He is managing under "Jack" Coerne.

At Tech we find "Eddie" Kingsley '24, who is playing with the "Tech Night Hawks." This orchestra was organized by Walter Hammet '27, who is continuing his musical activities at New Hampton Prep.

We are always glad to see our Alumni members. At the performances of "The Poor Nut", many were present. Among those were: Barbara Hall '27, Charles Gutman '27, Maurice Bernstein '27, Barbara and Dorothy Rollins, Irene Jewett, and Henry Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow is a Sophomore at Tufts.

Miss Christina Finlayson '26, a senior at the Lasell Seminary, is the leader of the Girls' Glee Club there.

Among the B.H.S. students at Boston University is Miss Ruth Knapp '27.

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Here is a picture taken last Summer at the Boston Council Boy Scout Camp in Lakeville, Mass. Are you in it? It is a real picture of real "fellers" who are planning to give you a good time at the Big Scout Exposition April 27th & 28th in the Brookline Town Hall.

WILL YOU be there? Sure! So will many other fellers from Brookline High School and girls too. The Aero Club will have a model air port. Troop Fifteen will have an Indian Camp. There will be a band concert, vaudeville, contests, refreshments, good stuff to eat and plenty to see, and more to hear.

George Mason and his gang have some real stuff they're going to pull off. It's not going to be just one of these ordinary jamborees but a real live, wide-awake, moving show that you shouldn't miss.

Loon Pond Camp will have their booth too. Camping, Radio, Aviation, Archery, Ship modelling, woodcraft, Indian Lore, Nature Study, all the Out-door and Indoor Sports you ever heard of.

EDUCATION THROUGHOUT LIFE

(Continued from Page 4)

being added every day, is so great that no man alive can dream of compassing half of it. Further, the minds of the very young and the adolescent are not mature enough to cope with it in wider phases. In this new world we shall all have to educate ourselves throughout our lives! But in return we are promised a fullness of experience for which our forefathers never dared hope.

IN MEMORIAM

Katherine Schick, '31; died March 20, 1928

A tiny leaf upon a tree,
That, withered, floated far away;
We know not when, we cannot see,
But only wish 'twere here today.

A ship is launched to breast the tide
Of rising human minds' unrest,
A ship of soul that doth confide
What she hath done, and leaves the rest
A rose that blushed unseen within
A garden made of roses' fate,
The flower's gone, the light grows thin,
And all that space lies desolate.

Be calm, O tides! Be still, ye winds!
Be peaceful thou, O storm-swept sea!
While in my heart this refrain dins:
"The soul that was is yet to be."

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Toutes les fleurs riches en miel.

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Dit cette bonne conseillère,
Qui voltige entre terre et ciel.

A qui est due l'Invention de l'Antenne?

L' antenne permet de recevoir des stations à grande distance avec des postes de réception relativement simples. Son invention est due à Alexandre Popov. Ce professeur est né en 1859, dans l'Oural; il fut directeur d'institut électrotechnique en Russie jusqu'à l'époque de sa mort, en 1905.

Il réussit à effectuer une transmission par sans fil, à une distance de quarante mètres, en 1895. C'était, à l'époque, un véritable record, mais Popov n'avait fait que perfectionner les résultats atteints par Branly. Par contre, une invention originale qui est bien à lui est celle de l'antenne.

Il y a deux ans, on a fêté en Russie le trentenaire des expériences faites par Popov et, à cette occasion, le gouvernement a fait imprimer deux timbres-poste de sept et quatorze kopecks avec la mention en espéanto: (Inventisto de Radio-Popov.)

Les Annales

La femme—Tu as invité des Américains à dîner? Ce que nous allons être humiliés!

Le mari—Pourquoi? le dîner sera mauvais?

La femme—Non . . . mais eux qui habitent la Cinquième Avenue . . . notre maison n' a que trois étages.

LIBRARY LINES

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Harper—Siberian Gold

A good story of adventure while mining in Siberia.

Tomlinson—Galleon's Reach

A find sea tale

Phillips and Johnson—Types of Modern Dramatic Composition; an anthology of one-act plays with an introductory essay on the one-act play by George Pierve Baker.

Dobson—Poems

Firkins—Index to Plays

Blanchard and Fancher

(1) Cours de géographie, l'Europe et les grands pays du monde.

(2) Cours de géographie, la France et ses colonies.

Ferris—Girls Who Did

Stories of real girls and their careers.

Galloudec and Maurette

Cours de géographie, cours moyen

Yonge—Book of Golden Deeds

Adams and McCarrick—Holidays and Holidays

Muir—Putnam's Historical Atlas—Medieval and Modern

Raymond—**Story Lives of** Master Writers.

During this month Miss Abbott will be with us a sort of assisant assistant She was last year in Omaka, Nebraska and expects to spend next year in Gerard College, Philadelphia. Miss Abott is a Senior at Simmons.

L'hôtelier—Comment? vous inscrivez cet Americain sur la liste des étrangers?

L'employer—Dame . . .

L'hôtelier—Apprenez que ceux de l' "American Legion" sont pour nous des frères et non des étrangers.

Un père francais a son fils—Regarde, mon petit. . . tous ces bateaux qui nous amènent l'American Legion" Fayette.

. . .L' ocean, c' est veritablement aujourd hui, la rue La

—Vous avez vu, on va fonder une ligue pour prêcher le silence. . .

—On ne va parler aue de ca cet été!

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In the Cause of Style

"I hear that women can bear pain better than men."

"Who told you, your doctor,"

"No, my shoemaker!"—Stray Stories.

"And is there any instrument that you play?" asked the woman who was pressing her guests into service to provide entertainment.

"Not away from home," Jenkins replied.

"Oh, that's queer. What do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle."

A campaign is to be launched against cigarette smoking by women. Success is assured if the organizers can convince women smokers that the habit is unmanly.

Had Already Sowed

The old swindler had been caught in the end, and now he sat in prison making sacks.

The amiable visitor approached him and said:

"What are you doing, my man—sewing?"

"No," was the reply, "reaping."—Tit-Bits, London

"Expect-More-Snow" Was the Old Almanac Said This Year

The old-fashioned almanacs used to be mighty accurate at that. They used to say—beginning opposite Jan. 1 and continuing down the page to Jan 31—

"About
this
time
look
out
for
snow."

—and it was a highly unusual Winter when they didn't hit it right—Hartford Courant.

No Rooster

Once a city man out of work had "hired out" to a farmer. At four o'clock in the morning the newly employed hired man was called to breakfast. A few minutes later the old farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road.

"Say! Come back and eat breakfast 'fore you go to work!" he yelled after him.

"I ain't going to work," the man called back. "I'm going to find a place where I can stay all night."

Unanimous

On the day following the first night of his play, a young author met one of his friends with whom he conversed on the subject of a very bad notice he had received from one critic. "O, don't mind that man," said his friend by way of consolation. "He doesn't think for himself. He only says what everyone else is saying."—Vancouver Province.

Industrial Boom

A wealthy auto tourist lost his pedigreed dog while stopping in a small town. He inserted a lost ad in the newspaper, offering a reward of $100.

The next day he went to the office to inquire, but no one was to be found except a decrepit janitor.

"Where in thunder is the newspaper force?" asked the tourist impatiently.

"They're all out," the old man replied, "tryin' ter find yer dog."—Judge.

All Over

George (nervously)—I'd like, the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you; but I don't know how to propose.

Kitty (promptly and practically)—That's all right, George! You've finished with me; now go to father.—Tit-Bits, London.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 13 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 27, 1928 TEN CENTS

TRACK TEAM TO PARTICIPATE IN INTERSCHOLASTICS

The outdoor track team prospects this year are particularly encouraging. From the looks of things, Mr. Hines is going to produce another championship team for Brookline. Our sprinters, shot putters and high jumpers will have to be good, to weather the difficult schedule ahead, since Brookline is taking part in a number of interscholastic meets.

Brookline has only one dual meet ahead; that being with Newton High School on May 10th, at Boston College. It will be impossible for Brookline to meet Worcester Academy this year because this meet falls on May 5th, the same day as the Harvard Interscholastics. Brookline is also trying to enter the Yale and Brown schoolboy championships which will occur near the close of May.

Those out for places on the relay team are: Capt. Eugene "Red" Record, Dick Werner, Irving Rogers, John Badaracco, Chandler Hagen-Burger and Ed Beck. The shot put will feature Harry Fink and Hugh Redmond. Harry did some good shot putting during the indoor track season. The aspirants for the high jump are Dave Barrie, Winchester Dermody, P. Racheotes and A. Prince. John Jewett and Irving Rogers will run in the 880 while Capt. Record, R. Werner and D. Smith will endeavor to shatter all records in the 440. J. Badaracco, S. Bogoshian and A. LoCacio will com-

(Continued on Page 5)

GIRLS DANCING CLASS CELEBRATES LAST MEETING

The girls' dancing class celebrated its last meeting on April 12 with a party.

Florence Dawson, Natalie Mallard, Martha Dodge, Ethel Stronach and Adeline Kirk opened the program with "Swanee," a negro clog dance. Dressed as elderly farmers, Mary and Ruth Blackwood, Frances Keyes and Estelle Bernhardt clogged "Old Man." Helene and Yvonne Vigeant, Florence Dawson, Christina Ross, Elizabeth Miller and Lillian Ziman, dressed in rompers did a most amusing dance called "Riggady-zig." Helen Dawson and Jean Morrison clogged, and were followed by Dorothy and Sylvia Lewenberg who danced a waltz and a fox-trot. Charlotte Hellman did a little original of her own and then Margaret Robinson, Ethel Saks, Helen Dawson, Rebecca Brodsky, May Sharp, Jean Morrison, Irma Carp, Evelyn Landers and Lillian Wexler, a most graceful group, danced "Greeting."

Refreshments were served and the party ended at four.

TO A SERVICE FLAG

In dim seclusion see it rest
Where many a youth crams for a test.
Its bloody border's scarcely seen
Its white is dusty; stars between
Are counted only by some guest

Who sees above the window crest
The names of ancient men impressed
There Homer, Horace, Virgil seem
In dim seclusion.

The boys whose deeds the stars attest
Once thought those hoary heroes' quest
Quite dull because they long had been
Stretched in the graves the muse keeps green
So we hang service flags, at best
In dim seclusion.

Chester M. Downing

Printed by request of the Teacher-Student Council.

SAFETY

On Tuesday, April third, Chief Rutherford of the Brookline police department addressed the student body on safety. He stated that in the year 1927 one hundred fifty-three boys and sixty-six girls of Massachusetts were injured, but Brookline boasts of a record of not one boy or girl killed by an automobile during that year. The Chief explained that more officers to direct traffic are not needed, but greater care on the part of the children

Mr. Rutherford gave five commandments for the pedestrian which dealt mainly with street crossing. He also gave five commandments for the motorist or driver, which dealt with looking out for children, giving pedestrians a chance, studying traffic rules, and keeping the car in order. The police are the guardians of the public and have to take care of all the intricate roads and highways to protect America's citizens and visitors. One of the thorns in the traffic protector's side is the careless jay-walker. If this type of person could be put under control, it would lessen the fatalities enormously. Other pricklers are bicycles, roller skates, boys who hang onto trucks and teams, and, the playing of games such as baseball or football on the street where one is so intent on the ball that he doesn't notice oncoming vehicles. Another warning is not to take friends in one's car, because if there is an accident in which this friend is injured, he is likely to sue the owner of the car.

Chief Rutherford told of how juvenile criminalism has been cut down more than one half in the last ten

(Continued on Page 3)

Senior Prom, Outstanding Event of Social Season, Next Week

HIGHLIGHTS ON ONE OF OUR BEST ASSEMBLIES

The school was very fortunate recently hearing Mr. Cameron Beck, "friend of high school boys and girls," and personnel director in a New York Stock Exchange. He is a vivid and realistic speaker holding your interest from the beginning through a very magnetic personality. Below are the main points of his speech.

I. "God help America if we cannot look to these young folks of today for the people of tomorrow."

II. "What you are to be you are now becoming."

III. "What is your work? What is your worth? What impressions do you give to your community?"

IV. "Would you work from 8 o'clock in the morning to 10 o'clock at night for 3 dollars a week? Our speaker did.

V. "Come up through the crowd! Be a somebody! For the bottom is the only place that is crowded.

VI. "Promotion takes **your** work and **your** ability and not George's (I am going to let George do it.)

VII. "What is the trade mark you are stamping on your life?"

VIII. "Who is the hardest person you have to deal with?" The Guy you can't tell anything."

IX. Keep the name that is yours unspotted and unspoiled. Remember that this is all that youth has to offer to the world when he is looking for a beginning.

X. "Carry On."

MONTHLY TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

The monthly Teacher-Student Council meeting held Tuesday, April 10th was devoted primarily to the interests of the marshals. Mr. Packard, chairman, read a list of previously made marshal rules which the Council decided to put into pamphlet form and distribute to every marshal. The majority of the laws concerned the duties of a marshal, but the most important one urged every marshal to be independent and representative of a good scholar.

Mr. Packard then emphasized how essential it is for the marshals to feel unrestricted in keeping order in classrooms and corridors, and how necessary it is for them to act as examples for all other students at school.

The Council decided to use the first assembly after vacation to tell the rest of Brookline High School about the achievements and improvements in the daily routene which have been made by the Teacher-Student Council.

COMMITTEE PROMISES NEVER-SUCH-ANOTHER DANCE FOR 1928

The annual Senior prom, the outstanding social event of the season at B. H. S. is to be held in Shailer Hall next Friday evening, May fourth. After every Senior dance there has always been somebody to say that it was the best one ever given. Accordingly each successive class must strive to surpass its predecessors. The approaching dance is going to set 'em up. Those in charge have promised that.

The chairman of the dance committee is Hope Kelsey, and assisting her are: Charles Richardson, Lucienne Wilkinson, Daniel Rollins, Jessamine Sherbert, Charles Dunker, Marion Lyons, Fred Blanchard, and Ted Cook ex-officer. The faculty advisors are: Miss Gambrill, Miss Ricker, Mr. Newmeister, and Mr. Whittemore.

In the preliminary arrangements for a dance, perhaps the most important step in the selection of the orchestra.

(Continued on Page 3)

BROOKLINE LOSES FIRST SUBURBAN LEAGUE GAME

The Somerville High baseball team, with "Al" Blanche pitching, took Brookline's measure at Dilboy Field, Somerville, last Saturday, in Brookline's first Suburban League contest. The score was eleven to three but the teams were much more evenly matched than the one-sided score indicates. Both pitchers, O'Neil for Brookline and Blanche for the home town, were very wild, owing, no doubt, to the extremely cold weather. O'Neil gave nine bases on balls, while Blanche passed eight and hit three. Blanche, who is regarded as one of the best pitchers in the Suburban League, struck out no less than eleven Brookline batters. Stranahan and Wilson led the Brookline team at the bat; the former getting three hits out of five and Wilson hiting two safeties for an average of 400 per cent.

Henry Lynch flied out to Capt. Donovan of Somerville for the first out of the game. Pat Cannon drew a base on balls but was thrown out at the home plate. Stranahan was caught napping off second and was tagged for the third out. In the second half of the first, two errors by Cannon and one by Ryan, allowed Donovan to score. During the second inning, the home town scored four runs on two passes, a sacrifice bunt,

(Continued on Page 5)

BROOKLINE DEFEATS COMMERCE

On April 17 at the Cypress Street playground, Brookline defeated Commerce by the score of five to four and won its first baseball victory of the season. "Dutchy" Heitman, the Brookline twirler, pitcher a fine game and deserved to win.

In the first inning Brookline started off on the wrong foot, and Commerce got away to a one-run lead. To start the inning, Desmond was walked. He went to second on a passed ball, and came all the way home as Ryan, in an attempt to get him going down to second, threw wildly. In Brookline's half of the inning Lynch, the lead-off man, was safe on an error by the Commerce third baseman. He stole second, and advanced to third on a wild pitch. As Price, the Commerce pitcher, tried to catch him napping at third, he threw the ball over the third-baseman's head and Lynch came home with Brookline's first run of the game.

Neither team was able to score in the second inning, but in the third, Haney of Commerce led off with a pass. Mcmullen sacrificed and he scored on McAvoy's double to right center. In Brookline's half of the third Lewitsky, reached first on an error. When Nyhan singled he went to third and came home on another wild pitch by Price.

Commerce did not score in their half of the fourth, but in Brookline's half Sovrensky led off with a clean single. He stole second and went to third as Lebowich grounded out. He scored when Ryan hit a scorching grounder at the second baseman who did not have time to peg it home.

After the fourth inning the pitchers became much more stingy with the hits and there were no more runs until the first half of the seventh when Desmond doubled Conroy sacrificed him to third and he scored as Haney grounded out.

In Brookline's half of the eighth, Wilson was safe on an error. He stole second and scored when Lebowich hit a terrific double. Lebowich went to third on the throw-in. Dexter was then sent in to run for Lebowich and he came across the plate on Ryan's single.

In the ninth Commerce gave Brookline quite a scare. Galagher got two bases on Dexter's error. Price singled and Galagher scored. Brookline now was certainly in a critical postion, but Dexter, redeeming himself for his error, made a beautiful play on a line drive off Desmond's bat and after spearing the ball touched first base doubling up Price.

Q—Who was Shakespeare?

A—The fellow who wrote "The Merchant of Othello."

* * *

The Old Alibi—Well you see dear, it was like this—.

"R" COLYUM

One should not let one's stomach interfere with one's studies.

* * *

Only yesterday, a boy in one of Miss Allen's classes refused to read anything by Charles Lamb or What's-his-name Bacon.

* * *

He excused himself on the grounds that he was a vegetarian.

* * *

After he said this, though, the other students gave him the cold shoulder.

* * *

Our idea of the Pathetic Case is the guy who flunked his college entrance exams for B. U.

* * *

One fellow, after looking at the math college boards, decided to commit suicide by jumping into the river.

* * *

He stopped just in time though—he remembered he couldn't swim.

* * *

The other day, Miss Hannon asked a girl what the military organizations of America were. The girl said that they were the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the Boy Scouts.

* * *

Why leave out the camp fire girls?

* * *

Definition of a worm—A caterpillar with shocking morals what lost his hide by playing a rotten game of strip poker.

* * *

Famous Retort—Sure I did my homework, Mr. Taylor.

* * *

Did you ever hear this one?—I'm not arguing, dear, but why did you trump my ace?

* * *

This was heard in the corrider outside Shailer Hall. Soph—Would you like to join the Honorary Society? Frosh—I dunno,—guess I'd rather join the navy.

* * *

Our idea of the height of politeness is the fellow who walked into one of Mr. Snow's classes wearing earmuffs on his feet so that his classmates couldn't hear his arches falling.

* * *

When in spring time, a youth's thoughts turn to—but oh shucks, they turn there in winter and in every other season too.

* * *

He was so dumb that he thought No Man's Land was a woman's gym.

* * *

Our idea of a fellow who can go to the dogs and still be successful—A dog trainer.

* * *

Below are some of the answers given in reply to some questions in an intelligence test.

Q—What is the largest city in Ohio?

A—Detroit.

* * *

Q—Who discovered the Pacific?

A—The natives who lived along the shore.

TENNIS TEAM

Tennis practice will start immediately after vacation at the Dean Road Playground. The courts will be reserved for the B. H. S. team on Tuesday and Friday afternoons.

Brookline is one of the teams in the newly formed Suburban Tennis League, which includes, Newton, Malden, Somerville, Everett, Cambridge Latin, Lynn Classical, and Quincy. The first league match for Brookline is with Quincy at the latter's grounds on May 8th.

Capt. "Club" Blanchard and Dick Simmers are the only letter men returning from last year's team, which set up an enviable record of 8 wins and 3 losses. However, Ted Hannon and Flaherty, who took part in several matches last year, are available this year and, with the letter men, should form the nucleus of a successful team.

Mr. Nash, the coach, hopes to see a large number of boys trying for places on the team and he says that every boy will be given equal opportunity during the elimination matches which decide the makeup of the squad.

The complete schedule will appear in a later issue of the Sagamore.

Can You Answer These?

Ye Crier wants to know:—

1. Why is a Freshman?
2. Why are homelessons?
3. Why have gym?
4. Why go to school?
5. Why are blondes?
6. Why?
7. Why are brunettes?

1. Because he doesn't know any better. (That isn't really the answer but that's the way it seems)

2. Because teachers like to see us sweat. Because they don't want us to go out nights. Because they are getting paid to give them to us (big reason)

3. Because we don't have enough work in school and must have some way to keep awake.

4. Because in the winter it is cold at home and it is warm at school. Sis is studying music and we can't sleep at home while school is nice and quiet.

5. That's just what I'd like to know. There must be a reason. But what would I do without blondes?

6. Ah—there's the question. That's it—why indeed?

7. As I'm not a gentleman maybe I'd fit with brunettes so why not have them?

Library Lines—New Books We have In This Month.

"The Adventures Of Tom's Lawyer"—Mark Twain

"Thousand And One Arabian Tights"—author unknown.

"The Fertilization of Edward's Rocks"—Jim Bok

Mopy Dick—Melville

The Call Of The Child—Jack London.

The Three Musket's Ears—Dumas.

The Covered Wagon—Old Ford

Beau's Vest—Wren

Ye Olde School Crier

'Tar Ye, 'Ear Ye

Our olde friend "Fred" Janvrin always was lucky—now he's even got tennis permit no 13!

* * *

We notice that the well-known "golf bug" bit several of our lads during vacation week.

* * *

Ye Crier remembers that just before and after dramatics the posters disappeared—now even so early the Senior Dance posters are growing less in number.

* * *

Judging by the way Fred Blanchard (far-famed for his neckties) was slamming a little white ball at Dean road, the tennis team is in for a good year.

* * *

Our "Red Dot" comes into his own this month and next with many track meets lined up.

* * *

Miss Parker proved to be a "brick" at the recent Dramatics party.

* * *

A goodly time was had by about 75 of the chosen few who came.

* * *

Ye Crier has witnessed wild scenes in the lunchroom but none to compare with the rush at the party.

* * *

Ye Crier will let you in on a deep secret—Miss Poland can eat **more** ice cream than Miss Pease.

* * *

Poor Arthur **only** has 3 dishes of ice cream while Bob had 4, thanks to Miss Poland.

* * *

After the Tuesday assembly Ye Crier comes to the conclusion that the Freshmen aren't so dumb after all. Any fellow who has got the nerve to stand up there and really say what he thinks as well as the President of Ye Freshman Class did is not soe dumme.

* * *

If you notice some of our lads going around the school with arms in slings or on crutches be not alarmed—they have just come back from gym.

* * *

Sad is the plight of the lassie who finds that her picture is to be taken for the Year Book and has chosen that day to wear her gym costume.

* * *

Think of it—Ye bashful lads who crave some fair lassie's picture—for the unprincely sum of 1 shekel—cash or otherwise—you may have any picture you wish.

* * *

Also Ye maidens fair who have long admired "Gene" or "Dan" from afar (or otherwise) have a chance now to carry their memory thru life.

* * *

And all for one dollar!

* * *

College Boards to the right of us—College Boards to the left of us—Such a life—No sooner done with Burke than demons in the form of College Board pop up before the poor downtrodden stude.

* * *

I'll be seein' yuh

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

I say Hear Ye Alle!

SENIOR PROM NEXT FRIDAY EVENING

DRAMATICS CAST HOLDS PARTY

Who said Friday the 13th was an unlucky day? Well, a certain group of persons express quite different opinions on the subject. The lucky people were entertained by the Art Department on said unlucky date by a novel function, the first of its kind in B.H.S. These personages were the members of the cast of our recent theatrical production; the pretty confection and posy lasses; those gallant and courteous sirs who conducted you to your places; and the "Johnny-on-the-spot" shifters of the scenes. Shailer Hall for the Terpsichorean enthusiasts and the lunchroom for the masticators. From 4 till 6:30 the sax wailed and the Poor Nut proved that he was as learned in the science of syncopation as in the science of algae. After the ball was over, the merry crowd was served (or rather helped themselves) to a very dee-licious meal. At 8 o'clock, much to the regret of all, this novel party came to a close. Miss Parker expressed a few words of appreciation for the earnest co-operation of the pupils in helping make this affair a success.

SAFETY

(Continued from Page 1)

years. In 1917 Brookline had two hundred and fifty-one cases. This number was reduced to one hundred and nine in 1927, thirty less than the previous year. What is mainly necessary to cut down the number of accidents of any kind is the co-operation of the public with the police department. When this is fully obtained accidents will be diminished as rapidly as the juvenile criminal cases of Brookline.

BASEBALL

Baseball is here, ahoy, ahoy,
Herald it in with joy, with joy,
Buy a ticket and come along,
Do it now; you can't go wrong,
Watch the boys beat antagonists old,
(They've uniforms new, so I've been told,)
A lusty bat they're going to wield,
Their work will be excellent in the field,
Our basemen three, and battery two,
Are going to put some fine work through.
Don't wait to buy tickets at the gate,
When one right here's forty-two and eight.

SNAPPY MUSIC!

(Continued from Page 1)

The committee, after consideration of bids from several orchestras of good repute, has secured the well-known college team, "Isle O'Rhythm Music." It's their first-string band too! If anyone has any doubt as to the acceptability of this orchestra, he need only recall the smart band at Dramatics—well that was only the second-string team of "Isle O'Rhythm."

Next in order of importance comes the arrangement of the program. There will be sixteen dances, not the blatant jazz type, but syncopating and rhythmic. The dance orders are nifty and may be obtained upon showing a ticket at the box-office two days before the dance.

The Senior Dance is given by the Seniors, but it is not for Seniors exclusively; everyone is invited. Admission costs two dollars, couple or otherwise, case in advance. So the best is to bring your lady friend, (and ask her quick!) because stags have absolutely no social standing so to speak, at a program dance. Needless to mention, the Prom is a formal affair. Refreshments will be served, a strong inducement to many, but Charlie Richardson must be consulted on that score.

Reinforced by more than a score of notable patrons and patronesses, and assured of delectable refreshments and of first quality music, the committee feels confident in promising a never-such-another Senior Prom for 1928.

SPANISH CLUB MEETING

The regular April meeting of the Brookline Spanish Club was held in the Auditorium at 2:30 on Tuesday, April 3. After opening the meeting in the customary fashion, President Lucy Benejam introduced Polly Hansen, who played the Spanish National Anthem. Then Bertha Stonehouse read the secretary's report which was accepted as read. Dan Rollins, Brookline's songster-athlete, next sang "La Paloma" and "Preguntale a bas Esbrellas", two very popular Spanish numbers. After this the President introduced the honored guest of the occasion, Sr. Godoy of the Boston Spanish Club, who delivered a brief speech and two very witty poems. The gathering then adjourned to the lunch room for refreshments.

EXCHANGES

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Sagamore"—Brookline, Mass.
"Your drawings are surely descriptive. That must have been some social!"

"The Philomath"—Framingham High School, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"Aerial"— J. M. Atherton High School for Girls, Louisville, Kentucky.
Your paper contains excellent material, but it is rather badly arranged. We suggest that you keep all your short stories, editorials, and poetry together. "Closed Doors" was a really well-written poem, and we also enjoyed "The Girl Who Liked Caesar."

"Irondale Static"—Irondale School Irondale, Ohio.
A very well arranged paper a few cuts might make it more "readable."

"Central Recorder"—Central High School, Springfield, Mass.
Yours is a good paper on the whole, but it needs to be "pepped" up. We suggest jokes and cuts to make it more lively. Your "Form" is an admirable feature. An exchange column would be a valuable addition.

"The Philomath" -Framingham High School, Mass.
Yours is one of the best school magazines that we have received. It is a very well arranged and each department is attractively presented. Your "News" presentation is especially clever. We can offer no adverse criticism at all.

"Student's Review"— Northampton High School, Northampton, Mass.
Your paper is excellent on the whole. We suggest a few cuts to liven it up a little. Your literary department is good.

"Durfee Hilltop" — Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.
Your paper needs more short stories and feature articles. Your "Weekly Digest" is a commendable feature.

"Trade Winds" — Worcester Boy's Trade School, Worcester, Mass.
An excellent paper! We especially enjoyed your editorials.

AERO FLASHES

Howdy folks! We're inaugurating this column to-day and we will continue it if you like it. We are going to tell you what one of the liveliest organizations in the school is doing. Of course, we are referring to the Brookline Aero Club.

On Friday, April 13, the Aero Club sponsored a lecture on the "History of Aviation from the Wright Brothers to Colonel Lindbergh" by Frank Sayles Dart, well-known photographer. This story was illustrated with actual photographs taken by Mr. Dart. The Aero Club is deeply indebted to the High School Orchestra for the fine music furnished at the lecture. Here's a poem based on the lecture by Miss Carolyn Lyons.

We had a treat the other night—
I wonder were you there
To listen to the lecture
On the conquerors of the air.

'Twas sponsored by our hometown boys
Just lads of High School age;
But the height of their ambition
You could scarcely ever gauge.

They need co-operation—
Perhaps you've guessed that's why
It's up to us to help them,
For they mean someday to fly.

And when that day arrives for them
We'll be glad, you and I
To know we helped along a bit
Our Pilots of the Sky.

If you "listened in" to WBZ-WBZA on Thursday, April 19, 1928 at 5:30 you heard Arthur Horn, Publicity manager of the Aero Club, representing George Mason, President, in an address, "What the Brookline Aero Club is going to do at the Scout Exposition to be held on April 27-28, 1928."

Now we are going to tell you just what to expect from the Aero Club at the Scout Exposition, April 27-28, 1928. Lots of models, of course, pictures, other trophies. A model airport will be in a prominent position. Wright and Ditson will exhibit some aviation toys, duplicates of Lindy's goggles, etc A propellor will be there for your inspection. Remember, you are welcome to our booth.

We have received permission from the Town to put an air marker showing the flyers the direction of the airport, and the indications are now that work will begin on May first.

June first will be Class Day, and just watch the Aero Club's smoke! What is the mystery feature? Mr. Jewett knows, George Mason knows, but they won't tell.

Watch for this column next issue.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT TWO

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.
The Sagamore Office is in Room B 3; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than the Wednesday preceding the day of publication.

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THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS

History for many centuries has been man's magic carpet—transporting him back into the ages of the past. It is the touchstone of his cultural equipment, and by means of it he is able to revisit the scenes of older civilizations and there trace to the roots the life that flowers in his own time.

The fabric of history is intricately woven. We find the great leaders of one period assiduously reading the history of earlier ages and finding in it the inspiration and guidance for their own achievements. As a boy, Peter the Great, one of the most picturesque characters in early Russian history would steal away from his military instructors and delve joyously into the chronicles of the past. The lives of Hannibal, Caesar, and Alexander the Great gave wings of fire to his youthful imagination, and in his mind he fancied the empires which he someday hoped to build. We can still see Napoleon shrinking with distaste from the study of languages, but proclaiming his devotion to his precious volumes of world history. It inspired them to new ideas of greater stature, and enabled them to gauge, by comparison, the virtues and deficiencies of their own civilization.

Today, the perplexing trend of current world affairs can be properly interpreted and understood only in the light of history. The quest and its attendant knowledge and culture have their unquestionable practical values; but the adventure and romance of reading history give it additional color and spirit and make it a happy pursuit.

THE SOUL OF THE IMMIGRANT

The far-reaching hopes and thoughts of all poor foreigners naturally turn towards America, the Mecca of the world, the land where gold constitutes the sidewalks, rich men throw away money, no one is poor, everyone is rich and happy.

Misguided people! They should be satisfied with the eternal warmth and sunshine of their homes, if they live in the South, or of being healthy with a roof over their heads wherever they live—for the beggars do not come to America,—no,—where would they get the money?—it is a dream—an impossibility. But for the others to be satisfied.—Never! They follow the path to freedom, freedom to everyone but immigrants and poor people, the path to America. With money saved sometimes for years, they venture forth looking for the golden pot at the end of a false rainbow.

The long journey, closed up in the steerage with a mass of other slovenly dressed creatures serves to disillusionise them a bit. Where will all the work come from, for the crowd which is there? But America! America has enough for anyone and everyone! Then comes the statue of Liberty, the colossal statue supposed to represent freedom and justice—it represents everything to the poor ignorant people. Their emotions give way and they scream and pound the deck. Their hopes rise, they keep their eyes on the statue, then turn them to New York, the sliving beacon of their new world. Ellis Island! And with it, utter disillusionment! They are hearded together like cattle, driven off the ship, inspected, and in some cases turned back. Is this **the** America, the land

(Continued on Page 5)

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

HELEN OF TROY

by Josiah Lewis

Dramatis Personae

Eteoneus—servant of Menelaos
Menelaos—master of Eteoneus
Helen—master of both of them
Agamemnon—a relative
Paris—a rotter
Ajax—a bum golfer
Achilles—a worse one
Ulysses—the third atrocity

* * * *

Eteoneus —Hey, Menelaos, there's a rumor that your wife ran off with Paris.

Menelaos—(swinging a golf stick) Don't bother me!

Eteoneus—But aren't you going to—?

Menelaos—Shut up! (grievously) How the devil can I get this golf swing if you keep bothering me?

Eteoneus— Yes sir. (under his breath) You sap.

Menelaos—Hey, what's that?

Eteoneus—I merely prayed that Zeus may reward your perseverance by giving you enough strength to smite the little, white, cylindrical shaped object of goodly distance through the pure ozone of our dear native land.

(Enter Guard)

Guard—Paris has run away with Helen.

Menelaos—Well, by **?;!*-.

Eteoneus—(fervently) Would that I could be such an orator as that man.

Menelaos—Well, upon my George! To think that a man would do that after I had shown him how to swing a golf stick. (then) He was jealous of my handicap, that's all.

(Enter Agamemnon)

Agamemnon—I say Menelaos, your wife has just run off with Paris. You always were a bum for luck. Now you won't be bothered by the presence of your wife on the golf links.

Menelaos—(brightening up) By Zeus, that's so!

Agamemnon—I wish to the devil some guy would run away with mine. I haven't broken a hundred for about six weeks.

Eteoneus—Well, Menelaos, aren't you going to do something?

Agamemnon—I have a good idea. Let's go to Troy after her. We can make up a war and say it's just to get her back. That's a good way to get away from my wife.

Menelaos—What the devil do I want to get away from your wife for?

Agamemnon—Well, the main point is that we can have a jolly game of golf on the plains of Troy, where we won't be bothered by women.

Menelaos—Well, I'm willing, provided they have good links over there.

(Continued on Page 6)

THE "BIG SHOT"

by Josiah Lewis

Harold Blake had left his old hick town and had decided to go to the city to make his fortune. With just enough money to put him through about two years of college, he came to Boston. As a meek, rustic appearing freshman, he entered Harvard, class of 1901. By securing odd jobs here and there; by tutoring the sons of wealthy "pas", he finally succeeded in struggling through four years to receive a sheepskin, the goal of all students.

By showing his sheepskin to a bank president, he got a job as clerk. From this position, by hard work and long hours, he had been promoted to cashier.

And so twenty-five years passed. Blake was now president of his bank and director of a few other companies. He held a large amount of stock in various successful enterprises and his name was a terror in Wall Street. He received a couple of degrees from Harvard and Dartmouth and he once gave a lecture to the students at Cambridge. Yes sir, Mr. Blake could well be proud of his career. From a mere country boy, he had become one of the country's greatest financiers. He was known the country over, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast.

And then, one day, he decided to visit the old home town—the birthplace of his dreams. He ordered his valet to pack his six trunks while he donned his best suit and put on his most engaging tie.

He wondered how the folks back home would receive him. He didn't want a crowd to be there—that it, not too much of a crowd. Crowds tired and annoyed him. He wondered if they had a statue of him in front of the post office. No, most likely they hadn't. You couldn't build a statue there anyway,—not enough room. Yes sir, it was some hick town.

"Most likely they tell their children my history to encourage the kids," mused the great man. "I wouldn't be surprised if they had a portrait of me in each home. Well, when I get there, I guess I'll have to give them a short talk on success and instruct the people how to get on. I have got several new plans I'd like to give them. Gee I hope they haven't got a crowd there. Of course they don't know I'm coming though you never can tell. Shouldn't be surprised if a reporter saw me at North Station and telegraphed the news ahead. I know what I'll do though. I'll skip the crowd, change over into some old clothes and mingle with them to wait for myself. That'll be a good joke on them."

(Continued on Page 6)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS — SPORTS — TRACK TEAM IN INTERSCHOLASTICS

BROOKLINE VERSUS BOSTON LATIN

On April 16, Brookline High and Boston Latin fought to a 9-9 tie—or was it 10-9 in favor of Latin? The afternoon was featured by two struggles: one between the two teams, and the other, a hectic battle of tongues as to who won. The umpire, in the face of vigorous protest by coach Fitzgerald and Jim Ryan, declared the game "no contest."

Latin got away to a good start by getting two runs off "Lulu" Noonan, the Brookline pitcher. Talbot, the first Latin batter, was passed, stole second, got to third on a wild throw by Captain Jim Ryan, and scored on a wild pitch by Noonan. Tracy, next batter, was also passed, and scored on McEachern's single. Noonan then settled down and did not allow any more runs for that inning.

Brookline started off even better by scoring three runs in their half off the famous "Red" Hunt, who proved to be not as good as he was cracked up to be. Al Lewitsky went to first base when he was hit by a pitched ball, and advanced to third on Stranahan's double. Bert Nyhan then did a Casey stunt by hitting a homerun and bringing in three runs. The Latinites tightened up and held Brookline for the rest of the inning.

In the first half of the third inning, Latin regained their lead for a short while. Tracy and Flynn walked, and scored on hits by Moore and Hall. Moore and McEachern were put out in order, and then, when Weddleton was put out at first, came the mix-up as to whether Tobe, or someone else had scored.

Latin did not hold their lead long, for Brookline put across six runs in their half. Bert Nyhan got his second hit of the day and went to second base on an error. Bud Wilson singled and Larkin walked. Eddie Lebowich got a single and scored Nyhan, and then Jim Ryan doubled and three runs crossed the plate. Henry Lynch's triple brought home Ryan. Lewitsky scored Lynch and the inning ended as Joe Stranahan grounded out.

The next four innings were scoreless and featured only by a pair of double plays by Brookline. The eighth inning, however, was Brookline's Waterloo. After the first two men were put out, Latin scored five runs to tie. After Tobe singled and Weddleton walked, Hunt singled and scored Tobe. Talbot walked and Tracy hit for two bases, scoring Weddleton and Hunt. Morgan O'Neil then replaced Noonan as pitcher. MacEachern drew a pass, and then Flynn hit an easy grounder to Morgan. O'Neil tossed it to Lebowich, who, somehow or other, let it slip through his fingers and two runs were scored. Brookline failed to rally and get the lead, and the game ended with the score 9-9.

BRIGHTON DEFEATS BROOKLINE

Brookline lost a hectic baseball game to Brighton at the Cypress street playground, Thursday, April 12, in the opening game of the season. The score at the end of the ninth stood 12 to 11. Bud Wilson and Eddie Lebowich were Brookline's batting heroes, each one connecting for two singles and a triple.

Brighton drew first blood by scoring three times in their half of the first inning. Captain Gulugian of the visitors singled and went to second. Maguire singled, sending Gulugian home, and then, himself, scored on Kenely's sacrifice fly. Ryder then scored on McLaughlin's grounder. Brighton was finally thrown out by a beautiful double play, Nyhan to Wilson.

Maloney, pitching for Brighton, issued four successive bases on balls which permitted Lewitsky to score. Brookline's big splurge came in the last half of the second after "Mickey" O'Neil struck out three men in succession. Seven runs were scored. With Henry Lynch on first, Al Lewitsky was again passed. Joe Stranahan, Bert Nyhan and Bud Wilson singled. Tommy Regan walked and Eddie Lebowich turned in the longest hit of the day, a mighty triple which landed in a garden in Cypress street. Ryan and O'Neil struck out but reached first on the catcher's failure to hold the ball. Lewitsky finally struck out, retiring the side. After a scoreless third inning, Brookline scored two runs in the fourth. Both teams went scoreless in the fifth.

The sixth inning was Brookline's Waterloo. Brighton batted O'Neil out of the box, tallying up six runs in the effort. "Dutchy" Hightman went in as relief pitcher, but was relieved in the seventh by Barrett Roberts. A single and double off the latter swelled Brighton's total by three. In the eighth, Brookline scored one run.

With one out in Brighton's half of the ninth, the game was called on account of darkness.

RAIN CHECKS FOR LAWRENCE GAME

The Brookline nine journeyed to Lawrence on the holiday, April 19, to play the local high school team, but after one-half inning of play the game was cancelled on account of rain. Pat Cannon scored one run for Brookline in the first half of the first inning, and Mel Rushen, Brookline's starting pitcher, had opened the second half of the inning by pitching a strike, when the violent rain caused the umpire to declare the game "no contest."

It has not yet been decided whether Brookline and Lawrence will play off the cancelled game this season.

TEAM LOSES FIRST LEAGUE GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

a double and a home run by Donovan.

Micky O'Neil scored his team's first run when, after being hit by the pitcher, he got on base and scored by a few costly errors on the part of Somerville. The home team went scoreless in the third and sixth innings, but scored a run in the fifth and another in the sixth.

Brookline's only remaining score came in the seventh when Cannon, after getting a base on balls, finally romped home for the third run. Somerville scored the last run of the game in the eighth with three walks, and a hit by Leveroni.

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK

(Continued from Page 1)

pete in the running broad jump. John Badaracco will also run in the 220 with John Rae. This year, we have some real fast dash men among whom are: M. Linsky, C. Hagen-Burger, J. Badaracco, C. Record and J. Rae. Capt. Eugene Record will undoubtedly blaze a new record in the 220 low hurdles this year. "Ted" Cole will also try the hurdles.

This year, Brookline is adding a new feature to the program, namely, pole vaulting. Whether pole vaulting will be a large factor in future meets or not, remains to be seen.

Brookline has always had a better outdoor track team than an indoor one. It seems that our runners respond much more quickly to the smell of the cinders than they do to the board track.

Last year we had a wonderful bunch of runners; this year's team bids fair to be an even better one than that of last year.

THE SOUL OF THE IMMIGRANT

(Continued from Page 4)

they had come miles to inhabit? Is this where gold is thrown away? Where is the promised freedom—yes! Where is the freedom? What was the statue of Liberty for? God! Had they come to a worse existence? Their souls cry now for freedom, eternal sunshine, for more time to play; they have worked and worked, must they never stop?

The end for most are the close apartments, littering New York's East Side, the Ghetto,—"Melting Pot of the World"—An apartment in the midst of squalling babies, quarreling women, clothes strung out in the back yard, rubbish littering the halls. A last cry for freedom and then an acceptance of their circumstances. They had asked and it had been given. But how?

BROOKLINE—PAWTUCKET GIRLS' SWIMMING MEET

Wednesday, April 11, our fair mermaids defeated Pawtucket with a score of 39-11.

The meet started off with the relay, which was won by Brookline, the time being 1:10. The next event was the breast stroke, with Tina Morison, who came in first, and Rosemarie Loesier, who was disqualified swimming for Brookline. Miss Loesier's disqualification gave second place to Miss Roberts of Pawtucket.

After this came the fifty-yard free style, which Esther Morison won for the home team, with Eileen Manning a close second. The diving laurels were captured by Marion Myers of Brookline, while Barbara Richardson won second place. Miss Mitchell and Miss Bradbury of Pawtucket were third and fourth respectively. In the back stroke, we were again victorious, with Harriet Dangel coming in first and Pauline O'Day second.

The last event, the twenty-five yard free-style, was won by one of the Morison sisters, "Tella." The Morison twins, "Tina" and "Tella," seem to be following right along in the steps of their championship winning sister.

The swimming team is in fine shape, and is a team of which Brookline High may well be proud.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The big gym meet for which the girls have been faithfully practicing all winter was held in the gymnasium on Monday, April 9. The girls were divided into four teams—Red, White, Blue, and Purple. Betty Richey was captain of the White team. Marion Meyers of the Red, Elizabeth Meyers of the Purple and Rosalind Badaracco of the Blue. The Red team took first place in the boom travelling. The Whites captured first in the rope climbing for speed, the rope climbing for form, the straddle vault, and the squat vault. The Blue team took the honors in the corner vault and marching, while the Purples captured first place in the high face vault, rear vault, and the relay. The final scores were Reds 408, Purples 460, Blues 463, and Whites 482. Girls from the Sargent school of physical education were judges. After Miss Barnes had announced the scores, Miss Sawyer awarded the letters, and stripes were given to those who had been faithful in attending practice.

All winter sports are coming to an end, and very shortly the call for girls for the spring sports will be out. When these sports are announced do not fail to choose the one in which you are most interested.

The second and fourth Thursdays of each month are devoted to hiking. If you are at all interested be sure to report at the gym the next time that the club meets.

HELEN OF TROY

(Continued from Page 4)

Agamemnon—Sure they have! (turning to guard) What's the name of that club over there?

Guard—Pine Brook Valley C. C., sir.

Menelaos—(chuckling) Paris doesn't know what he got himself into yet.

(Exit Menelaos and Agamemnon)

Guard— Exceedingly enthusiastic golf players, those gentlemen.

Eteoneus—A bunch of nuts, if you ask me.

EXIT

ACT II

Scene—Within Troy.

Time—A few years later.

Paris—(to guard) If Helen calls, tell her I'm out. That woman has got so that I can't play a game without her, by my side. And Ye Gods! all she does is talk.

Guard— That's impossible. She's outside in her Chrysler Chariot, waiting for you.

Paris—(resignedly) Oh well, let her in.

(Enter Helen)

Helen—Hello, Paris. I've come for that golf lesson in putting that you promised me a week ago.

Paris—Er-sure, er, no—some other day. I have an important date and er—.

Helen—Oh, Paris, you must give me a lesson. You know I'm a rotten putter.

Paris—(fervently) I'll say you are!

Helen—What's that? Say, don't get fresh with me. I'm a lady!

Paris—What'd I do?

Helen—You said I was a rotten putter.

Paris—By *?!*!--, I never did.

Helen—Well, don't swear so. You're nearly as good as Menelaos in profanity.

EXIT

ACT III

Time—Near close of war.

Place—On the golf links.

Agamemnon—Hey, Achilles, how's that for a chip shot?

Achilles—Rotton!

Agamemnon—What's that?

Achilles—Rotton! Now you should have seen the shot I made against Hector the other day.

Ajax—I bet you it was a rotten one. Why, Agamemnon's a much better player than you are.

Achilles—Say, are you insinuating that I'm not a good player? Why, I've half a mind to go sulk in my tent.

Agamemnon—Go ahead! Sulk in your tent! I should give a da-,a care.

(exit Achilles)

Ajax—You shouldn't have quarrelled with him Agamemnon. Now we've lost a good member from our golf team.

Agamemnon—Well, perhaps I ought to make up with him. Meanwhile, let's finish our game.

(Agamemnon takes a shot at his ball which slices and goes in the wrong direction. It lands within the walls of Troy, hitting a Trojan on the head, instantly killing him.)

Agamemnon—Well, what do you know about that? I've lost my ball.

Menelaos—(chuckling) That puts you out of the game.

Agamemnon —No, it doesn't. I'm going to get Ulysses to think up a plan whereby I can recover my ball. You don't win yet. (turning to Ulysses) Think fast!

Ulysses—Well, I could make a wooden horse and we could all hide inside and get pulled into the city.

And so, obliging reader, this is how Ulysses thought up the plan about the wooden horse. The purpose of this playlet is to give the reader the right impression about this conflict which was the most stupendous crooked deal that ever took place the other side of the World War. The Greeks and Trojans got to-gether merely for a sociable game of golf. Achilles sulked because he was beaten in a game by Agamemnon and Ulysses wandered about for ten years after the war so that he might play the game without his wife.

THE BIG SHOT

(Continued from Page 4)

And so the great man mused. He chuckled to himself now and then as he looked out of the window of his train at the flashing panoramas that flew by. The great man was pleased with himself. Only that day, in honor of his visit to the old home town, he had saved a man's fortune by an order in Wall Street. Yes, Harold Blake had a right to be pleased with himself.

The train pulled in at the old home town. Blake, his valet and six trunks found themelves on the old station platform. Blake looked around. Same old town, same old houses, same old flowers, same old trees and the same old lanscapes. He wondered if the pigeons browsing on the roof of the station were the same old birds.

Around the corner, onto the platform walked——the same old station master, Ezekiel.

The great man turned around to give Ezekiel the first view of his face. Harold had always liked Ezekiel and Ezekiel had always been good to Harold. Therefore it was only fitting that Ezekiel should be given the first shake of his hand. In after years, Ezekiel would be able to relate to his folks how he had been the first one in the town to hake Harold Blake's hand.

"Hey Ezekiel," yelled Blake joyously.

Ezekiel turned around to Blake and looked at him with a puzzled frown. Slowly, with still more puzzled glances, he gazed at the valet and the six trunks. Then he slowly looked at Mr. Blake.

"B'gosh Harold," he exclaimed surprisedly, "you're not gonna leave us, are you?"

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Il semblerait donc que l'admiration de la foule dût aller de préférence à ceux qui ont fait le plus.

Il n'en est rien. Lindbergh reste pour nous le plus pur joyau de l'héroisme, le plus noble coeur. Il fut l'ange qui descendait des cieux. Chamberlin, au contraire, n'apparut que comme un aviateur arrivant d'Amérique. C'est tout à fait différent.

Injustice? Non. Lindbergh fut le premier. Il osa. Il n'avait pas de point de repère. Il fut vraiment le créateur d'un monde nouveau.

LA POESIE

"Tu m'aimes; tu ne m'aimes pas"

A quoi bon des serments?
Ma preuve est en moi-même
Pour savoir si je mens
Quand je dis que je t'aime.

Fais donc ce que tu dois
Et ce que je mérite!
Ma vie est dans tes doigts
Comme une marguerite;

Pétales, coeur, et tout,
Effeuille-la toi-même;
Quand tu seras au bout,
Tu verras si je t'aime.

Jean Richepin

AU DESSERT

La grand'mère de Toto rajuste ses lunettes sur son nez.

—Grand'maman, interroge le bambin, pourquoi mets-tu des lunettes?

—Parce que ca grossit les objets, mon enfant.

—Alors, tu les ôteras, dis, quand tu couperas mon gâteau? . . .

(Almanach Vermot.)

LIBRARY LINES

Among the new books to be found on the Library shelves are the following: Becker—Adventures in Reading. Suggests many good books to read. Canby—Harper Essays, a good collection of essays, that have appeared in Harper's Magazine. Hall—Types of Poetry—Exclusive of the Drama. Quennell—Everyday Live in Anglo-Saxon, Viking and Norman times. Sanford and Schauffler—Armistic Day, an anthology of the best prose and verse on patriotism.

Brown—Standard Catalog for High School Libraries; a selected list of 2600 books. Budger and Tiltman—Heroes of Modern Adventure; Riggleman—Graphic Method for Presenting Business Statistics; Caldwell and Ekenberry—Elements of General Science; Drinkwater—Oliver Cromwell: a character study. Davis— Europe Since Waterloo; a history from exile of Napoleon to the Treaty of Versailles 1815-1919.

Rogers—Drake's Quest; life of the famous English Discoverer.

Turner—Europe since 1870.

Wynne—For Days and Days; a year-round treasury of verse.

Girl Scouts, Inc.—Tramping and Trailing with Girl Scouts.

Moon—Imperialisan and World Politics.

Johnson—Andrew Jackson, An Epic In Homespun.

Wilder—Bridge of San Luis Rey; fine new story of the lives of the people who perished when a rope-bridge fell.

Theras and his Town—by Mrs. Snedeku; a story of Athens.

The Library Staff is planning a series of trips now that spring is here. In the near future they expect to visit the Fogg Art Museum, the Agassiz Museum and the Widener Library.

Q—What is the third commandment?

A—Thou shalt not commit Deuteronomy.

* * *

Q—Who brought the children of Israel into the Promised Land?

A—Noah—The Baptist.

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A writer says that anyone can get on so long as he has the will, and, provided of course, the will represents a goodly sum of money.

* * * *

"Oh, Montagu," said his fiancee, moving closer to him, "I'm so glad you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writer sums of money."

"Why, is that all?" replied Montagu; "Why, I get plenty of such letters!"

* * * *

People run over by cars generally recover," says a writer. "The amount varies," says an underwriter.

* * * *

"Who are you?"
"I'm the new justice."
"Justice who?"
"Justice good as you are."

* * * *

"Take your pick," warned the newly married wife as she passed hubby the biscuits.

* * * *

Teacher: "Can you name one important thing that we have now, but did not have one hundred years ago?"

Tommy: "Me!"

* * * *

Lady Visitor: "What's that number on your shirt?"

Convict: "Oh, that's my pen name."

* * * *

"Digging is a good hobby for a middle-aged man," says a doctor. "But why does he so often call it golf?"

* * * *

Gordon, seven years old, was playing bandit, and for some time had been staggering around as if badly wounded, without actually toppling over as a victim of the imaginary bullets of his playmates.

A neighbor, watching the game, called to him, "Gordon, why don't you fall down?"

"I can't," answered the boy crossly. "I'm not allowed to. If I had on my old pants I'd been dead long ago."

* * * *

Bill: "What kind of a dog is yours?"

Bob: "Police dog, I guess. He's always hanging around our cook."

* * * *

Tourist in Scotland: "Do you mean to tell me that you're Scotch and don't play golf?"

Scot: "I did play until about twenty years ago when I lost my ball."

Willerby expected to benefit by his rich uncle's death. The latter had not failed to observe the nephew's anxiety of this point, however, and when on his death-bed he sent for Willerby. "I haven't forgotten you, George," he said; "got you down in my will." At the funeral, Willerby invested in an expensive wreath, and attended to hear the will read. "To my nephew George," ran the document, "I leave an illustrated edition of Dicken's 'Great Expectations'."

* * * *

Postmaster: "This letter is too heavy; you'll have to put another stamp on it."

She: "Will that make it lighter?"

* * * *

"It won't be long now," said the rewrite editor, as he seized his blue pencil.

* * * *

Mrs. Newly Wed: "Mrs. Brown says there's always a lot of cream on her milk every morning. Why is there never any on yours?"

Milkman: "I'm honest, lady, that's why. I fill the bottles so full there ain't never no room to put the cream."

* * * *

"Mamma, who's that poor man running around down there? Everybody's yelling at him."

"Hush, child, that's the cheer leader."

* * * *

Judge: "Why didn't you stop beating him when he called 'Enough'?"

Sambo: "W'y yuh see, sah, dat niggah is sich a liah, yuh can't nevah believe him."

* * * *

On a street car, a small boy sniffed constantly. An irritable old lady sat beside him. At last she said, "Little boy, have you a handkerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt reply. Then he added, "But I don't lend it to strangers."

* * * *

History Teacher: "In which battle was 'Stonewall' Jackson killed?"

Student: "Well, I'm pretty sure that it was his last."

* * * *

"You haven't the spirit of a mouse!"

"Certainly not, my dear. If I resembled a mouse in any respect you might be afraid of me."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV. No. 14 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 18, 1928 TEN CENTS

SIDELIGHTS ON SENIOR PROM

When the Seniors gather 'round
They all begin to shout Hey! Hey!
What a dance did they give,
Lawdy, how I'm tellin you!

Who shouted hey! hey!—how, when and where? Just a week ago, under a glowing moon, dancing to the syncopating strains of the "Isle O'Rhythm" boys' interpretation of "Ramona."

Forgetting the excitement of the moment, so to speak—Those who missed the Senior dance last Friday evening missed the finest and most enjoyable dance of this season's social calendar so far, and it's hardly conceivable that a better one will be given.

The committee certainly transformed Shailer hall. One would hardly have recognized it with the orange and black decorations, under the gleaming spotlight.

The orchestra was all anyone could wish plus one hundred percent. The general concensus of opinion was that the "Isle O'Rhythm" boys were the best team seen anywhere this year with the exception of Paul Whiteman and the "Rhythm Boys." And by the way, speaking of Paul's novelty numbers, the banjo duet given by two of the "Isle O'Rhythm" artists "Jack" Coerne and "Tubby" Dorr was worth the price of admission. When they cut loose, those present just crowded

(Continued on Page 2)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

Mr. Packard, as chairman of the Teacher-Student Council, took charge of the assembly on Tuesday, April 24th. He spoke of a self-disciplined school. If each student does the right thing at the right time, the school and Council will feel that that student has learned the fundamentals of ideal citizenship.

The Teacher-Student Council idea has been adopted by most of the large schools in New England. Miss Spaulding said that a number of pupils had suggested the idea, until, in 1920, Thomas Taylor and Richard Bowers made a definite plan by which a Teacher-Student Council could be formed. This Student Government is composed of three bodies, the legislative, administrative, and judicial. The purpose of the Council is to make the students self-reliant in preparation for future citizenship.

Class Presidents Give Views

The class presidents told us of the various views and purposes of the Council. Ted Cole stated that formerly the students have considered the teachers as an entirely separate group of people. Self-government enables the students to acquaint themselves with

(Continued on Page 2)

RECORD WINS HURDLES IN HARVARD INTERSCHOLASTICS

In its first outdoor meet of the season, the Harvard Interscholastics, won by Andover Academy, the Brookline track team was able to garner only five points by means of a victory on the part of Captain "Red" Record in the two-hundred-and-twenty low hurdles. "Red" was up against the finest fence toppers in high school and prep school ranks in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York, so you can see that in going over these barriers he is in a class all by himself. His victory alone gave us the five point to let us tie with two other schools for ninth place.

The rest of the team did fairly well, considering the class they had to contend with, and many of the fellows missed jumping into the point column by just a small margin. For instance, in the quarter-mile "Dick" Werner got a place in his heat, but just missed being in the final. "Mel" Lynsky in the hundred was another Brookline fellow who was shut out in the semi-final after placing in his heat.

Brookline and Newton Prepare for Outdoor Encounter

TENNIS SEASON OPENS

The aspirants for the tennis team have been trying out for the past two weeks. As yet, the final team has not yet been chosen. Mr. Nash, the coach, has two letter-men from last year's team, Fred Blanchard and Dick Simmers. Ted Hanson and George Flaherty played in some matches last year and can be depended upon. Much promising material has been seen among the candidates, and a good team may be expected.

This year a Suburban League has been formed with other schools. The first league match is with Quincy High, on Tuesday, May 8, followed by a match with Lynn two days later. Brookline meets Somerville in its first home contest. The game is to be played at the Dean Road courts. Let us hope that this year's tennis team will be as successful as its predecessor.

The first dual meet of the outdoor track season takes place today at Boston College when Brookline meets its old foe on the cinders. Fresh from the Harvard Interscholastics, the team, led on by Capt. Record, will give the Garden City sprinters some keen competition. It is hoped that Brookline will repeat its victories against Newton a few months ago.

Capt. Record, "Dick" Werner, John Badaracco, Irving Rogers, Chandler Hegen-Burger, "Ted" Cole" Ed Beck, "Mel" Linsky and John Jewett will be with Newton in the track events while those who will figure in the field competitions are:—Harry Fink and Hugh Redmond in the shot put, Dave Barrie, Winchester Dermody, P. Racheotes and A. Prince in the high jump.

Besides the shot putting and broad jumping events, there will be two new entries on the program of the afternoon, namely, the discus throw and the pole vault.

This is Brookline's only dual meet on the cinders, the other meets, all being interscholastics. Also, unlike the indoor track season, Brookline meets the Garden City sprinters only once. The showing that Brookline made in the recent Harvard championships ought to guarantee that the red and blue flag will still be waving when the conflict is over.

SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS RECEIVE PRIZES

M.S.P.C.A. PRIZE WINNERS

On Wednesday, May second, Guy Richardson, the secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, talked to the student body about this organization, before presenting the annual awards.

In a long race, sixty years ago, two horses lost their lives. A young lawyer found out that there was no law partaining to such a case and put an article in the Daily Advertiser about it. This was the first step taken in forming this now powerful club, the S. P. C. A. It was the second of its kind, the first having been formed in 1866 Some people think that instead of spending some money for the protection of animals, all should be spent for the protection of children. As a matter of fact, there are many cases where this society indirectly benefits children. The S. P. C. A. has established a special week for enforcing kindness to animals in order to remind the public to do it all the year. This week is advertised by posters which are drawn by high school pupils. This method of advertising started in 1920, and for the last protection week the association received four thousand fifty posters from three hundred and eleven high schools of Massachusetts. Medals are awarded for the best of these drawings, one hundred seventy-four being presented this year.

The artists of Brookline High Schol who received large medals are: John Handrahan, Rose Badaracco, Blanche Taylor, Ruth Reimer, Dorothea Leng, Evelyn Densten, Helen Horacek, and Judith Cauman. Estelle Friedman, Frances Keyes, and Walter Holland acquired small medals. Those who will

(Continued on Page 6)

FINANCIAL REPORT OF DRAMATICS

Before we are lost in the vast, awful realms of Finals and College Boards, Miss Lewis wishes to thank all the Student body of B.H.S. for its hearty co-operation at Dramatics. She extends her heartiest congratulations and thanks to the superb cast of actors who made Dramatic Night possible, to the faculty, for its willing aid, and to stage manager and his troupe of electricians, scenery movers, etc. However, all the students of B.H.S. want to thank and congratulate Miss Lewis for her efforts in making Dramatics so successful.

The expenses and profits for the year 1927-28 are as follows:

Total receipts	$2,244.79
Total payments	954.85
Total receipts from "The Poor Nut"	1,947.51
Total expenses for "Poor Nut"	646.95
Total profit from "Poor Nut"	1,300.56
Expenses for scholarships, stage, etc.	954.85
On hand	1,289.94
Profit of "Poor Nut"	1,300.56
April 23, 1928, in Brookline Trust	2,590.50

CLASS DAY PLANS

The subject of the assembly on assembly Tuesday, May 8, was Class Day. Richard Werner was in charge. Miss Barnes spoke first, stressing the following points: Girls should be dressed completely in white, high white sneakers, white stockings, white cotton skirts and blouses. The traditional routine will continue except that the girls will come out by classes, preceded by their banners, instead of the classes being mixed as in years heretofore. The Class Day Committee for the girls consists of Alice Strong, Carol Densmore and Eleanor Anderson.

Mr. Hines spoke next and made it clear to the boys that they are to wear white duck trousers, blue coats, white shirts, black ties and black shoes. At the time of the assembly Mr. Hines had not yet chosen the officers.

Alice Strong head of the girls' committee, spoke a few words about need for support on the part of the underclassmen. President Cole of the Senior Class, as did Miss Strong, urged the Freshmen to co-operate in making Class Day as it has never been before. "Class Day" he said, may now not seem anything to a Freshman, but let that Freshman wait until he is a Junior or Senior and then he will regret not having participated in his first year."

Mr. Jewett reminded us that this will be the first Class Day in which Dr. Roberts, the founder of Class Day in Brookline High, will not attend or have an active part. A beautiful picture of Dr. Roberts is to be given to the school on Class Day. Mr. Jewett also called to our attention the fact that Class Day should have absolutely no effect on our studies.

OUR GOLDEN EAGLETS

At the Girl Scout rally to be held in the Town Hall, May 19, two Girl Scouts of Brookline High are to receive the higest honor the Girl Scout organization offers—the Golden Eaglet badge. It is an honor which represents a great deal of work on the part of the recipients, since twenty-one merit badges are required. A Golden Eaglet occupies a respected position in the eyes of those who know what the honor represents, and Brookline High is justly proud of Margaret Bigelow and Ruth Tannen.

Two members of the High School Troop, Clare Driscoll and Nathalie King, are to receive Letters of Commendation at the forthcoming rally. This letter of Commendation is considered almost as high an honor as a Golden Eaglet badge, since it is a character recognition, given to those Scouts who have best interpreted the true scout spirit in their everyday life. Both Miss King and Miss Driscoll will probably receive their Golden Eaglet badges next fall, since the Letter of Commendation must be awarded before the Golden Eaglet badge is given.

FRESHMAN DRAMATISTS

On Tuesday, May 1, the students of Mr. Downing's division produced 'The Literary Liner," a play written and coached by James Boston '31. The distinctive feature of this play is that it was written by a Freshman, coached by a Fresman, acted by Freshmen for Freshmen.

Scene—Forward lounge of the British Liner, "Setley Castle," which is wallowing in mid-Atlantic.

All the tourists are having a heated discussion about whether English or American authors are the best. Of course the Americans and Englishmen each "defend" their respective authors, when Odd Emmings appeaers. His mind has become deranged through reading Poe's gruesome tales. Delvin comes along and announces that the ship will be late in docking, as part of the rudder has disappeared, and immediately Mr. Emmings is suspected of knowing where it is. However, they go back to the argument, and when everyone is all worked up about it they decide to go to dinner. After the repast they again go on deck, and continue the quarrel. Finally Mr. Spencer convinces the tourists that no author is greater than the next, as each has his faults and good qualities.

The cast is as follows:

Lord Courtland, an Englishman—Glen Morris
Lady Courtland, an Englishwoman—Margaret Malone
Mr. Evans, an American—Oscar Kievenaar
Mrs. Evans, an American—Martha Dodge
Miss Fraser, an American—Ruth O'Neill
Miss Rollins, an English tourist—Dorothy Scott
Miss Towne, an American tourist—Ernestine Rosenbush
Delvin, a steward—Lloyd Cohen
Dr. Spencer, a German professor—Leonard Green
Mr. Gezrick, a German student—Robert Erlich
Mr. Berry, a business man—Manuel Sugarman
Odd Emmings, a literary monomaniac—James Boston

SENIOR PROM

(Continued from Page 1)

around with wide open mouths and when Jack burst out in a tenor solo everyone cheered. "Jack" is one of the well known "Dixie Boys" who broadcasts over WEEI every week.

Confidentially, we understand that Charlie Richardson was responsible for the lighting effects during the dance, but Charlie Dunham and Dan Rollins were the fellows seen snitching the colored lights from the auditorium.

There was an extra dance after the fifteenth, Charlie Richardson and "Jack" Coerne being the thoughtful ones. On account of that the dance lasted until exactly midnight.

There was one stag at the dance—Dick Simmers, the head usher in the famous Lindbergh trousers.

"R" COLYUM

"Your Honor, I was not intoxicated."

"But this officer says you were trying to climb a lamp-post."

"I was, your honor. A couple of crocodiles had been following me around and I don't mind telling you that they were getting on my nerves."

* * *

Famous Saying:—Hey you, pull over to the curb.

* * *

Love's Old Sweet Song:—Pay to the order of . . . .

* * *

Worst Pest:—Chaperon who does his duty.

Latest News Bulletin:—Streets of Venice still under water.

* * *

The Scotchman moved to Nova Scotia because someone gave him a Canadian dime.

* * *

Biography of Dangerous Dan

I was born an innocent babe, but no sooner could I walk than I stole my nurse's pair of false teeth and replaced them with my uncle's glass eye. Pawning the teeth, I brought an all-day-sucker which lasted but three minutes. This taught me never to steal. Since then I have never brought a sucker, though I have caught plenty of them. My last job was the hardest. I attemped to steal the earmuffs of a boa-constrictor in the Bronx, but unfortunately, a guard, atracted by the shrill screams of the worm, hit me over the head with the tail of the lion who lived next door, and who was staggering around in a drunken state. This taught me never to drink. I am now No. 21635, occupying a good room with running water. Incidentally, I am left guard on Sing Sing's intercollegiate football team.

* * *

Def. of a Turkish Rug:—The biggest tramp of all . . . just a plain linoleum which has never shaved.

* * *

A very smart man
Was J. Julius Smut;
He looked at a college board,
And flooped on his nut.

* * *

Play in Five Agonies

First Agony: Curtain rises on full moon.

Second Agony: Silence.

Third Agony:—Hannibal (stabbing himself)—Ha, Ha, Ha.

Fourth Agony: Clock strikes three in the distance.

Fifth Agony: Failed to arrive.

* * *

The Different Kings Of The Earth

Wor-King: Most Powerful
Shir-King:—Laziest
Jo-King:—Wittiest
Thin-King:—Quietest
Drin-King:—Thirstiest
Win-King:—Slyest
Tal-King:—Noisiest

* * *

Well, meet you in Paris to-night.

GIRLS' LEAGUE MEETING, FRIDAY, MAY 11th

On Friday, May 11th, the Seniors and Sophomores entertained the Juniors and Freshmen at one of the best Girls' League Meetings of the year. Edith Greenleaf, pres., called the meeting to order, and Gertrude Lakson, secretary, read the minutes. Margaret Bigelow then spoke about the pledge, motto, and slogan which the League will probably adopt, and which applicants for membership will have to memorize.

Miss Sawyer spoke about the contest which the Seniors and Sophomores had lost, and also read the names of three who are to be Senior Advisers and members of the advisory committee next year.

The rest of the afternoon was devoted to the entertainment provided by the Seniors and Sophomores,

The first number on the program was a Maypole Dance, performed by four graceful members of the "Big Sister Club." Big Sister (Hope Kelsey) was broadcasting from station WBGL, the Friendly Voice of Brookline. She surely wished that all her invisible radio audience could have been there to see that beautiful, rythmic dance.

Then Evelyn Files, another talented member of the Club, played ten famous songs on the piano. Barbara Richie won a harmonious harmonica for guessing the names of all these songs correctly. Next came a fashion show, at which some of the members exhibited very attractive gowns which they had made. After this a spelling match was held, which was easily won for the Junior team by Gertrude Lakson.

Refreshments, served in the lunchroom, ended one of the liveliest meetings of this lively organization.

COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

the teachers, and aids in the development of good qualities. The student members of the Council are chosen by their class-mates, while the faculty choosen its representatives. In addition to these facts Chandler Hagen-Burger mentioned that although the Council meets only once each month, the members are always on the look-out for any suggestions. Frank Neer brought to light the "Standard" book, which contains many important rules. Chester Litman spoke of the great decrease of tardiness. He said that one fault which still remains in the school is cheating. This is a Court of Justice offence, and is punishable by the penalty of detention or measures more drastic. All four presidents mentioned the great improvement in the state of the lunch room during the past year.

Mr. Packard stated that the yearly convention of the Teacher-Student Councils will take place at Brookline High School on February 22nd of next year.

FIRST LEAGUE GAME WON — SPORTS — GIRLS START SPRING SPORTS

BROOKLINE DEFEATS RINDGE IN FRIST LEAGUE GAME

Brookline's baseball club won its first Suburban League victory against Rindge Technical High School at the Brookline High Field on Tuesday, May 1, by the score of nine to six. It was a free hitting game, but Brookline's pitching ace, Al McDonnell, kept Tech's hits scattered, except in the first and third innings, when Rindge made four of its six runs. Dyer, the Rindge pitcher, was found for thirteen safeties which included a long triple by Pat Cannon. Dyer himself was Rindge's hitting hero, as he smashed out three safe hits. Joe Stranahan, Brookline's left fielder, seems to take a fancy to Suburban League pitching. He got four hits yesterday, out of five trips to the plate, increasing his league total to seven hits out of ten times at bat.

Brookline staged a rally in the fourth inning which netted three runs and put the Red and Blue ahead, 5-4. Wilson started the inning with a single to left, Lewitzky followed and duplicated Wilson's hit. Herb Sovrensky walked, and Henry Lynch came through in the pinch with a single to center which sent over two runs. Al McDonnell's sacrifice, Cannon's base on balls, and Joe Stranahan's single to left scored Sovrensky.

Rindge tied the game in the first of the fifth, but Brookline forged ahead in the last half of this inning by scoring three runs. Al Lewitzky, the new first-baseman, got his second hit, Sovrensky hit a clean single to center field, and Henry Lynch scored Lewitzky with his one-bagger to left-center field. Sovrensky was thrown out at the plate by Bill Burke's beautiful throw from left field. McDonnell, the next batter, socked out a single at this point, and then Pat Cannon put the game on ice with a terrific triple to left field, which scored Lynch and McDonnell. The team seems to be getting into its stride, both at bat and in the field, and ought to live up to its early season promise.

JAMAICA PLAIN NOSES OUT BROOKLINE, 3-2

On April 25 Brookline played its first game at Tech Field, and lost a very tight ball game to Jamaica Plain by the score of three to two. The game lasted twelve innings, and, as the score indicates, was very close. Brookline could have plucked it out of the fire many times with just one timely hit. The pitchers for Brookline were McDonnell and O'Neil. McDonell pitched the first six innings and allowed only one hit and no runs. He retired at the end of the sixth because of a sore arm. O'Neil did not pitch as well as McDonnell, all three runs being scored while he was on the mound. Nevertheless, his performance would have been most creditable in any other game but this.

BROOKLINE BOWS TO EVERETT

On May 12 the Everett baseball club came here to play a league game with the Brookline aggregation. When the dust had cleared away it was found that Everett was victorious to the tune of six to three, and, thus, Brookline had lost another of its string of ball games. O'Neil was the pitcher for Brookline for the first six innings, and five of the six runs were scored while he was on the mound. "Al" McDonnell, who pitched the last three innings for Brookline, allowed only two hits. The one run Everett scored was the result of a triple and a pop fly in front of the plate which no Brookline man could get hold of.

In the first inning O'Neil started off well by getting the Everett team in one-two-three order, striking out two men. Brookline went out in order in her half also. In the second inning neither team had any luck again, although Everett was able to get one man on base as a result of a pass.

In the third stanza O'Neil pulled out of a tight hole nicely. Collins was passed but was put out trying to steal second. Kurhan, the opposing southpaw, was also passed, but Baldwin helped things along by flying out to Henry Lynch. Noonan, the next batter, singled sending Kurhan to second. However, he stayed there for Digby of football fame struck out watching the third one whiz by without even striking at it.

In the next inning Everett broke out with vengeance, making the score 3-0.

In her half of the fourth Brookline got her first hit of the game, Cannon leading off with a single between short and third. However, he wasn't able to reach even second base.

In the fifth Everett scored two more runs.

In Brookline's half of the sixth she at last broke through the Everett defense, Heitman scoring Sorvensky.

Cannon then started things going again by his second hit of the game, a long double, and Keitman scored the second run of the inning.

McDonnell went in to pitch in the seventh and nothing of interest happened until the first of the ninth, when Everett scored her last run on a triple and a scratch hit.

In Brookline's half of the ninth much more should have happened than did. Nyhan opened the inning by singling to center. Stranahan popped out, but Ryan and Lewitsky were passed, filling the bases. "Eddie" Lebowich hit a grounder back at the pitcher who forced Nyhan at home, and then Sovrensky hit to Graffam at third who fumbled, and Ryan came home. However, Lewitsky over-ran third, and before he could get back he was tagged out, ending the game.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The call for girls to participate in the spring sports is now at hand. The following schedule has been drawn up: Monday, tennis and archery; Tuesday, baseball; Wednesday, tennis; and Thursday, track. Practice for the class-day dance will take place every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 1:30 in the gym.

Mrs. Wightman is the tennis instructor. Tournaments have been arranged with the following schools: Newton High, Winchester, and Lasell. Carol Densmore, captain of the tennis team, has resigned because she is too busy with college boards, and a new captain is to be elected.

Miss Blund is coaching archery and baseball. She was very much pleased because a large group of girls came out to the first baseball practice, at which temporary teams were chosen.

There is a large number of girls who are to receive their "B" for gaining 500 points, among whom are many Sophomores. Remember, now is the time to start geting your credits towards the old English "B" if you have not already done so.

BROOKLINE DEFEATED BY BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH 10-2

On May 2 at Brookline Field, Boston College High, behind masterful pitching, thrashed Brookline ten to two. The score gives one the impression that Brookline was buried by the powerful playing of the Boston boys, but up until the ninth inning Brookline was very much in the running, the score being five to two when B. C. came up for her last time at bat. O'Neil pitched for Brookline and was nicked for fourteen blows, but some were mere scratch hits, and if he had received a little support the score would probably have been much lower. Boehner, the pitcher for B. C. H., allowed Brookline only two singles, Nyhan geting both of them. However, he was quite wild, giving nine free tickets.

In the eighth, with the score five to nothing, Brookline scored her only two runs of the game. Cannon led off with a base on balls. Nyhan singled, sending him to third, and Stranahan lifted up a sacrifice fly letting Cannon tally Ryan, the next batter, reached first on an error by the B. C. High third baseman and Nyhan held at second. Wilson was passed, filling up the bases, and Lebowich hit another sacrifice fly, scoring Stranahan with the second run of the inning. However, Sovrensky ended the rally by making an easy out, and Brookline's scoring for the day was ended. In the next inning, as has been mentioned Brighton came in and served up the game by scoring five runs.

BROOKLINE LOSES TO NEWTON

The strong Newton High School baseball team took Brookline into camp Saturday, May 5, at Claflin field, Newton, by the score of six to nothing. Reilly of Newton pitched a very good game, allowing Brookline only five hits. Captain DeMille of Newton was the busiest batter of the day, collecting three hits out of four times at bat. Dave Shapiro, catching in his first varsity game owing to Capt. Ryan's sore arm, did a very good job and ought to be heard from in the future. Joe Stranahan, by collecting one of Brookline's five hits, kept up his record of hitting in consecutive league games. He has hit safely in all three league games to date, piling up eight hits out of fourteen trips to the plate. Bert Nyhan hit a long triple to left in the ninth inning and was robbed of a sure home run in the fourth when Art Wilson, Newton left fielder, made a beautiful running catch right at the canvas fence.

Newton scored one run in the first inning on scratch hits by DeMille and Fletcher. Two more came across in the fifth when Reilly and Frank Spain singled; Mullen was hit by a pitched ball, and Capt. DeMille singled past third base to score Reilly and Spain. Lovensky reached second base in Brookline's half of the fifth due to a hit and a wild throw by Fletcher, but Lynch and Shapiro were unable to advance him. McDonnell retired Newton in order in the sixth, striking out Swett and Gatchell in succession. Pat Cannon singled in the sixth after McDonnell had been retired on strikes, but was out trying to steal second.

Spain, Newton's all-scholastic shortstop, was walked in the seventh and scored on two passed balls by the catcher.

With Henry Lynch on first base in the eighth inning, the Newton infield engineered a snappy double play, when Capt. Ryan, batting for Shapiro, hit a ground ball to Spain.

Newton scored its last two runs in the eighth by virtue of Andres' double, Swett's long triple to centre field, and Gatchell's single to right.

Although Nyhan tripled in the ninth his mates were unable to score him.

Brookline now has won one and lost two league games for a percentage of .333.

BROOKLINE SWAMPS BROWNE AND NICHOLS

On April 27 Brookline won its second game of the season at the expense of Browne and Nichols. The game was called at the end of the seventh because of darkness, but Brookline had clearly demonstrated by the time that she was far superior to the Cambridge lads, the score being ten to one. Noonan was the pitcher for Brookline and he was never in any great trouble.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

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CRITICISM!

Criticism can be one of the most constructive things in the world and at the same time be the thing that is pulling down the morale of the school. Criticism given in a way that is meant to help, criticism that is given by a person who knows what he is talking about, is the most constructive thing in the world. The story of the worker and of him who looks at the finished product from a critical angle is an old one. And yet, we feel that it is only right to print below a letter of a B. H. S. senior.

Sagamore Editor:

There are among us several students who are antagonistic in their attitude towards Brookline High; who, in ordinary slang, maintain that our school is no good! As a Senior, I am taking the privilege of asking one question: what have these pupils done to right what seems to them to be wrong? Surely, we are not so hopelessly lost that we are not worth saving (if we are lost at all, a thing which I very much doubt.)

What I object to is this: instead of telling the School about it, these pupils complain to outsiders. Recently, several people, in no way connected with Brookline High, have made extremely unfavorable remarks about our school; remarks that, to my mind, were based on fancy rather than on fact. Still, some student made these statements.

Why are not such complaints referred to the class president, the Girl's League, the Teacher-Student Council etc. rather than to strangers? From personal experience, know that the reputation of our school has been sadly shattered in several cases, because of this state of affairs.

Cannot something be done about it?

What do you boys and girls think? Let's hear from you. Drop your replies in the Sag. box.

INTERPRETING TO-DAY'S NEWS

The pages of the morning paper throb with breathless stories of the things that happened yesterday. A kingdom has fallen and overnight a new dictator has emerged from obscurity to great power. A nation is plunged into a civil war which has its far-reaching effects on the commerce and business of the world. The opening barrage of a great political campaign shakes the structure of the state— shattering personalities and jeopardizing parties with revelations of governmental fraud and intrigue. An Oriental prophet is hailed on one side as the new Messiah, and denounced on another as a scheming mountebank. Industries are merged; and statutes are publicly condemned as oppressive and unconstitutional.

This is the chaos of the day's news. It is vitally important information concerning things which are inextricably bound up with the affairs of our own business, political, and social life.

Every hour the telegraph, cable, and radio pour upon us news from all parts of the world concerning events that have a direct bearing on our own vital interests. They affect the prices of things we eat and wear, the condition of our business or professions, the ideas which mould our conduct, the ideals which govern our loyalties and beliefs. They make certain demands on your own judgment, on the critical powers of the mind. Today the man who knows best what lies behind a newspaper dispatch—who can recognize the truth or falsity of an editorial—is at great advantage. He has a clear vision of the current situation and foresees its effect on his own affairs. He guides his actions, or takes a stand, with a clear knowledge of the underlying facts.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

A CORNER IN ANTIQUES

At the risk of being called a liar in twenty different languages, I will say right here that the events I am about to relate have been set down, in all good faith, exactly as they occured—to the best of my recollection. At the time in question I was not feeling very steady on my pins, as you will learn, and my brain may have wandered into the realms of imagination, and its offspring, exaggeration. If some small allowance be made for that, the rest may be accepted as substantially true.

A long avenue of trees; old, bent oaks, stretched before me; in the distance where they verged together, stood a house. It seemed a bit dreary, but that was about all I chanced to remark at first glance. No, one thing more. The sky, which was grayish over all the surrounding country seemed to be of a curious leaden appearance over the house. That was all.

I had been sent there by a friend, one J——, a fanatic in antiques, who had urged me to waste no time in seeing a genuine King vase, dating back I don't know how many centuries. I have a certain small interest in the line myself, so I went at his request. Business affairs kept him from coming to his country house with me, but as he seemed extremely anxious that I see the curio, I went alone. He assured me that he would write to the care-taker, informing him of my arrival, and incidentally, making sure of my finding a place to lay my weary head.

So I came to this dark house of a December afternoon. I felt heavy and logy, but had I declined the offer of a carriage at the station, and had chosen to walk the two miles. It was a pleasant enough country—I should like to take a walking trip through it sometime—but somewhat marred by the coldness of the atmosphere. One had to move along briskly to keep the blood moving. And so it was not overlong before I came to the avenue of oaks mentioned above, and to my first view of J——'s country house.

As I draw nearer my thought was that the house was a faithful replica of its master. Sullen, grim, pessimistic, fanatical—a choice dwelling for an uncouth spirit. In a flight of fancy I strove to picture for myself the care-taker. I'm afraid I rather did the man an injustice, for it was a decent enough fellow who answered the hasty tug I gave the bell. He was old and rather stooped, I remember, he smiled a welcome, assuring me that everything was prepared for my stay.

"You understand," I said, "that Mr. J- - is not coming? He has business."

"Yes, sir", he said. "He wrote to me advising me of the fact. He often has visitors here, and quite frequently is detained in town himself, quite frequently, sir. Now won't you let take your bag . . . right this way, sir."

He led through a high, dark hall, up a carpeted stairway, along a corridor, sombre, finished in some paper of tomb-like quality, to a heavy, studded door. It swing back on its hinges with a slight, but peculiar, sliding noise. It made a curious impression on my brain. He stepped aside to let me enter into a square, high-ceilinged room. A fireplace dominated one wall, its wide flanges jutting out on either side; two windows, high up on the wall, and protected by heavy shutters, took up a second side; the other two were blank, save for the door which served as entrance and exit, and one picture in deep tones of brown and purple depicting a depressing scene, a burial of some sort. On the whole, it was not a room that made for humor or things trivial.

The care-taker stood by the door those few seconds. I passed. As I turned he coughed, asked me if there were anything I wished, and being assured there were not, smiled, coughed, and left. I placed my bag by the four-poster that squarely blocked the fairway, and again surveyed the room. I felt dirty, but soon removed that sensation by a generous use of soap and water that stood in a pitcher on a side table. By that time it was growing dark. I lay down to rest, and evidently dozed off, for when I came to, there was a serving table on which reposed a tray laden with covered dishes at the side of my bed. It was six-thirty by the clock.

Quite surprised and delighted to find myself so inordinately hungry, I set to with zest and consumed a good portion of the food before me. Shortly thereafter the old man reappeared. While gathering up the dishes he remarked that I was probably very tired from the trip, and since the Ming vase was to be best appreciated at inspection in the daylight, it were best for me to go to bed shortly, and spend the whole of the following day in brousing around the curios. Strange to tell, I did feel a bit tired as he spoke, a lassitude which I hd not experienced before, and I felt a languor creeping over my limbs. He left with the tray, closing the door gently behind him, but not without that scuffling sound. I drew a copy of Poe from my bag, and of having spent a profitable two hours with his "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," went to bed.

Whether it was the strangeness of sleeping in a new bed, or the gloomy atmosphere of the room, I do not

(Continued on Next Page)

A CORNER IN ANTIQUES

know, but for some season I could not, for the life of me, fall asleep. I lay in bed, beset by all manner of queer and unaccustomed thoughts that to me seemed weird—I was a normal person—and I seemed to feel the sombre tone of the walls. Although I could not see the picture of the burial scene, I sensed its location, notwithstanding I had seen it but once, and then had paid it no more than a cursory glance. It was a peculior, weird feeling that took possession of me. Thus I lay between sleep and wakefulness, beset by a thousand images of my imagination, and things that seemed to grope in the dark spots of my brain. Hours passed . . .

I awoke from a light doze at a slittery sound that seemed to come from the hall outside. As I lay in bed trying to explain it, and reassuring myself all in the same breath, it grew louder and approached nearer. It was as if a snake had found its way into the house and was creeping along the hall. It also might be the sound of a man's boot as he crept along on all fours. But the worst was to come! When that sound paused at my door, trying the knob gently, and when the door began to swing open with the same scuffling noise, my hair literally stood on end. My sense were keyed up, and I found my hands ice-cold and trembling.

The hall outside was dark, all was immersed in a pool of blackness, that was deep and as inpenetrable as the black depths of the ocean. I could see nothing, yet I saw a "thing" crawl into the room! I saw it slowly, slowly, coming toward the bed! I saw it making ready to spring! And this in the dark.

Silently I drew myself from under the covers and awaited the attack. Football days in college had given me confidence in my ability to withstand any man with ease, but I had not reckoned with my opponent. As I sat, tense, the "thing" gathered itself together, and uttering an animal cry, half smothered, but wholly terror-inspiring, hurled itself at me. My hands, well in front of me to receive the brunt of the drive, felt cloth, the kind humans wear. I breathed a sign of relief in the widst of that torrid battle. I knew that my adversary was at least a man. I had not to deal with devils.

The man seemer possessed. He fought with low mutterings, animal-cries, and gutteral moans. He was all over me, with arms of an octapus. I was throwing him off with all the force at my command—and there are men who will vouch for the fact that it is not little—but he tore in again, certain of his ground, and with superhuman strength. I fought silently, waiting for an opening. It came. We were clinched breast to breast. I could feel his chin restivng on my shoulder. With the swiftness of light, I dropped my arm, leaving his jaw hanging unprotected in mid-air for the fraction of a minute. But that was all I needed. One swing from the floor to the point of the chin, and I felt him go limp all over and fall away.

Quickly I fumbled in my coat pocket for matches to light the lamp. The task accomplished I gazed at the desperate fighter. I stood there stunned and honor-stricken. There in a crumpled heap, half in darkness, but with his face thrown into bold relief, lay the care-taker, but behind and shining through his countenance, was the fever-stricken, crazed likeness of J——. Fool that I was, I had not before recognized in the peaceful care-taker the being of my friend. But what puzled me was his attack upon me.

However, I wasted little time in useless conjectures. I tore the silken bell-cord from the wall, swiftly using it to tie J—— up, for I knew he would come to shortly, and I felt that I had had enough of fighting for one night, whatever might be the cause.

Truly, he was no pleasant sight. His face was lined and livid; his mouth hung open, and saliva was drooling from the corners, running in tiny rivulets down the sides of his flabby jaw, and dripping in a slovenly fashion to his open shirt. His hair was a messy condition, and hung down over his fretted brow on one side as I sat gazing at him, his eyes opened, a thing which did not add to the beauty of his countenance, for they were flabby and sallow.

At sigh of me, he began to rave in a wholly unintelligeable manner. He interspersed some sense with his mad mouthings, but the whole scene is so muddled in my mind that I will not attempt to give you the words. The gist of the matter was that he had grown jealous of my increasing importance in the line of antique collecting, in which his own position as leader was being challenged. His insane and jealous love for his collection and for the maintenance of his superiority had lead him to inveigle me into a visit to his country house to see the Ming vase mentioned above. Playing the part of the care-taker, being totally unsuspected by me, he had given me a room and made the attack. The rest is known. The whole affair had a horrifying effect upon me. I wanted to be rid of the place. Making sure that he was securely bound up. I gathered my things together, phoned for a doctor and a constable in the telephone downstairs, and left the house.

Discreet inquiries kept me aware of the facts in the case, for it was kept from the papers. J—— was taken to an insane asylum, and shortly after his departure, the country-house burned down. That, I hope destroyed the last vestige of an occurence that is an eternal source of night-mares to me, even to this day.

AERO FLASHES

It was recently announced officially by the President, George Mason, The Publicity Manager, Arthur Horn, and the Faculty Adviser, Mr. Downing that the Aero Club will be represented in the reception to the Bremen fliers on May 19th, at which time Baron von Huenefeld, Major Fitzmaurice and Captain Koehl will be made honorary members of the organization, and a symbolical trophy will be presented to the trio. The presentation is sponsored by Baron Kurt von Tippleskirch, German consul at Boston.

The Aero Club wishes to acknowledge the gift of a beautiful German calendar from the German Consulate at Boston at this time.

The Boy Scout Exposition was greatly aided by the presence of the Brookline Aero Club Booth. It is estimated by attendants that almost two thousand visited it. The model airport by Webster Wiggin was by far the greatest attraction of the show. Models made by members were also features. Literature advertising Air Mail was especially popular.

Pins for the Aero Club are expected soon, and on Class Day there will be seen not only members with pins and armbands but . . . (continued in the next issue) (Editor's note: All plans for Class Day are withheld until next issue.)

An old-time pilot, graduate of B.H.S. in 1913, and friend of the Brookline Aero Club, was discovered last week in the form Charles St. Clark. It is hoped that St. Clark will be an active honorary member soon. Next year we shall be advanced enough for preliminary training, we hope.

In Memoriam
Floyd Bennett—Conqueror of the Air
Died April 25, 1928
"A Brother Aviator"

A PARENT WRITES

Dear Sagamore Editors:

Why not have a Parents' Column? In a sparsely hunted-over country like Brookline there must be some Parents still at large.

When daughter Mary started school
In grades from four to nine
And monthly report cards brought home
"The Parent please will sign" . . .
How smug and patronizingly
Omnisciently I'd write
My name upon the dotted line
As JOHN BLANK WHITE.

But now that Mary goes to "High"
I rather feel a change
For "Latin," "Civics," "Algebra"
Have slipped beyond my range
Now "B's" and "C's" or "D's' appear
To me most erudite,
So meekly chastened now I sign
As John B. White

Le Coin Francais

Poigness De Main

M. Coolidge est incorrigible. A moins qu'il ne soit simplement un héros.

L'an dernier, il distribua tant de poignees de main, au lendemain de la Saint-Sylvestre, qu'il en eut les phalanges endolories, le poignet à demi luxé, le bras très fatigué et l'omoplate presque rompue. Son docteur l'avait paternellement grondé. M. Coolidge, souriant, avait promis d'etre plus réservé. Et, cette année, il n'a pas osé refuser de serrer la main aux trois mille trois cents visiteurs venus à la Maison-Blanche lui présenter leurs voeux. Résultat: M. Coolidge a la main bandée.

La consigne fameuse de jadis: "Ne touchez pas à la reine!" devrait être remplacée par celle-ci: "Ne touchez pas au président!"

—Les Amales

Ronde

Dedans la clairière du bois
Des fillettes dansent la ronde.
La brune liée à la blonde
Et chantant de toutes leurs voix.

La brune, la blonde et la rousse,
Dans la ronde ou luisent leurs yeux,
Se donnent les baisers joyeux
En foulant des sabots la mousse.

Se donnent, peureuses un peu,
De bouche rouge à bouche rose
Qui sentent la fraise et la rose,
Les baisers innocents du jeu.

Trébuchant en chutes soudaines,
Leurs mollets bruns et blancs à l'air,
Elles chantant apres l'hiver
Marguerites et marjolaines.

Stuart Merrill.

N'exagérons pas

Une Voix dans la foul Mercure de France, édit

Un jeune soldat a souvent "tapé" son oncle depuis son arrivée au regiment.

Hélas! son porte-monnaie est de nouveau vide et il ne sait plus comment s'y prendre pour obtenir un nouveau mandat.

Il se décide pourant à écrire une nouvelle lettre à son oncle, qui se termine naturellement par une demande d'argent.

"Mon oncle, je regrette maintenant de vous demander encore de l'argent et j'implore le ciel pour que cette nouvelle demande d'argent ne vous parvienne pas."

Trois jours après, l'oncle lui répondait ces simples mots:

"Mon cher neveu, le ceil t'a entendu. Je n'ai pas reçu ta lettre!"

SAG ROOM
OPEN AT
TWO DAILY

ALUMNI NOTES

Two Brookline graduates are among the group of students of the University of Pennsylvania who were elected to Delta Upsilon Fraternity, following the close of the annual "rushing season" on the Pennsylvania campus. The two former B. H. S. students are Herbert S. Woods '27 and Richard E. Gentle.

During his school years at Brookline High, Woods was active in baseball, football, and hockey. He was the president of his class in his Junior and Senior years, and was president of the German Club. In addition, Herb. Woods was a member of the orchestra and band. He belonged to the French Club and also to the Student Council. Herb Woods was certainly "an all-around fellow" at High. On the Pennsylvania campus, Woods is a member of the Freshman Football Squad.

Richard Gentle is a Freshman in the Wharton School. When at Brookline High, Gentle was a member of the football, baseball, and track teams. Like Woods, Gentle is a member of the Freshman Football Squad. Mr. Gentle also has the honor of being chosen historian for the first year students.

It has been announced that Richard Gentle has been appointed to the Penniman Bowl Committee, which has jurisdiction over the Freshman- Sophomore contests on the Pennsylvania campus.

Many of our graduates have been making a place for themselves in the theatrical world.

John N. Plakias, now a Junior in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania and member of the Phi Sigma Kappa Fraternity, will take part in "Tarantella", the fortieth annual dramatic production of the Mask and Wig Club of the University. Plakias was one of the 37 students chosen for the dancing chorus.

Priscilla Couper Fortescue '21 is to play in a few sketches with John Craig for the Quincy Wellesley Club.

Irwin Couper '22 is playing the lead in the Senior Play at Boston University.

In the "Good News" company now playing in Boston, we find Miss Dorothea Dunn and Roy Smith.

In the business world we find Lee Bower '27 employed by the Cock Import Co. at New York.

Henry Horn '28 is working for the National Cash Treasury. Mr. Horn's headquarters are in Buffalo.

Miss Elsie Maxison '22 is an instructor in the Old Colony School in Boston.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club made its last public appearance for the year, Friday, May 11, at Symphony Hall. The Glee Club was one of fifteen participating in the Second Annual Conclave of Glee Clubs, given under the auspices of the New New England Music Festival Associations. Our Glee Club was very well represented by about thirty-five members. The girls were second on the program singing "Glorious Forever", a chorus by Rachmaninoff, "The Slumber Song", from "Hansel and Gretel", and an old English folk tune, "Follow we down to Carlow." The club, under the leadership of Mr. Ring, did exceptionally well, though not well enough to merit first place, which went to the Commercial High Girls' Glee Club from Providence. This, however, gives the Club a high goal for next year, as it means singing against girls who have practiced every day in the week as compared to the one day a week rehearsal of our girls.

M.S.P.C.A. MAKES AWARDS

(Continued from Page 1)

receive a year's subscription to "Our Dumb Animals" by getting honorable mention are: Kenneth Farrell, Winifred Coffin, Josephine Blatt, Mildred Beal, and Margaret DeViney

Animals are our friends and helpers, and the least we can do is to care for and protect them. With the co-operation of more people who are interested in this work, the S. P. C. A. ought to take great strides in the near future toward perfection.

Among the Smith College students to spend their Junior year at the Sorbonne in Paris is Esther Leanith '26.

Jeanette Lackword '24 has recently been married.

Intimate History

On an isolated tuffet
Sat a person named Muffet,
Eating lots of stuff called curds
Mixed with whey,
When an interfering spider
Came and sat himself beside her,
So the silly little mutt just
Ran away.

Then Piper Pete, to pep her,
Picked a peck of pickled pepper,
While Mary had a little
Lamb, they say.
But Taffy stole a leg of beef
And caused the cops a lot of grief
By telling them he did it
Just in play.

Now Pete, the Piper, picked 'em
'Cos the silly little victim
Of an affable young spider
Wouldn't stay,
But the dumbell didn't know it,
Isn't pickled while they grow it,
So they now all feed at PARKS'
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LIBRARY LINES

Numbered among the new books are:
Conquest of the Air—Brown
Oxford Book of American Verse—Carman
Story of Vasco da Gama—Bassett
Young Folk's Book of the Sea—Budges
British Drama; an historical survey from the beginnings to the present time—Nicoll
Disraeli; a picture of the Victorian age—Maurois
Exploring Nature—Ward
Book of Opportunities; what 3000 American Occupations have to offer—Platt and Farnham
Boy's Life of Alexander Hamilton—Nicolay
Stories and Poems for Opening Exercises; an index—Ohr
Storm Fighters; true stories of the Coast Guard—Whiting

Interesting Articles in Magazines

"Boys, we had him wrong,"—Story of John J. Pershing, the Man, by Thomas M. Johnson.

Do Young Men Have the Chances Their Fathers Had? Answered by William S. Dutton, Pres. of Pennsylvania R. R.

Not Even the Elephant Knew, by Harold Kellock.

"Tell Us About the Game," by Graham McNamee.

Music and Youth For April

The Best Thing in Town—The function and influence of the School Band by Bettelman.

Literary Digest, April 28

The "Bremen's" Epic Flight.

EXCHANGES

As We See Others

"The Golden Rod"—Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

Your literary department is very good, and your jokes are among the best we have seen. Your cartoons are well drawn. On the whole, we think your paper is well-arranged and "peppy."

"The Penn Charter Magazine,
William Penn Charter School,
Philadelphia.

A real good magazine!

" The Distaff," Girls' High School, Boston.

We enjoy your paper very much; it is bright and "readable." Our only suggestion is that you put in a few cuts.

The "Sagamore" gratefully acknowledges the receipt of many other papers and magazines. Please continue the exchanges!!

World's Work—May

Life and Death in Sing Sing, by Warden Lewis E. Lawes.

At the recent meeting of the Rhode Island High School Librarians in the new Cranston High School, Mrs. Siebens spoke on our Library Lessons and showed much of the work done in connection with the Library, such as posters from the art room and the Senior note books.

Professor Brotherton visited the Library with a class of 25 from Simmons. Their object was to "see a high school library in action."

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London News

A party of forty American visitors to England brought their own cars with them. The trouble is that they'll probably use our pedestrians.

Gertie—"Poor Bertie! I'm afraid he suffers from matrimonial dyspepsia."

Reginald—"Whatever's that?"

Gertie:—"Oh, you know—his wife doesn't agree with him."

Tit-Bits—"Ted's always first to put his hands in his pockets when money is needed."

"Yes, and he keeps them there until the danger's over."

Angry motorist—"Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you own the streets."

Irate pedestrian—"Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car!"

"I was in a big train robbery on the way to Austin."

"How exciting! Tell us about it."

"Took my girl to eat on the diner."

One reason inefficiency irritates the boss is because there is always danger that he may have to go to work himself.

Eskimo papa: "Is that shiek going to stay here all night? He's been two months already."

Mrs. Shimmerpate, just back from Europe, said to Mrs. Beanbrough:

"I just couldn't bear looking at the ruins in Italy. They made me homesick for my husband."

"Homesick for your husband?"

"Uh, huh. You know, Henry has fallen arches."

Soaked

Hotel servant—"The gentleman from No. 14 has fallen over a pail I left in the passage and he is soaked through and making an awful fuss."

Manager—"Give him a clean towel at once and put down "one bath" in the bill."

"Many a wife cares nothing for her husband," states a writer, "but she lives on his account."

Overworked

Fred—"You're very hoarse this morning, Ted. What have you been doing?"

Ted—"I was in some amateur theatricals last night."

"Playing lead?"

"No, I was the prompter."

Mrs. Robinson—"Is this salad young?"

Bridget—"Aye, mum; it was so young I had to wash and dress it."

A Cold Trail

Mrs. Mose—"What yo' been loafin' all mawnin'?"

Mose—"Ah's been lookin' for work, honey."

Mrs. Mose—"Work, huh; yo' curiosity's gwine t' git yo' inter trouble yet."

"Oh, yes," she said, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

A doctor recommends roller-skating as a healthy exercise. Nevertheless, it thoroughly upsets some people.

Professor—"What is the chief cause of divorce?"

Student—"Marriage."

Roommate: Whassa matter?

Freshman: I swallowed a pin.

Roommate: Thassall right, there's another on the bureau.

—Beanpot

Soph: Ever take chloroform?

Frosh: No, who teaches it?

—Beanpot

What, ho, Diogenes, looking for an honest man?

No. Where the h—— are my pants?

—Yale Record

Customer: Waitress: my cocoa is cold

Waitress: Put on your hat.

—Rutgers Chanticleer

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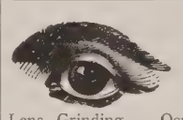
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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 15 BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 1, 1928 TEN CENTS

ANNUAL FESTIVAL AT HAND

MARSHALS AND AIDS

The marshals and aides in striking costumes will add a touch of color to Class Day. It is an honor indeed to be chosen a marshal or aide. These girls are the most deserving of the Junior Class,—those who have contributed something to our school and have a good standing in both the athletic and scholastic departments. Their costumes are kept secret, but according to present indications they are going to be beautiful.

The head marshal is Janet Wolfson. Her assistants are: Mildred Bell, Florence Buxton, Alice Colby, Jacqueline Densten, Mary Finan, Estelle Friedman, Edith Greenleaf, Gertrude Lakson, Dorothy Lewenberg, Janice Levy, Margaret McKenzie, Mary McGrail, Ruth Mitnick, Florence Nelson, Irena Pendleton, Ruth Quimby, Margaret Shein, Barbara Richardson, Eleanor Roach, Ruth Tannen, Caroline sherrill, Daphne Stanislaus, Clair Whittier, Barbara Wallace and Margaret Swartwout.

The chief aide is Dorothy Gay and her assistants are:

1. Betty Gustafson, 2 Margaret Mc-

(Continued on Page 2)

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

I

1. At two o'clock the school marches to the playground.
2. Senior girls decorate letters and form numerals.
3. Boys' regimental review.
4. Saluting the colors (by school and audience).
5. Numerals and letters placed upon school building.
6. Entire school in formation upon steps of the school.

II

7. Formation of horseshoe at further end of the running track in order of classes, seniors on Davis Avenue side.
8. Tug-of-War (Seniors and Juniors).
9. Tug-of-War (Sophomores and Freshmen).
10. Final Tug-of-War .
11. Relay race of class teams.
12. Parade of the classes. The three lower classes form along track (gymnasium side), Seniors within the school building.
13. Salutation from Aero Club, George W. Mason, President.
14. Final march of Seniors.
15. Indoor Exercises. (Entrance on Tappan Street side.) N.B. (Spectators are requested to keep away from the school steps and immediately in front of school steps.)

SENIOR ADVISERS

When the poor, bewildered Freshman steps on to the scene at B. H. S., who is to guide his hesitating footsteps? Miss Sawyer provides for this need by selecting Senior and sometimes Junior members of the Girls' League to serve as "Guardian Angels" for the girls of the Freshman class. To be thus selected is a great honor, since the advisers must be helpful, all around sports, with good standing in scholarship. At the last meeting of the Girls' League, Miss Sawyer announced the names of those girls who are to be next year's advisers with the understanding that any girl who goes down a great deal in studies between now and June, may be taken from the list. The advisers are selected very carefully, and those who find their names upon the list should appreciate the opportunity to serve their school in such a direct and beneficial way.

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Every year Mr. Hines has quite a hard job to pick out a large number of Senior boys as Class Day officers. These boys all have done something or attempted to do something for the Brookline High School in the course of their stay here. But every Senior boy cannot be an officer and some boys who have gone through Brookline High as perfectly good scholars, but in utter oblivion of what goes on about them, are amazed at not receiving officerships in their Senior year. Mr. Hines is justified in saying that if these boys look back on their four years of high school work, they will see that they have not contributed anything to their school, but that the school has contributed everything to them. The Class Day offices are boys who will not only lead their respective companies on Cypress Field but will be ahead of everybody else in years to come.

The following are a group of boys whom Mr. Hines thought best suited for officerships on the 1928 Class Day.

Commander-in-Chief Edward Cole; Adjutants, Eugene Record, Daniel Rollins, Jr.

Major of 1st Battalion, Richard Werner.

Company A, Captain Richard Simmers, 1st Lieut., Clinton Heitman.

Company B—Capt. Alfred Prince, 1st. Lieut. Herbert Wilson, 2nd. Lieut. Robert Hickey.

Company C, Capt. Henry Greenleaf, 1st. Lieut. Jos. Stranahan, 2nd Lieut. Charles Conry.

(Continued on Page 2)

1500 STUDENTS TO PARTICIPATE IN SCHOOLS LARGEST PUBLIC CELEBRATION

AERO CLUB PRESENTS NEW EVENT TODAY

Today, at two o'clock sharp, all students of Brookline High will gather in front of the High School, at Greenough and Tappan Streets, on the Cypress Street playground to show the town that they're not only living and kicking, but also to let off a little steam.

Every year, on the first Friday in June, Brookline tries to put forth a bigger and better Class Day, to set a precedent that coming classes will never forget. Today, the much-honored and dignified class of '28 is going to set an example for the underclassmen, with the aid of the rest of the school.

Years ago, when Dr. Roberts, former head of our Classic Department, first inaugurated Class Day, it was his idea to have one day per annum devoted to the assembling of the entire school before the townspeople in helping the Seniors make merry. At that time, Class Day was not considered and was not what it is today. Dr. Roberts brought this celebration up to its high, present-day standard and when he retired from active teaching three years ago, his noble work was ably carried on by his successors.

Brookline High School is one of the very few public educational institutions in Massachusetts that has a Class Day,—that has her student body show the town what the high school can really do in the way of a celebration. It is the only school in the vicinity that offers the striking sight of 1500 pupils marching, all dressed in white. And today, Brookline is again staging its annual festival in a manner that bids fair to out-do her recent successes.

Class Day—Seniors' Day

Class Day is primarily the Seniors' day. They are the ones who are applauded and congratulated and noticed. After marching for three active years, they finally reap their reward on the fourth. This affair is the last important event before Graduation. It is the day when Brooklinites recognize the graduating class.

The celebration starts off with the boys and girls marching out of the Old Building, down the steps and onto the Campus, where so many interesting games have been staged. While the girls gracefully dance, the boys hold their regimental parade, which is

(Continued on Page 2)

THE SECOND CLASS DAY ASSEMBLY

The assembly on May 22nd, devoted to instructions for Class Day, was opened by Mr. Akers, who spoke on finishing the remaining part of the year with a spurt. He stressed the point that we have no time to waste with the final examinations near at hand.

The meeting was then turned over to Mr. Jewett, who introduced Richard Werner, chairman of the Class Day exercises. The chairman, sensing the tenseness among the Senior boys, reported that Mr. Hines had the list of Class Day officers ready for announcement. He stated that there were about sixty ranks to be awarded to approximately one hundred and twenty fellows. Although many of the boys had to be left out, he added that all who really deserved rank had not been forgotten.

Miss Kelley next spoke for Miss Barnes who was unable to be present. She again reminded the girls that their costumes would be all white. She also assigned the places to which the girls were to report for rehearsals.

(Continued on Page 5)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The members of the faculty recently elected the teacher-members for next year's Teacher-Student Council. Those elected are: Mr. Packard, Miss Bliss, Mr. Downing, Miss Liden, Mr. Harbour, Miss Ricker, Mr. Jewett, and Miss Sawyer.

Wednesday, June 6th, there will be a meeting to confirm the choice of marshals for next year.

The new part of the Teacher-Student Council has already began to plan pleasant surprises and beneficial improvements in the student life at B. H. S.

"R" COLYUM

They named their first son Lindbergh because he had flu.

* * *

Familiar Sights Around School

Chandler-Hagen-Burger trying to make Charles Dunker pay for his lunch.

* * *

The Old Standby: The story of the Irishman.

* * *

There is bad in the best of us and some very fine impulses in the worst of us; and the other night, a Chicago footpad held up a suburban youth and took away his trombone.

* * *

Lots of Jack Makes all Work Pay.

* * *

Fact One Should Know: Sir Galahad never went to Knight School.

* * *

Famous Parting: Don't wait up dearie, I may be late.

* * *

Advice To The Lovelorn

Dear Miss Barefacts,

Two fellows invited me to a dance and I don't know which one to go with.

Only Seventeen.

P. S. One of them has a car.

Only Seventeen,

Then go with the other one girlie.

Miss Barefacts.

P. S. What kind of a car?

* * *

On to Reno

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, twice."

* * *

Diner: Waiter, I have asked seven times for a glass of water.

Waiter: Sorry sir, I thought it was a joke.

* * *

The girls call her Alice because she's always wondering when she's going to land him.

* * *

Now that Gene Tunney is lecturing on Shakespeare, Babe Ruth would do well to brush up a little on his Fielding.

* * *

The only thing at mother's knees these days is her skirt.

* * *

Pathetic Case-Fellow who flunked his College Boards for Boston University.

* * *

After looking at the College Board papers, one fellow decided to commit suicide by jumping into the Charles River.

* * *

He stopped just in time though. He remembered he couldn't swim.

* * *

With the wrath of St. Jupe upon us the B. H. S. ball team has been wearing a haggard look. We noticed them hiding under trees waiting for five minutes of sun.

* * *

Hubby (reading): "Woman without her man is a savage."

Wife (reading same): "Woman! Without her, man is a savage."

YEAR BOOK ASSEMBLY

The Tuesday assembly of May 15 was about the year book. Mr. Taylor told the student body about the financial support the year book needed, and urged all to buy the book before it was too late. Miss Taft and Mr. Jewett also joined in urging pupils to cooperate by not postponing the purchase of "our year's history." Then the presidents of the three upper classes and Marianna Macaffee told the students that it was important for them to buy all the year books of their high school years, not only so that they could have a complete record of the old high school days, but also so that they could have pictures of their favorite high school shieks, Babe Ruths, and "crushes."

THE CLASS DAY BANNER-BEARERS

During the last week each class has voted for the three girls who will precede their group bearing the standard of their class.

The following twelve girls were elected as Class Day Banner Bearers:

Seniors; Eleanor Anderson, Hope Kelsey, Marianna MacAfee.

Juniors; Frances Delaney, Jacquelin Denstore, Marion Upton.

Sophomores; Marion Myers, Betty Richey, Eleanor Thomas.

Freshmen; Phyllis Greene, Betty Greenleaf, Alice Werner.

MARSHALS AND AIDS

(Continued from Page 1)

Kenzie, 3, Agnes Keene, 4, Charlotte Stuart, 5, Eleanor Goodspeed, 6, Elsie Wyzanski, 7, Judith Thurman, 8, Helen Finnerty, 9, Eugenie Goulland, 10, Virginia Leahy, 11, Beatrice Finn, 12, Ruth Meyers, 13, Barbara Loggy, 14, Marjorie Norwood, 15, Geraldine Stearns, 16, Shirley Buckly, 17, Doris Willet, 18, Doris Smallman, 19, Barbara Hoffman, 20, Betty Jacobs,, 21, Hope Gavagan, 22, Eunice Barron, 23, Helen Hewitt, 24, Evelyn Rudnick.

CLASS DAY USHERS

The Class Day ushers are Junior boys who take charge of the audience at the in-door exercises. The boys under the supervision of head usher, Chandler Hagen-Burger, who are selected for this year's Class Day are: Melvin Anshen, John Badaracco, Paul Barrabee, David Barrie, Richard Cavanagh, Alvin Dexter, Joseph Donohue, Edward Duane, Martin Ford, Francis Hall, Edward Hannon, Henry Humphreys, Elliott Hurwitz, Charles Record, Barrett Roberts, Harold Small, Arthur Stern, and Preston Woodlock.

As these boys are going to have quite a job seating everybody who can possibly get in our auditorium, try to give them your best support and help them as much as possible.

STUDENTS PRIMED FOR CLASS DAY

CLASS DAY DANCE

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 1:30—2:30 the nymphs of B. H. S. have gone to practice the graceful steps of the Class Day Dance. Under Miss Kelly's and Miss Haskell's able tutelage they are progressing rapidly and successfully. We are eagerly waiting to see such grace and rhythm worthy of Denishawn pupils. The name of this dance is "Greek Maidens Playing Ball." They are not playing football or soccer, but a combination of slide and catch together with some running steps and bounces. If you happen to see any ancient Greek dryads wearing modern kid gloves, do not be alarmed, for the balls are very unruly and have a tendency towards not going exactly in the direction headed, and somewhat eluding the expectant digits.

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Company D, Capt. Melvin Linsky, 1st. Lieut. Chas. Miller, 2nd. Lieut. Robert Currier.

Company E—Capt Walter McTigue, 1st Lieut. Leo Cass, 2nd Lieut.

Company F—Capt. Thomas Regan, 1st. Lieut. Edwin Estle, 2nd. Lieut. Isidor Sumner.

Major of 2nd Battalion, George Barrie.

Company A—Capt. Fred Janvrin, 1st. Lieut. Allen McDonnell, 2nd Lieut. Donald Freedman.

Company B—Capt. John Ball, 1st. Lieut. Milton Finger, 2nd. Lieut. William Coutts.

Company C—Capt. Robert Lett, 1st. Lieut. Gordon Henshaw, 2nd. Lieut. Robert Finnerty.

Company D—Capt. John Rae, 1st. Lieut. Vincent Orlinsky, 2nd Lieut. Ernest Greenhood.

Company E—Capt. William Koufman, 1st. Lieut Chas. Richardson, 2nd. Lieut.

Company F—Capt. Kenneth Umlah, 1st. Lieut. Joseph Levin, 2nd. Lieut. Fred Blanchard.

Major of 3rd. Battalion—Henry Pollock.

Company A—Capt. Stephen Sleeper, 1st. Lieut., Herbert Sovrensky, 2nd. Lieut. Paul Collins.

Company B—Capt. Henry Lynch, 1st. Lieut. Joseph Shapiro, 2nd. Lieut.

Company C—Capt. Charles Dunker, 1st. Lieut. Sumner Shikes, 2nd. Lieut. Robert Marshal.

Company D—Capt. Edwin Beck, 1st. Lieut. Sarkis Bogoshian, 2nd. Lieut. Geo. Love.

Company E—Capt. Dana Goodale, 1st Lieut. Walter Cusick, 2nd. Lieut. Marcus Alper.

Company F—Capt. Roger Wentworth, 1st. Lieut. Frank Killam, 2nd. Lieut. Carl Tishler.

"Thank you for the hug and kiss."

"The same to you—the pressure was all mine."

AUDITORIUM EXERCISES TO BE INTERESTING

(Continued from Page 1)

an impressive sight. After the parade, the entire school assembles on the front steps of the Old Building to cheer the class of '28 and the different athletic teams of the school.

Then comes the Seniors' march through the ranks of the under-classmen, who form a horseshoe. This is followed by the loosing of the balloons by the Seniors and the hotly contested relay races and tug-o'-war between the classes. During these exercises, the band will enliven the affair by playing various tunes.

The last outdoor event is going to be an entirely new event of the performance. It will be staged by the Aero Club, and believe me,—it's a WOW! Don't be surprised if you see a couple of real airplanes sailing over the playground and dropping—who knows what? Come and find out.

Those lucky enough to obtain tickets for the indoor exercises to be held in the auditorium directly after the outdoor performances will see the really best part of the day. These indoor exercises are exclusively of the Seniors, by the Seniors and for the Seniors. The band will play a lively tune while the class of '28 marches onto the stage. Then comes the Address of Welcome by the class president and the Class Oration delivered by John Jewett. The Class Will, the Class History, the Class Poem, etc. will be then delivered. Then, there is the Class Prophecy which will be given by Marianna McAfee and Daniel. They will give the audience the "low-down" on '28, leaving out no one and putting in the funniest gags imaginable about their classmates' future.

After the exercises, there will be a grand rush for the Year Books.

One more word, lassies and lads—we humbly beseech you to pray, pray and pray again for Old Sol's benevolence. Although we are not averse to marching in the rain, we think it would be much more pleasant to march in the sunshine—and with the deal that we've been recently getting from the Weather Man!!—??

However, regardless of weather and with nothing else but your co-operation and help which is all we really need, this year's Class Day is going to be the best ever.

Much-Married Man: "The world is a stage."

Sympathizer: "Yes; and all the speaking parts are given to women."

* * *

Wife: "Dash it, Henry, you don't expect me to wear this mangy fox fur all my life?"

Henry: "Why not? The fox did."

AERO CLUB PRESENTS TROPHY TO BREMEN FLIERS

George Mason and Arthur Horn, B.A.C. presenting trophy to the Bremen Flyers, Captain Koehl, Major Fitzmaurice and Baron Gunther von Huenefeld

AREO FLASHES

On Sunday, May 20, the Brookline Aero Club held one of its most important functions of the year. At the home of Baron Kurt von Tippleskirch German Consul, a committee consisting of George Mason, Chairman, Arthur Horn, and Mr. C. M. Downing presented to the Bremen fliers, Captain Hermann Koehl, Major James C. Fitzmaurice and Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, certificates of honorary life membership and a beautiful trophy, designed and made by Arthur Horn. It was originally planned to have other members of the Aero Club form on the lawn in front of the house where the presentation was scheduled to take place, and then to have the fliers shake hands with each and every member of the Aero Club. However, the rain necessitated having the presentation inside and as it was impossible to accommodate the 25 members in the house, there was some disappointment.

Nevertheless, the presentation was made, photographs taken, more handshaking, and autographs given.

The trophy which was given was a carefully made model of the "Spirit of St. Louis", mounted on an aluminum rod three inches high, which was attached to a globe representing the world, with Lindy's route marked in red. On the skillfully turned base was inscribed: "To the Bremen fliers from the Brookline Aero Club, Boston, May 20, 1928." The model, which is no mere dummy, for it actually flies, has a wing spread of only 5 and a half inches, and was made by Arthur Horn, crack model builder of the club, and is complete in every detail, even to the levels in back of the wing. It took Horn three months of spare time to build it.

At the last meeting of the Club, Lt. Charles Clark spoke on "Military Tactics applied to Aviation." A club library was incorporated and the president was chosen club librarian. Plans for Class Day were announced. The Aero Club Class Day committee consists of: George Mason, chairman, Arthur Horn, publicity, Mr. Downing, adviser and Sidney Dobbs.

Everybody in the school wants to know what we are going to do, so here goes. While the Senior Class is marching through ranks of the underclassmen, it will come to a halt and President Cole and his aides will step forward. A brief period will elapse, and the Aero Club plane from the East Boston Airport will swoop down over the field, and upon signal from the ground will drop a floral tribute to the graduating class, which will be picked up by Arthur Horn or other groundmen of the Aero Club, and be presented to President Cole. The plane has been chartered from the Boston Airport Corp. and is a Whirlwind J-5 model Travel Air. Greeting cards will be dropped also. There is a limited number of these. Who will get one? The dropping of the tribute will be executed by George Mason who will be accompanied by Sidney Dobbs.

On the evening of June 1 (Class Day) the farewell meeting of the Aero Club will be held. Lt. Donald Duke, commander of Boston Airport will speak. Mr. Jewett will address the members on "Control." Mr. Holcombe of the N. A. A. will also speak, and it is expected that Major-General Foote will be present. President Mason will tell what Class Day looks like from the air.

BROOKLINE HIGH GIRL BECOMES A NOTED 'CELLIST

Vivian Ward of the class of 1926 is making for herself a distinguished reputation in the musical realm by her unusual ability as a 'cellist. Miss Ward has been in Las Vegas, New Mexico for the past eighteen months. In Las Vegas she has found spendid opportunities for both teaching and playing. From unanimous reports her recent appearance in solos and ensemble on the State program at the State Convention of the Federation of Music Clubs in Albusquerque was an outstanding success, for which she was accorded a most enthusiastic reception. The Director of the Sante Fé Conservatory has offered Miss Ward an excellent position to teach, and to play in a string quartette. However, Miss Ward has decided to study even further and with that purpose she will return to Boston in September.

Ye Olde School Crier

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Lende Ye Alle an Eare!

After the remarks Ye Crier made about Fred Blanchard's neckties loud cries of protest have been heard from the "ones who know." They say that Bob Marshal wears louder and rarer ties. What say ye?

* * *

How everybody hates the shortened periods occasioned by Class Day Practise!

* * *

An official report has it that the girls will do a dance with big, white rubber balls.

* * *

If you see certain Seniors going around with happy smiles you will know that they don't have to take a final in M H c.

* * *

Ye Crier wishes to congratulate "Allie" McTigue on his obtaining an Exeter Scholarship. As a member of the swimming and baseball teams he is well known and liked by his schoolmates.

* * *

We wonder if the last meeting of Mr. Taylor's Saturday Math. Club will be celebrated by a banquet.

* * *

After every sport season is over, a number of boys blossom out in new sweaters with the coveted "B" on. Just now there are a flock of swimming letters.

* * *

Ye Crier notices that Fred of the B. H. S. band now bangs the cymbals Leave it to him to be where the noise is.

* * *

With College Boards in the offing it is surprising to see what you don't know about a subject.

* * *

Our ambitions Senior Class has evidently left the decorations in Shailer Hall for the Juniors as a gift.

* * *

Why is it that in Class Day practise the officers find the muddiest places on Cypress Playground to drill in?

* * *

Ye Crier wonders how long Dan's voice will last after those "ba-a-a-Tal-i-o-n!" commands.

* * *

Have you noticed the fearful look in the eyes of our teachers? They are just thinking of some good questions for Finals.

* * *

It is nosed around that Mr. Taylor is in danger of buying a dinner. Ask him.

* * *

Tickets for Class Day are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth.

* * *

Just saw Fred and he had a very, very yellow tie on. My vote goes to him.

* * *

That's alle
Hear Ye!
Hear Ye!

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

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Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

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MEMORIAL DAY

"Four score and seven years ago"—began a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln in commemoration of the battle of Gettysburg, in truth to the commemoration of all the heroes, dead and alive, of the Civil War. It helped to maintain a remembrance of this tearing of a nation.

After the Civil War had been won by the North, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, set aside May 30th in remembrance of this war and called it "Memorial Day"—memory of a war which almost divided us,—almost caused us to be divided into small republics continually warring on each other.

Brookline's men and boys answered nobly when the call for recruits came. They followed Grant to Vicksburg, they followed Sherman through the South and the remaining came back with the realization that they had done their bit toward preventing their country from becoming divided. They had helped to keep it an united country.

Each year Brookline celebrates on this day for its few remaining veterans. Townspeople, soldiers and school-children from Brookline High School accompany them in a long march through the town. This year perhaps with the realisation that it may be the last time, the aggregation of school boys exceeded that of former years.

ENJOYING LIFE

In the sanely-balanced scheme of modern life we must set apart some time for play and relaxation—a time in which to enjoy life. The new psychology has impressed upon us that the time spent in intelligent recreation of the mind and body is really time invested in our success in everyday life. When we leave our work for a while, and turn to sports and games for relaxation and mental and physical re-invigoration, we invariably return to work with a greater physical zest and mental clearness. The time so shrewdly invested in the exercise of the mental and physical faculties is returned twofold in the new energy which we bring back with us. In this day of greater intellectual activity, those recreations which are designed solely for intelligent diversion of the mind are of great importance. After the work of the day is done, there is something soothing in turning the mind to games and pastimes which, while they call for a certain mental agility, still tend to divert the mind, momentarily, from the weightier affairs of life. Thus, let us see to it that we are provided with the most wholesome and beneficial of all forms of mental relaxation—general reading, and, also, let us realize that recreation should have an important place in our program for success in life.

The Sagamore Extends
Its Best Wishes To The
Seniors For A Most
Successful Class Day

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE BLIND SHALL SEE

by Melvin Anshen

I was sitting by the roaring fire watching the shadows chase themselves across the ceiling and race madly along the dark walls when Mellow brought the coffee in. His obsequious, trained mieu made no impression upon me. It seemed to fit into the tone of the room, into the light that was so fitful, into Furness' slow breathing as he lay in bed, slightly propped up by two pillows under his head, with his wan face as white as the sheet at which his fingers plucked. His dark hair was combed back from the high forehead, and lay in startling contrast to the fresh slip. He was ghastly white, even his hair toned away in the distance; only the deep eyes, calm and luminous, lent a ray of life and color to the room. The Sickness had taken its toll of him, leaving him limp and well-nigh helpless, and he had not long to live.

Mellow put the service, presented to Furness by an admiring class, down at my elbow. While he performed the ministrations, I questioned him in a low voice.

"Have you phoned Doctor Seward?"

"Yes, sir. But he said that the storm would probably delay him. I told him that it was an emergency case, but 'emergency or no emergency,' he said; 'I can't do you any good by getting myself lost in the snow.'"

"Is it still snowing?"

"It is growing worse, sir." His fine face showed a sympathetic interest. I saw his eyes wander, and interpreted the silent query.

"Not much longer, I am afraid, Mellow. He won't see the night through."

"It's hard, sir. When you have served so long . . . to see him go."

"I know, but buck up. I'll stay and see it through. If I want you I'll ring. And phone again to Seward. Tell him he must get through."

David looked at me with a faint quirk at his lip. I knew what he was thinking; coming to the end of the trail. He grinned. "Well, old chap."

"David . . ." I could say no more.

"I hear a distant foot-step."

"Steady on, old man," I said softly. "I'm staying here."

"I was just thinking," he said, smiling at me. "I was just thinking of what's to come . . . after. John, John Teele, do you believe in a God, in a Superior Being, One Who controls all things, Who knows all things, Who creates all things?"

"I think I do, David."

"I don't mean just being religious," he cried petulantly. "That's all surface. I mean deep in your soul, do you think there is Some Power to stand by you in the crisis, when things are tense?"

"David Furness, I believe in a God, I believe in God. There is that Supreme Power; there is that Moulder of the Universe. Else why are we here?"

He looked at me squarely. He was puzzled.

"That is just what I don't know. Just what I don't know."

"Surely this life of ours is not futile."

"Mine is."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because that is how I feel. Look at that fire. It does not burn steadily; it flickers, wavers. Don't you think we flicker? Is there a soul which burns true?" There was eagerness and a certain lonely glint in his eye as he questioned me fiercely.

"You asked me if I believed in God, David. I told you frankly that I did. I don't seek reasons; one does not need reasons for a firm belief. I know I am right."

"I wonder, John. It all seems—rather grotesque to me; rather far-fetched. I am afraid of it."

I let the matter drop, for it was troubling him. He sank back on the pale pillow like the ghost of a man. His face was twitching, twitching. I sat by the fire ruminating, watching the alternate light and shadow, with the coffee stone-cold at my side. Faintly from without, I could hear the roaring of the wind and the snow hard on its heels. The sleet was swishing against the window-pane with a soft, wet sound. And David Furness lay abed, listening to the plop! of wet snow, counting the ebbing minutes of his life.

Mellow was standing at my side.

"Pardon me, sir. There is a blind man below-stairs. He stumbled against the out-house in the storm. I gave him food, but it isn't very warm in the kitchen because the fire in the stove has died down. He is shivering with the cold. Would you like to have him up here?"

I glanced at Furness. He had heard nothing of this.

"Why, of course. Bring him up."

Mellow was standing at my side holding a man by the right wrist.

I motioned him toward a chair across from me where his profile would be visible to Furness. The man was tired out. He leaned back in the chair, turning his face to the fire with the motion of a child. It was a curious thing that when I gazed into his face I forget the shabbiness and the scantiness of his clothes; the tattered condition of his shoes; the worn and work-soiled hands. His features gave a noble touch to his appearance, rendering it at once above the ordinary and beautiful. His eyes were wide open; and the horrible thing was that they were sightless.

(Continued on Page 6)

CLASS DAY ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

The long awaited announcement of appointments was read by Mr. Hines. The commander-in-chief is to be Ted Cole, president of the Senior class. After all the other names had been announced he told us what a difficult time he had had in choosing the adjutant, as there were two fellows both of whom deserved the award. When he stated that both names began with the same letter, everyone knew that they were the two boys Eugene Record and Dan Rollins. This announcement was greeted with a thunder of applause.

Mr. Hines next statement was that the boys had been invited to march in the Memorial Day parade. It was his hope that the school would support the veterans this year as well as they have in preceding years.

Mr. Jewett next read the Class Day program. He made it clear that there would be no time for rehearsals taken from studies except that which was allowed in the special schedule. He closed the meeting by stating that he would march Memorial Day and hoped the boys of school would follow his example. ,

B. H. S. GRADUATE WINS HONORS AT HARVARD

Wallace Fowlie

Wallace Fowlie, graduate of Brookline High School, Class of 1926—Harvard '31, won the "France-Amérique" medal in French oratorical contest at Harvard contending against three Harvard upper classmen, two of whom have studied in France. With the exception of the short time he has been in Harvard, Mr. Fowlie's training in French has been entirely in the French Department of the Brookline Public Schools. He began in the 7th grade of the Devotion School and carried the study of French through the four years of High School.

Mr. Fowlie will spend this summer in France having earned the money for his trip teaching French.

The judges of the contest were M. Jules-Bois of Paris, who came to New York especially for this contest—Professor James Geddes, Boston University, Professor F. R. Wheeler, Tufts College, and M. Eugene L. Raiche, Harvard University.

M. André Kozul, of the University of Strasbourg, exchange Professor at Harvard presided.

Lake Ossipee, N. H.

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NEWTON DEFEATED

SPORTS

B.H.S. 5, CANTABS 2

BROOKLINE WINS FROM CANTABS 5-2

Brookline ended the first half of the Suburban League schedule with a win over Cambridge Latin at Russell Field on Wednesday, May 16, by the score of five to two, in a fast, well-played game. Redmond Hilliard of Cambridge, the fast shortstop, was the outstanding batter of the day, registering three hits from the offerings of McDonnell. Pat Cannon led the Brookline team with two safeties out of three times at bat. By scoring four runs in an exciting sixth inning, Brookline put the game safely in its batbag.

The Red and Blue scored its first run in the first inning, when Pat Cannon, leadoff man, blasted McFadgen's first pitch to right center field for a clean two-base hit. Stranahan, the next batter, in an attempt to sacrifice Cannon along, bunted a pop fly which first baseman Bracket of Cambridge, caught after a hard run. As soon as the ball was caught, Cannon dashed for third and when Bracket, off his balance, threw the ball into left field in an effort to catch him, Pat scored the first run. After this inning both pitched airtight ball until the fifth, when Cambridge scored its only runs. In the second inning, Al McDonnell showed rare form by striking out three successive batters. In the last of the fifth, Cambridge Latin scored two runs on Wilson's error, a base on balls to Gray, and Hogan's terrific two-base smash to left field.

Brookline came back with a bang in the next inning by scoring four big runs. Bert Nyhan was hit by a pitched ball, Bud Wilson singled, sending Nyhan to second and both of them advanced a base when Henry Lynch was passed. Al. Lewitzky came up with the bases full and Brookline one

(Continued on Page 6)

BROOKLINE BOWS TO SOMERVILLE

On May 25, at Tech Field, Brookline was defeated by Somerville for the second time this year to the tune of ten to seven. In her first game with Somerville she was swamped eleven to three, so one can see that although we're not winning all ball games, at least we are steadily improving. "Al" McDonnell hurled the first eight innings for Brookline and pitched fairly well, although he was ineffective in pinches. "Mel" Anshen tossed the apple up in the last inning, and in his first game of the year he turned in a very creditable performance, no runs being scored while he was on the mound. In the last half of the ninth Brookline, with the score ten to two against her, made a wonderful rally, scoring five runs and almost tying up the game. In this inning the team batted all the way around.

The first run scored in this game was made by Somerville in her half of the second on a single, a stolen base, and a bad peg by Captain "Jim Ryan." Brookline tied it up in her half on a pass to Ryan, another stolen base, and a wild throw by the Somerville third baseman on Lewitsky's grounder. In the fourth inning Keen, the Somerville third baseman, hit a terrific home run over the right field bleachers, scoring another man ahead of him and sending Somerville in to the lead.

No scoring occurred after this until the seventh when Somerville apparently sewed the game up by scoring three runs. Brookline scored her second tally in the seventh also, on a single by Heitman, who had been put in to pinch hit for Sovrensky, a free ticket to Stranahan, a passed ball, and a sacrifice fly. In the eighth Somerville scored four more runs on a combination of hits, passes, and errors. Brookline, however, in their half of the ninth, as has been mentioned before, scored five runs, and this prevented Somerville from taking the game too easily.

Brookline now has won two, and lost four league games for a percentage of 333.

RED AND BLUE RUNNERS SINK NEWTON 47-25

In the face of a driving rain the Brookline track team walked away with the Newton dual meet, held on the Boston College track on Saturday, May 19th. First places only in the shot put, high jump and half-mile were conceded to Newton. Al Prince, our high jumper, surprised by taking the two-twenty in the snappy time of 22 and 3-5 with Mel Linsky and Red Record close upon his heels. As Ebelhare of Newton and three Brookline jumpers were left in the high jump at four feet eleven inches, the coaches agreed to let Newton have first place and Brookline second and third in order to run the "440". In the low hurdles Romaine Cole, the Newton star, and Eddie Duane of Brookline placed in the first heat, Capt. Record and Frank Neer qualifying in the second. Record easily took the finals in 14 2-5 seconds. The Brookline captain starred again in the quarter-mile with Werner right on his heels. The "800" was the most colorful race of the day. Jewett seesawing back and forth with Chamberlain of the Garden City till a few yards from the finish, where the Newton runner passed Jewett and won by a hair's breadth. Badaracco, another double winner, leaped nineteen feet nine inches in the broad jump and took the century dash in 10 3-5, Linsky, his brother dash man, coming in second.

Because of the rainfall there was a very small attendance, and Coach Hines' boys deserve credit for doing what they did with almost no backing.

THE BLIND SHALL SEE

(Continued from Page 4)

He moved again in the chair. The twisting of his feet toppled over the poker, which was resting against the screen. As he fumbled to pick it up I saw Furness' blanched face piering over the pillow. He saw the stranger's efforts to grasp the fallen poker. He watched me lean forward to pick it up for him. He made an attempt to speak, and then controlled himself.

"Did—the poker fall?" he muttered thickly.

The blind man turned slowly, until he sat facing him.

"I knocked it over with my foot," he said. "I am sorry. I couldn't see it . . . I am blind."

"Oh," said Furness. He turned to me. "How did . . ."

The blind man took up the thread. "I started out from Malvey this morning. The storm came up quickly and caught me on the moor. I was wandering, blown by the gale, until I fetched up here. It is rather lucky I barged into the house. I wouldn't have lasted much longer out there. Nothing could have."

"You—can't see?" said Furness.

"I am blind," he said calmly.

Furness was staring at him, his face shining with a light that was from beyond the earth. His hands stretched out toward the blind man, eagerly, beckoning. His parched tongue licked his lips. "Come—come to me. Come here. For God's sake, hurry. It hurts so. Hurry. Oh, you blind, come and you shall be healed. Come!"

The blind man was half out of his chair, amazed and incredulous. Something, I know not what, urged me on, so that I rose up to take the blind man's arm. I led him, stumbling, half-tearful, to Furness' side. He knelt by the bed.

Furness had placed his hands over the man's eyes. Instantly the latter's nervous twitching ceased. He knelt there calmly, his hands crossed upon the counter-pane. Furness was whispering fiercely:

"Pray, man. Believe in God. As sure as He exists, you have to . . . it's hard . . . and it hurts. Please come with me. Try. It . . . hurts . . . oh . . ." his voice died with a rattle in his throat. The blind man shrieked, shielding his eyes from the flickering red of the fire! "Oh, God!" He was whimpering his voice breaking.

I crossed to the bed-side. There, white against the white pillow, lay Furness, beautiful and divine in death. The stranger turned his back to the light of the fire, as Mellow opened the door to admit Doctor Seward.

Pat (meeting Mike): "Have ye heard, Mike, that the great Mussolini is an Irishman?"

"No, indade. Is that so? And what might his name be?"

"Well, his real name must be Richard Murphy, for they call him for short 'Dick Tater'."

SENIORS PRACTICE FOR GRADUATION

Probably you have heard a delightful chorus of mixed voices singing from one-thirty to two o'clock on Mondays and Wednesdays. The Seniors, among whom are some future Carusos, Martinellis, and Galli-Curcis, are plugging faithfully to make their graduation not a howling, but a singing success. Led by our maitre de musique, Mr. Zanzig, they sing together their Class Song, Sir Eglamore, and Co' The Yawes, a Scot melody meaning Call of the Yews. Much credit is due Mr. Zanzig for it is no easy matter to get a large group of people, amateurs or veterans, to sing in unison and the seniors attendance at these assemblies is remarkable, a thing which the underclassmen should remember for their graduation practice. If the saying, "Practice makes perfect," is true, the Seniors are going to have a perfect graduation.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS CANTABS

(Continued from Page 5)

run behind, and proceeded to break up the ball game with a long double to center field, which scored Nyhan and Wilson. Then Al. McDonnell helped along his cause with a hard hit single through the second baseman's legs which scored Lynch and Lewitzky. This ended the run making, although both teams had several other opportunities to score. In the sixth inning, Bud Wilson made a beautiful one hand stab of Bracket's line drive and then doubled Davis off second unassisted. Again in the eighth a combination, this time, of Nyhan and Wilson pulled "Mac" out of a tight hole with a double play while two men were on bases.

This victory gave Al. McDonnell two wins and one loss in the three league games he has played. This makes him one of the league's leading pitchers. Brookline finished the first half of the league schedule with two victories and three defeats, but is coming right along now and ought to do better in the next half.

MARSHAL ELECTIONS

A marshal meeting was held May 18th in the Auditorium for the purpose of electing a new captain for the coming year.

Captain John Jewett announced that every Junior boy marshal who expected to be a Senior next year was eligible for the office. As a result the ballot read Edward Duane, Joseph Donohue, Paul Barrabee, Elliott Hurwitz, Melvin Anshen and Edward Hannon.

Edward Hannon received the majority vote and at the beginning of next year will assume his duties as Captain. He has appointed Jacqueline Densten as his assistant.

ALUMNI NOTES

Three Brookline High graduates are honor students in the Senior class at Dartmouth College. The students of distinctive scholastic accomplishment for the first semester of the year are John H. O'Sullivan, Horace F. Anthony, Jr., and Loren W. Taylor.

Eddie McGrath is giving base-ball fans thrills by his excellent work at shortstop on the Harvard freshman team.

Miss Margaret Frances McCue, a former student at B. H. S., was married on May 3 to Mr. Charles A. Hanley. Following her graduation from High. Mrs. Hanley attended the N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Miss Priscilla Rowley '26 was a member of the pageant cast at the annual Mayday program at Wellesley College.

Miss Martha Bird '24, is a freshman at Wheaton.

Stanley Blish '19 has recently gone to Chicago with the Liberty Mutual Co.

Miss Ruth Thomas '24, is among the Senior students at B. U. During her Senior year she has been president of the Writers' club, on the Class Day Committee, in the recently produced Spanish Play, Mandolin Club, Year Book Board, and lastly, class prophetess.

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Le Coin Francais

L'Hommage Universel à Victor Hugo

Cette fête du Trocadéro eût pu être plus éclatante, mais non plus réussie. De nombreux intellectuels étrangers, parmi lesquels on remarquait Vicente Blasco Ibanez et Heinrich Mann, s'etaient groupés autour du ministre de l'Instruction Publique—lequel, par parenthèse, a battu tous les records officiels en inaugurations et en discours, cette semaine—pour célébrer le plus génereux de nos penseurs, le plus vivant de nos poètes, celui dont les idées ont remué le monde. Ce fut une véritable apothéose.

Rappelons une anecdote assez piquante sur l'auteur des Orientales . . .

On lui remet, un jour, une envelope, portant, pour toute suscription, ces mots: "Au plus parfait poète de ce temps." Hugo sourit, flatté. Cependant, il n'ouvre pas l'enveloppe. Il saute dans un fiacre, se fait conduire chez Lamartine.

—Voici, lui dit il, une lettre qui s'est trompée d'adresse. Elle est certainment pour vous.

Lamartine proteste. Echange de politesses. A' la fin, les deux poètes décident d'ouvrir le pli et de lire ensemble la missive. Ils lisent, en effet: "Mon cher Alfred . .". et se considèrent, un peu gênés.

La lettre était adressée à Alfred de Musset par Alexandre Dumas, qui, malicieusement, l'avait fait déposer chez Victor Hugo .. . . –Les Annales.

Ronde enfantine

Dansez, les petites filles,
Toutes en rond;
En vous voyant si gentilles,
Les bois riront.

Dansez, les petites belles,
Toutes en rond;
Les oiseaux avec leurs ailes,
Applaudiront.

Dansez, les petites fées,
Toutes en rond;
Dansez, de bluets coiffées,
L'aurore au front.

Victor Hugo

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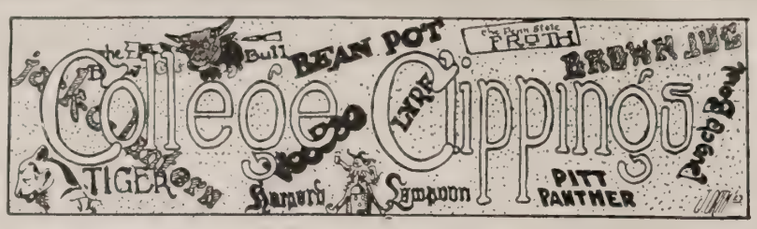

Not Effective

Woman (with a conscience): "Doesn't a still, small voice ever tell you that you're doing the wrong thing?"

Woman (without):—"I never pay any attention to what my husband says."

* * *

Two young actresses were talking about a third.

"Do you really think she's popular?" asked one.

"Popular!" said the other. "Why, the longest run she ever had was in her stocking."

* * *

"One wife too many!" exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's newspaper. "I suppose it is an account of the doings of some bigamist?"

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband without daring to look up.

* * *

American tourist (viewing Vesuvius in eruption): "Gee, ain't that just like hell."

French tourist: "Ah, zese Americans, zey have been everywhere!"

* * *

"We shall not see short skirts this summer," says a news item. Are they to be as short as all that?

* * *

Scientists now tell us that some of the coal we now use was thousands of years in formation; the older the coal, they say, the better it is. Which only goes to prove that there is no fuel like an old fuel.

* * *

On Going on a Vacation.

"Too bad I'm not carrying the piano!"

"Hurry up, Wilton—stop trying to be funny."

"I'm not—I just remembered I left the tickets on it!"

* * *

Self Denial

The missionary had talked and talked to the cannibal chief and at last seemed to have made an impression.

"You really aren't going to eat me, are you?" he asked hopefully.

"No," replied the chief regretfully, "But Ill take a little of the soup."

Major: "Yes, sir, the Giacomo Pass can only be crossed by asses and mules. I know—I speak from experience."

* * *

Yes, He Hadn't

"Did you or did you not," demanded a lawyer of a witness, "on the date in question, or any other date, say to the defendant, or to anyone else, that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment, or otherwise? Answer me, yes or no."

* * *

"Ye know, Sandy, for two cents I'd throw this penny away."

* * *

His Job

"See that little man over there? He's an etiquette teacher in a deaf-and-dumb school."

"What are his duties?"

"He teaches the pupils not to talk with their hands full."

* * *

It All Depended

Thompson—"Suppose a man should call you a fool, what would you do?"

Smithson (hesitating) "What sized man?"

* * *

An Eye-Opener

She (indignantly)—"I'd like to see you kiss me again."

He:—"All right, keep your eyes open this time."

* * *

First typist—"Tomorrow is my birthday and I'm going to take a day off.

Second Ditto: "Why the change?"

"What change?"

"Well, don't you usually take a year?"

* * *

Paging Puppies

The bell hop was whistling in the halls of a big hotel. The manager stopped him.

"Don't you know it's against the rules of the hotel for an employe to whistle in this hotel?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the bell hop, "I'm not whistling, I'm paging Mrs. Goldbrick's dog."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXIV, NO. 16 | BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 12, 1928 | TEN CENTS

STATE MEET WON BY BROOKLINE

SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP IN TWO WEEKS

Brookline High School's track team won its second outdoor interscholastic title in as many weeks by winning the State Meet, Saturday, June 2, at the Harvard Stadium. Brookline's score was almost twice that of its nearest rival and the victory clearly showed Brookline's superiority.

Captain "Red" Record won the feature race of the day when he defeated Johnny Janis of Lawrence, the favorite, by mere inches in the 120-yard low hurdles. Record's sprint at the finish defeated Janis and enabled the Brookline leader to smash the State record by five-fifths of a second. "Red" has had a wonderful season in the hurdles, having won several interscholastic titles.

Al. Prince, erstwhile high-jumper, easily defeated the cream of the state 220-yard sprinters and thus demonstrated that his showing at Newton was no flash in the pan.

(continued on Page 3)

FRESHMAN BASEBALL TEAM HAS MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Our school, although not many students know it, has had the good fortune this year of having one of the best Freshman baseball teams in her history. The team has now concluded its season with a record of six games won and two lost. This showing doesn't, at first sight, seem so extraordinary, but when I add that all but two of the games played were against athletic associations of different parts of Brookline with boys much older than the "freshies," your sour look will soon change. The two games they did play against Freshmen teams of their own size were against our bitter rivals, Newton, and Captain "Andy" Madden of the Freshman team pitched a no-hit game in both of these encounters. Brookline won these battles without much trouble, the scores being 10-1 and 10-2.

Now I'll give you some statistics about the team. They scored 69 runs to their opponents' 27. They had eight fellows who hit over .300, and one fellow, Tom Ainsworth, the center fielder, clipped the apple for a sweet .500. The team stole 39 bases, secured 11 doubles, 5 triples, and 3 circuit smashes. Fourteen fellows secured their numerals.

Now about the prospects for the future. Needless to say, there is some

(continued on Page 3)

SCHOOL SETTLES BACK TO ROUTINE AFTER BROOKLINE'S GALA FETE

Photo by Roud, Courtesy of the Brookline Chronicle

School assembled on steps to cheer and raise numerals.

CLASS DAY A GREAT SUCCESS

A large blue airplane soaring in a cloudless sky above, carrying two members of the Aero Club, featured the best B. H. S. Class Day observance that has ever taken place.

After flying over the field on which were gathered the entire student body of 1500 pupils and several thousand parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of the class of '28, George Mason and Sidney Dobbs, the two Aero Club members who were riding in the plane, dropped a large box of flowers which was presented to Ed Cole, president of '28, by Arthur Horn. The large crowd was thrilled as the plane which was piloted by Ralph Wickford, flew over the field and performed stunts.

At two o'clock, the school band struck the first note of a march and the student body, headed by Ed Cole and the two adjutants, Eugene Record and Dan Rollins, started down the stone steps of the Old Building.

The marshals and aides were clad in crepe paper costumes. The aides, in charge of Dorothy Gay, were dressed in yellow costumes with the long pantalettes representing the Colonial Period, and the marshals, under the leadership of Janet Wolfson were dressed in shepherd costumes of green.

When the girls of the school had paraded through the files of aids and marshals, the Senior girls, wearing dresses of orange and black, their class colors, decorated the letters and numerals of the class with maple leaves.

The boys then marched in review before Wm. R. Kenneally, commander

(continued on Page 2)

MEETING OF THE TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

The last meeting of the Teacher-Student Council was held Wednesday, June 6. Besides confirming the choice of marshals for next year, the Council nominated eight members of the junior class for chief justice of the Court of Justice next year, and it will vote on the nominations in the near future.

BARON TIPPELSKIRCH ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

George Mason, president of the Brookline Aero Club, presided at the assembly on June 5th. He presented the distinguished speaker, Baron Kurt von Tippelskirch, the German consul at Boston. It was in his home that the celebrated Bremen fliers, Captain Koehl, Baron von Hounefeld, and Major Fitzmaurice, were made honorary members of the Club. They were also presented with a model of the "Spirit of St. Louis" made by Arthur Horn.

Baron von Tippelskirch spoke in a most interesting manner about the fliers, and then described his own early life at Hanover, Germany. He highly lauded modern youth, science and invention, and remarked that the wonderful achievement of these men was another important step in that world-known and rapidly advancing line from Goethe, "Wir sind jung das ist schön." The English translation of this line is "We are young, that is wonderful."

SENIORS TAKE LAST VIEW OF SCHOOL

Professor Maurice Speaker Of Evening

AWARDING OF YEAR'S PRIZES

The play is over, and the audience applauds. On Friday evening, June 15, at eight o'clock, the stage of the auditorium will be set for the last act—the departure of the class of 1928. On that night some two hundred and sixty diplomas will formally seal four never-to-be-lived-over years. The proud Seniors, who for the last year have humbled one and all, will be ushered out into the cold world with only their sheepskins.

By the way, the Junior boys who have been selected to do the ushering are having their lucky night, because "entrés" to the Commencement Exercises is more rare than whole months of Junes. Those who have been fortunate enought to secure the coveted pasteboard "admit bearer" are going to witness a most impressive program.

Professor Andrè Maurice, eminent member of the French department at Harvard College, will be the speaker of the evening. Having taught many students, he is well qualified to give beneficial advice to the Senior Class. Mr Peterson, chairman of the Brookline School Board, will award the diplomas. The J. Murray Kay prizes, among the most desired honors in the school, are to be presented to the winners by Mr. Gallegher, Superintendent of the Brookline schools. Mr. Akers will present to the winners the William H. Lincoln medals representing the highest award in the various studies.

Your correspondent wishes he could impart to you the names of the recipients of the scholarships, prizes and honors, but he is as much in the dark as you are. These are carefully awarded secrets. But guesses are free.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Zanzig, will provide the music for this night of nights to the graduating class.

The entire Faculty, and the officers of the class of '28 have worked unceasingly to present a program that will live in the hearts and minds of the Seniors to the very last day of their lives.

The Sagamore, the Faculty, and the entire student body unite in wishing a wonderful graduation to the Senior Class and success to its individual members.

"YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER"

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Fore ye Laste Tyme
Hear Ye!

Ye Crier shuts his Scandal Book until next fall but then he shall open it again with a vengeance.

* * *

If you meet Mr. Jewett going around with a haggard look, it is because he is trying to arrange the Final Exam Schedule.

* * *

We noticed that Miss Paine started quite a collection of year books in 222 last Thursday.

* * *

Speaking of the Year Book we think you'll agree that it is the best yet.

* * *

Did you notice Art Anderson's picture in the SAG staff?

* * *

Mr. Taylor is ver', ver', busy with those who are late to classes because they stopped to sign a Year Book.

* * *

Who started that, anyway?

* * *

The famous Lunch Room Trio was nearly swamped the other day with autograph seekers.

* * *

With Class Day back of us and Graduation Day ahead, now the thought is "how to get a Graduation Ticket."

* * *

Ye Crier understands that several members of the Senior Class intend to come to school with their arms in slings so they won't have to sign Year Books.

* * *

We noticed that "Ed" Duane started training for the Fitchburg Relays two days before them.

* * *

Gee, it must be great to be good!

* * *

We understand that "Hopeless" Kelsey left her "pep" to Polly Miller. Well, Polly you'll have to go some.

* * *

Mr. Taylor looks positively sad as school draws to a close. It looks as if he hated to leave our beloved institution of learning for a summer of golf.

* * *

But then golf balls cost a dollar a piece.

* * *

He started to play one day and had to quit after the second hole because he lost his ball.

* * *

Ye Crier feels safe in saying these things because when this is printed school will be all over.

* * *

That's a sad thing because many of us will have to sleep in the park during the coming days.

* * *

This is a funny time of year for Book Reports but a lot of our lads and lassies are reading books.

* * *

By the way we understand that Bob Marshall has spent $20 on neckties to try to regain his lost laurels.

"R" COLYUM

Month's Best Short Story

Mr. Kepner: What did the immigrants bring over with them?

Ed Hannon: Children.

* * *

It took Hannon a month to think that up, i. e. the smell of burning wood in Mr. Kepner's room for the last month.

* * *

This fellow Hannon has a witty face but it takes a man like Mr. Kepner to bring out his hidden qualities.

* * *

We see, from the results of the Class Day relay, that George Barrie can still shake a wicked ankle.

* * *

Did anyone notice the expression of half contented amazement on Fred Fancy's face during the indoor exercises of Class Day?

* * *

We never quite realized how important the class of 1928 was until Dick Simmers enlightened us by reading the class history.

* * *

The only thing we can explain about is why didn't he let us know sooner. Then we could have had more time to appreciate this class, to bring out its hidden qualities and to nourish it and help prepare it for the great outdoors.

* * *

Did anyone notice the unparalleled courage of the graduating class?

* * *

Any class that can write such middle names as it possesses, in the Year Book and then get away with it, deserves a lot of credit.

* * *

"WE",
Who is the "I",
He or she?
Not he, nor any "he's",
While controlled
By the woman's ayes and nos.

* * *

If Victor Hugo never stood up in a bus, then where did he get his idea for the hunchback of Notre Dame?

* * *

PROVERB

Persistence is the key to success (sez George Mason) That is why a young lady recently walked the seventy-four miles from Newport to her home city in 17 hours.

* * *

When that young lady says no, believe me, she means it.

* * *

We absolutely announce with positive great comfort that this is the last issue of the Sagamore.

* * *

See you next year and good luck on the college boards and other what-nots.

Ye Crier takes this chance (try and stop him) to wish ye alle a very happy and pleasant summer. Also please pity me who am condemned to manual labor at C.M.T.C.

Ye Crier cries out for Ye Last Tyme.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

CLASS DAY

Chief Aid, Dorothy Gay

(continued from Page 1)

of Brookline Post, No. 11, A. L.; John T. Connor, vice-commander of the Brookline Post; Capt. C. M. Simmers, U. S. N., and Commander Maguire, U. S. N.

After the military exhibition, the judges decided that Company B. of the 2nd battalion, in command of Capt. John Ball with Lieuts. Milton Finger and Wm. Coutts, had won first prize. Company C of the 1st battalion under the leadership of Capt. Henry Greenleaf and Lieuts. Joseph Stranahan and Charles Conroy, and Company A of the same battalion, under Capt. Richard Simmers and with Lieuts. Clinton Heitman and Carl Tishler, secured honorable mention.

The entire body saluted the colors, and the classes marched to the school steps where the numerals and letters were placed on the building. The whole student body formed on and around the steps and gave cheers for Mr. Akers, the faculty, and the various sports. The classes then returned to the field to await the coming of the plane.

There was also a program of sports and dancing. The freshmen defeated the Sophomores in a tug-o-war while the juniors won over the Seniors. In the final, the juniors easily beat the freshmen, pulling them all over the lot.

In the relay race, the Senior class team, made up of Eugene Record, Alfred Prince, George Barrie and Melvin Linsky, defeated the three lower classes by a large margin.

When the program of sports and dancing had been completed the Senior class was provided with balloons, at a signal, while marching through the ranks of the under classmen, they released. Each balloon carried a message stating that Brookline High was "alive and kicking."

After the completion of the outdoor performances, those lucky to obtain tickets filed into the auditorium for the best part of the program, the indoor exercises.

President Edward Cole welcomed everyone and explained briefly the object of the indoor exercises. A tribute to Dr. Roberts, the man who founded Class Day, was given by Mr. Packard, and picture of the doctor was unveiled in the auditorium. John Jewett then gave the class oration while Stanley Lewenberg followed with the class poem. The class history was in the hands of Richard Simmers, who stated that it was a good thing for the school that there was a class called '28. A few of the Senior boys then sang Alma Mater. This was followed by the class prophecy, by Marianna McAfee and Daniel Rollins, and the class will, by "Bud" Wilson. The graduating class then handed down its colors to the Freshmen. The exercises closed with the singing of the class song, words and music by Hope Kelsey. All the features of the day were entirely original.

So ended another Class Day; a bigger and better one than in previous years. It but remains for the class of '29 to try to emulate the efforts of '28.

TENNIS TEAM WINS TWO AND LOSES TWO MATCHES

The tennis team thus far this season has had a fairly successful campaign. It appears that they will be near the top of the league at the close of the season with Newton leading.

The first victims of the year were the players representing Quincy High, who were beaten rather easily to the tune of 4½-½. The "½" was caused by the fact that players had to leave the field of battle for their victuals and one of the doubles sets thus ended 14-14.

Fred Blanchard, George Flaherty and Dick Simmers mastered their opponents in the single.

Lynn Classical High School was next on the program and they too were defeated. This time the result was 4-1 in favor of the Red and Blue. The first set-back of the season came when Somerville edged the team by the score of 3-2. The players, Captain "Chubby" Blanchard, Dan Rollins, Dick Simmers, George Flaherty, Tom Regan and Ted Hannon played well despite their defeat. They are all entered in he Massachusetts High School Championships which are to be held at the Longwood Courts on Saturday, June ninth.

Newton High, which has one of the best aggregations in the state, trounced the racquet-wielders by the overwhelming score of eight to one. The representatives of the Orange and Black played excellent tennis and easily held the Red and Blue in check. Because of the rainy season, not much practice has been had, and many meets called off.

BROOKLINE'S TRACK HEROES

Photo by Roud, Courtesy of the Brookline Chronicle

Left to right—S. Bogoshian, M. Linsky, A. Prince, Mr. Hines, E. Record, Capt. Werner, A Badaracco

(continued from Page 1)

Johnnie Badaracco, the flashy sprinter, finished in second place in the entry, just inches behind the winner, and Mel. Linsky, Brookline's other representative in the dash, picked up a lone point by finishing fourth.

The "440" was run in heats, best time determining the winner of the event. "Dick" Werner of Brookline won the first heat and his time was fast enough to give him first place.

Brookline scored in only one field event, the running broad jump, but the eight points scored in this contest made up for the inability to score in the other jumps and weight events. Sarkis Boghasian, who has been out for track several years, proved the biggest sensation of the day when he leaped 21 feet, 3 inches in the running-broad jump to win the State title. "Baddy", who has been Mr. Hines' mainstay in the broad jump for two years, finished second to Bogoshian with a leap that would have won in many other meets

It remained for the relay team to turn in the fastest time of the day in its heat and thus complete the point total of 32. The relay team, each man of which ran 220 yards, was composed of Captain "Gene" Record, Johnnie Badaracco, Mel. Linsky, and Al. Prince.

Mr. Hines has developed a high school track team second to none in the state. Brookline won two interscholastic meets, finished in a tie for first among the high school teams competing in the Harvard Interscholastics, and swamped Newton in the only duel meet of the season.

The outstanding performers were: Record, Werner, Prince, Linsky, Badaracco, Bogoshian, Cole, Jewett, Rogers, Smith, Fink, and Duane.

The Sagamore extends its congratulations to Mr. Hines and his outstanding team for its showing during the outdoor season.

AN ENACTMENT OF THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

Certain of the pupils of Mrs. Nasmyth's Modern History classes recently presented before an audience of embryo teachers in Wellesley College, Mass., a dual sitting of the Congress of Vienna.

Even as the statesmen of our time have created a League of Nations out of the Treaty of Versailles, so the Congress of Vienna (1813-15) created a concert of Europe—dictating the terms of the territorial changes with the Holy Alliance as guarantor. And the history of the Congress is the history of Prince Talleyrand's skillful diplomacy.

Mrs. Nasmyth's object in presenting this dramatic rehearsal of historic events was to vitalize the facts with a living background—to let her pupils work out for themselves the very tough and knotty problems that confront actual administrators.

Not merely to embody the Past, but to envisage the Future is her goal—to open the eyes of her pupils to the benefits of debate, conciliation, and ordered procedure in disentangling the threads of discord between nations.

BOYS JOIN MEMORIAL DAY PARADE

On Wednesday, May 30th, the Brookline High School boys, as has been their custom for the last three years, marched in honor of the Grand Army veterans. When the boys fell in at the Cypress street playground at half-past one, about three hundred boys had answered the call. They started promptly with the High School Band in front of them, and met the other organizations who also were scheduled to march at the town hall. From there the full parade started towards the main library, where exercises were held, and then everyone marched to the Walnut Hill Cemetery, where again short services took place. When this was concluded the parade broke up, the Brookline boys going back to the Cypress street playground, and the rest of the parade continuing to Holywood street. At our playground the fellows were dismissed, and Mr. Hines took the names of the Juniors who had marched, thereby boosting their chances of securing an office at Class Day next year.

EXCHANGES

As Others See Us

The Sagamore

You have a very well-arranged paper. The news is writen in an interesting style. The stories are quite clever.

"Aerial"

J. M. Atherton High School

Louisville

Kentucky

As We See Others

"Brocktonia"

Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.

Your magazine is well written. We like your "Poets' Corner." Also your "Modern Bridge Player" was amusing.

"The Echo"—Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

Your paper contains good material but is poorly arranged. On your front page you have club reports, sports, poetry and prose writing. We suggest that you reserve one page for a library department, and leave the front one for real "news." Tongue Twisters' is clever, and your jokes are well-selected. How about a few cuts?

"The Reflector"— Millbury High School. Millbury, Mass.

Your paper is fairly good, but is difficult to read on account of the print. Couldn't is be done a little more clearly? It is really well-arranged and the various departments are cleverly presented. Your cuts are exceedingly good.

WINNERS OF OLD ENGLISH B

Due to the fact that such a great number of girls earned the old English B last year for making four class teams, Miss Kelly started a new point system. This gives some girls a better chance for earning letters, by getting A in gym, by being a gym marshal or leader, etc. The number of points required for the B are five hundred. Fifty may be gained for a class team, and one hundred for a varsity team, while twenty-five are given to leaders, etc.

The girls to receive their B's this year are as follows:—Freshmen—Sylvia Lewenburgh and Margaret Morrison. Sophomores—Harriet Dangel, Sophie Freyberg, Margaret Hogan, Rosemary Loeser, and Betty Richey. Juniors—Dorothy Lewenburgh, Mary Maher, Sarah McLeod, Eleanor Roach, Margaret Stein, and Caroline Sherill. Seniors—Eleanor Anderson, Louis Brown, Carol Densmore, Hope Kelsey, Jean Morrison, and Helen Navin.

These awards were to be given at an assembly, but as this could not be arranged, these girls will have to get them at the gym.

NEWTON WINS SUBURBAN LEAGUEN

(continued from Page 1)

Newton High School's baseball team continued on its undefeated course by defeating Brookline 6 to 2, at Brookline Field on Memorial Day before the largest home crowd of the season. Newton has now won thirteen games straight and seems headed for the Suburban League title. Frank Spain, Newton's all-scholastic shortstop, turned in several scintillating plays in the field. In the very first inning, with two Brookline men on base, he fielded Capt. Ryan's grounder in deep shortfield and then with a bullet-like peg caught Ryan at first base. Again in the second he robbed Al. McDonnell of a clean hit by making a sensational one handed catch of Mac's hard line drive.

Newton sewed up the ball game in the opening inning by scoring four big runs. Three hits, one of them a timely double by Fletcher, together with a base on balls, a sacrifice, and two errors combined to give Newton a big lead.

Brookline started out in a fashion which seemed to be about to duplicate that of Newton's first inning, but Spain's play mentioned above cut off several runs. Three bases on balls filled the bases, and then Reilly was sent in to pitch in place of Coombs, who started the game. A sacrifice by Wilson scored Cannon and then Ryan was out, Spain to De Mille. Neither team scored after that until the seventh, when Jim Ryan's double sent Bert Nyhan across the rubber with Brookline's last run.

Newton came back with two runs in the eighth and thus made the final score six to two. Andres' double scored Capt. De Mille of Newton, and Andres himself scored later on a passed ball.

Newton threatened in the last inning when Gatchell attempted to score on a sacrifice, but was thrown out on a fast play by McDonnell and Ryan.

Coach Sullivan of Newton has developed one of the best schoolboy teams in the state, and Brookline did well to hold them as they did. Newton is in a class by herself in the Suburban League and should win the pennant easily.

FRESHMAN BASEBALL

(continued from Page 1)

very fine material for the varsity team. If the freshman stay with us and don't become ineligible in a couple of years, we should be right upon the top of the Suburban League.

Following are a list of Freshman boys who helped the team have such a successful season.

c., Norman Jamieson

Pitcher, Andy Madden, George Wright

1 b., Albert Orde, Wesley MacLeod

2 b., Paul Deane, John Logue

3 b., John Bellingham

s.s., Don Broadbent

l.f., George Wright, Fred Flaherty, Andy Madden

c.f., Tom Ainsworth

r.f., Bill Healey

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer, whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news and make-up to the Associate Editors; all other communications to the Chairman.

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THE BUSINESS OF MAKING MONEY

Business in America has made strides in the past twenty-five years unequalled in the history of industry. Industry in the United States has worked out its own salvation, is working it out progressively everyday. The methods of Europe are not our methods; we have tried them and abandoned them. The fallacy, that low wages and long hours are the surest way to large profits, we have thrown overboard. High wages, mass production, lowered production costs, and a far larger market—as a direct result of the wage-earner's increased spending powers—have made industrial America the most prosperous and stable country in the world.

Mass production has been made possible by the cultivation of every laboring device that gave promise of being practicable. Within this quarter of a century, we have harnessed innumerable forces.

Science, has co-operated with industry in the perfecting of tools of production: steam, electricity, steel, oil. The service these labor-saving devices have rendered in bringing American industry to its present commanding position is almost inestimable. At the beginning of the century we used 13,000,000 horsepower in industry; today we use over 55,000,000. And this is in industry alone, it does not include the horsepower used in transportation.

Such figures are only an indication of the trend of business today they do not begin to tell the whole story. No agitator, a few years past, would ever have conceded, nor dreamed, that the worker, in the greatest industrial nation the world has ever known, would surpass the citizen of every other country and period in prosperity, in leisure and in the education of the mind and spirit which gives the power to use wealth and leisure, to increase his happiness and the happiness of his family.

And yet that is exactly what has happened. The average citizen in America to-day has a home which surpasses the homes of other lands in convenience, in sanitation, in beauty. He owns a car and a radio; has a garden and time to cultivate it. His children go to high school and college. His life is insured. He is very likely to own stock in the company in which he works. His credit is good, and he knows its uses. Just an ordinary American picture, we may think; not very inspired or inspiring. No! Then compare his lot with the lot of his brother in any other great nation on earth, and you will see that you are living in a place with an ideal scheme.

SONNET

As stares the fawn, with terror in his eyes,
At some approaching peril of the night,
And tries, with piteous plunge, to mend his plight
Ere, stricken with o'erwhelming rush he dies—
With head held high, and utt'ring woeful cries,
As branches snap and wild-fowl take to flight
On nightmare wings—to rise to a great height
Ere settling down—like omens from the skies.
As stares the fawn so stare I in dismay
When think I at the time when we must go—
Must leave this glorious realm of living things—
Down to Dis' city of the darksome day,
Where sorrow reigns, and only sad winds blow,
And only time goes on with tireless wings.

—Samoht

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

SIR REGINALD DE WARE

(A GOTHIC TALE)

by

Naenud

1

"Gadzooks!" cried Sir Reginald de Ware, as he flashed forth his shining rapier, "B'r Lady, I'll run ye thru the gizzard! Back, ye knave!"—But even as he spoke there came the twang of a bow, and like a streak of sunshine an arrow bounded off his burnished corslet.

Sir Reginald reeled back a pace—the raven plumes in his helmet dancing like aspens in a storm—but only for a space, and then full swift he recovered, and pausing for a moment like some angry tiger at bay, dashed at the group who opposed him.

"Take that, I prithee!" quoth Sir Reginald, as he cleft an unclad head to the chin—but that mighty stroke was his undoing, for his slender rapier remained fast fixed in the skull of his victim, and he pulled in vain to free it.

In a trice he was borne down by masterful hands, the weight of his limbs—"Gently! Gently! My Beauties!" cried the leader of the outlaws, "Take him alive! Take him alive"! And struggling, Sir Reginald was borne away.

2

'Twas evening. On the frowning battlements and machicolated towers of Castle Ware the sentries kept their solemn watch.

It was a cloudless night, and the spangled bulk of the Great Hunter could be plainly discerned in the Northern sky.

In the great hall of the castle—sparsely lighted by the flickering glare of a dozen pine torches—a group of women were huddled together, like so many sheep in a fold.

"Weep not, My Lady" cried a maid-of-honor, whose noble visage bore an expression of anxious care, "Sir Reginald has likely been detained. The king, 'tis said, is holding high levee. Perchance his Majesty had need of his council."

The fair Godiva—Sir Reginald's much loved wife—shook her stately head and sighed:

"Alas no! Matilda" she said, "Somehow I know that he is in danger . . . mayhaps . . . oh, perchance he's met with Lord John Fitz Hugh!—I saw him skulk by the donjon keep this early morn—and I like not his wicked eyes. He has no soul, that man, but oh! I wish my Reginald would . . . .

"Stand!"—shrill came the sentry's voice, "Stand!—Cedric" he shouted to his companion-guard, "something moved amidst the reeds. Something white . . and small!

But no answer came from Cedric—only the creak of the drawbridge chains.

"Cedric! Cedric! called the guard again, "'Tis I, Ulric! Where art thou, Cedric!"

Ulric remained a moment undecided; then he moved forward to investigate.

Suddenly he saw a form lying strangely still upon the parapet—a very rigid form, albeit a familiar.

"Cedric!" he repeated, then stopped aghast—for Cedric lay in the grip of death, while on his face—as it lay upon the dismal flagstones—dwells a twisted leer—an expression of utter horrified dismay.

Terror froze poor Ulric's Saxon soul—then with a bound he sprang away, and lifting to his lips his horn, he blew such a blast as penetrated to the very dungeons by the moat.

"The alarum! The alarum!" cried Lady Godiva—but her voice was soon lost in the rumble of many feet, as the garrison, aroused from their sleep, hastily arming themselves, rushed on to the battlements.

"Ha!" cried old Garth of Rowenden—who always commanded the castle in the absence of Sir Reginald—"Ha! By the foul fiend what do I espy? Cedric! Cedric! By my halidome, some knave shall swing for this!"

"He has no wound!" quavered Ulric, "he has no wound—and yet he's dead!"

"By the Rood, but 'tis a queer matter!" quoth old Garth, as he tugged at his grizzled beard.—"I understand a good clean wound, but matters like this, methinks, are not for me. Methought it was Fitz Hugh had attacked the castle" he added rather ruefully, fingering his mighty axe, and rumbling in his throat—"Bring him to the hall!" he continued suddenly, pointing to the still form of Cedric, "I like this matter not; methinks it has much to do with Sir Reginald's absence"—and he nodded his aged head in a grave manner.

3

The gates of the Abbey of St. Wilfred opened silently, admitting the hooded figure of a monk, and then closed as silently—making not a sound to disturb the wonted stillness of the night.

The monk who has entered doffed his hood—displaying a shapely head, disfigured somewhat by his tonsured crown, but containing a pair of shifty, pale-blue eyes, within the depths of which lurked an expression of callous wickedness; yet intelligent withall, and even handsome.

He stood for a moment, arranging his gown, and then gave a peculiar knock upon an iron ribbed door, thru the seams of which a pale light could be seen.

"Enter, Onrad, enter!" came a voice, and the monk complied.

(continued on next Page)

Before a table there sat a man in the robes of an Abbot—a man in whose features the sapient aspect of age was mingled with the sanguine appearance of youth—a person of undeterminable age, although the beard upon his chin proclaimed him to be well advanced down the vale of years.

Like the monk, he had cold, cruel eyes.

"Well, Onrad" he began in a voice of honeyed sweetness, "did St. Wilfred guide thy footsteps well this evening?

Onrad was evidently ill at ease. His eyes roved at random about the room.

"Answer, Onrad!" the command was in a sterner voice.

"Alas!—Again I failed!" and Onrad bowed his comely head in contrition.

The Abbot raised himself to his full height. Gone were the honeyed accents of his former tone:

"Oh tempora! Oh mores! May thy soul be blasted in its worthless shell!—Failed! Then I shall wreak my vengeance on thy cringing limbs!—Grendel! Grendel!" he shouted thru an arras, "heat thou the charcoal and prepare the knives!"

"Not that! Not that!" shrieked Onrad, "Not that! Not that!

"Ha!" the Abbot smiled, "where is thy boasted courage now Oh, Onrad, dost thou fear the dissecting room? But how else can science advance? Surely, Onrad, ye will let us probe the mysteries of thy constitution? Think on the benefit to science!—And says not our law"—here his voice was strangely soft—*Experimentum in corpore vili?* Take him away!" he concluded, and turning, was about to leave the apartment, when the voice of Onrad again broke in:

"Mutilate my body it thou wilt—but beware!—for I know a secret that thou wouldst give much for knowledge of." Here his captors would have dragged him off, but the Abbot stopped them with an imperious gesture:

"Speak, then!" he cried eagerly, "speak!"

"Sir Reginald de Ware is in the hands of Lord John Fitz Hugh!"

4

"By the Mass!" quoth Sir Reginald to himself, as he peered thru the narrow bars that closed the only window of his cell, "By the Mass! Would that I had the dirty neck of that dog Fitz Hugh between my hands this moment! Ha!"—and he licked his lips at the thought of it. "Ha!"

"By the Rood! And what was that?" His tone was tense, and pregnant with something almost akin to fear.

From the shadows in the far end of the cell a distant scraping noise could be heard—a dull sound and a dismal.

Sir Reginald crept nearer, and paused in expectation.

Slowly the sound approached, and now it could be distinguished as shuffling footsteps that come from the interior of the wall.

Suddenly they stopped. A metallic jangle was heard, and in the centre of the wall a slab of stone began to slide apart, revealing a wide cavity, out of which stepped a tall figure completely muffled in the cowl of a monk.

Sir Reginald drew back instinctively, as from something unclean—then the figure spoke.

"You are in terrible danger! At any moment you may be taken from here to the dissecting tables of that fiend Fitz Hugh for your captor is a vivisectionist, and the dungeon beneath your feet is chocked with the bones of the victims he has slain in the name of science!"

Beads of perspiration stood out from Sir Reginald's brow, he shuddered, but said nothing. The monk continued:

"Your perfect physical form made you a marked man not only to Fitz Hugh, but to another! The Abbot of St. Wilfred is also a vivisectionist—and between him and Fitz Hugh a terrible hatred exists!"

"For months past the Abbot has had a spy in your castle, and every night he has attempted to drug you, that he might have your body to experiment upon.—But each night he has failed—and now Fitz Hugh has succeeded. . . .

Sudden and sharp there came the sound of bolts being drawn, and the monk had merely time to leap into the secret passage and to close the cell ere the door of the cell was cautiously opened ot admit the Abbot of St. Wilfred and Onrad.

"Quick!" wshipered the Abbot, gesticulating passionately, "follow me if you have desire to live!"

"I wonder" mused Sir Reginald, "I wonder if I could brain him with one blow? But no, 'tis too uncertain . . ."

"Make haste!"

". . . that monk has an hefty arm."

"There is not a moment to lose!"

"I might manage him alone, but two, no! . . ."

"Even now they come!"

"Between the devil and the deep sea! Methinks I'll try the sea!

"Right then" cried Sir Reginald, "lead on!"

5

"Ha! Ha! My Beauties! Pass the wine, there! Drink it up! Drink! Drink!" My Lord Fitz Hugh was in a jovial mood.

"I hope that de Ware will last longer than the usual two hours—he looks strong, but you never can tell! He'll yell too, I suppose. 'Tis monstrous that these people can not feel a knife pierce their hides without screeching—they have no consideration for people's feelings!"

Suddenly there rang thru the banqueting hall a yell of horrible, indescribable agony—a cry that rose and fell upon the air, and waved for a while before ending in a shriek of penetrating pain.

"'S' Blood!" muttered Fitz Hugh in a surprized tone—in which there was no emotion of compassion however, "'S' Blood!" and then quick as a flash of summer lightning came a suspicion that made him spring to his feet with thunderous mein.

"By the liver of Promethus, has some Son of Belial commenced on de Ware without waiting for me? I'll tear him

(continued on next Page)

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limb from limb, by the thunderbolts [illegible] I will!" and fired with rage he rushed from the room.

6

"Tis bitter cold, begad!" said Sir Reginald.

"Yes, very!" said the Abbot.

"Very!" acquiesed Onrad.

"Not so cold as it might be, though," quoth Sir Reginald.

"No, quite true!" said the Abbot.

"True!" replied Onrad.

"Almost warm, by Jove!" said Sir Reginald.

"To be sure!" quoth Onrad.

"Well!" said Sir Reginald, coming to stop, "Methinks, my friends, that we go different ways!"

"Not at all! Not at all! Not at all! I had intended to visit my Lady Ware tonight," replied the Abbot, very sprightly.

"Hum!" quoth Sir Reginald, "Ho! Ho!"

They proceeded silently for a time, then:

"Zounds!" cried Sir Reginald, stopping again, "I had meant me to visit Ye Spotted Cowe this eve, and to quaff a goodly bowl of ale with mine host! Zounds!"

"Ye spotted Cowe!" quoth the Abbot —"Onrad!"—Why did'st thou not remind me! Why yes, I have business at Ye Spotted Cowe this eve!"

"Ye spotted Cowe did I say?" asked Sir Reginald, "Why! Why! I meant Ye Cheshire Cheese!"

"Ye Cheshire Cheese! Yes! Yes! Whatever was I thinking about! To be sure, Ye Cheshire Cheese!" quoth the intrepid Abbot.

"Snap my girths," began Sir Reginald, very slowly, "Beshrew me if I did not go and quite forget it! Sapristi Abbot!—he cried, turning to that personage,—"I have a duel to the death this night with Sir Giles Gillford! And I was to bring two of my friends to fight with two of his friends! Abbot!"—and his tone was delightfully soft—"Will you and your friend convenience me? But to be sure you will!" he cried, digging the Abbot in the ribs.

"You would never desert a friend!"

"Onrad!" whispered the Abbot faintly, "Support me, let me lean upon your arm—I am unwell!"

"Snap my girths!"—and Sir Reginald chuckled throatily, as he watched them disappear in the distance.

7

Old Garth was scratching his ancient head, "Odds bodkins!" he muttered, and scratched harder and harder.

Garth was puzzled, and the source of his bewilderment was a strange sound a peculiar scratching noise—that came from the oak panelling in the south wall of the Castle-hall.

"Thor and Odin!"—Garth's mouth opened in unfeigned amazement, as he turned and saw the hooded figure of a monk confronting him.

"Make no noise!" said the figure, whose face was entirely hidden by his monstrous hood. "That passage leads directly to the castle of Fitz Hugh"—and he pointed to a yawning gap in the wall—"and in that castle your master is imprisoned—is perhaps even now being torn to pieces by that vivisectionist Fitz Hugh!"

"I knew it was that knave Fitz Hugh!" quoth old Garth right stoutly—"But what do you mean by torn to pieces?" and in his eyes there danced a dangerous light.

"Behold!" cried the monk, and with a sweep of his arm he pulled off his hood to reveal such a face as haunted old Garth's rememberance to the end of his life—For he beheld a countenance almost entirely devoid of flesh, features blasted and withered beyond the power of words to describe.

"That" said the monk as he returned his hood "is an example of his work—and of the Abbot of St. Wilfred's! There was a time" he went on "when the Abbey of St. Wilfred was the abode of a company of fanatical scientists who delved into the unholy arts, and who practised vivisection on all who fell into their relentless hands. At one time Fitz Hugh was of their number, but he has quarrelled with the Abbot and now has set up on his own. But while they were yet together I chanced to stop at the Abbey one night for shelter—and behold the result!"—here the monk's voice rose to a shriek of lupine rage. "Since then I have bided my time," he continued, living in this passage and in other secret rooms that I have discovered in the thickness of these ancient walls.—Last night I saw Sir Reginald de Ware being carried captive into Fitz Hugh's dungeons. I attempted to rescue him but someone approached and I had, perforce, to fly . . ."

"Garth! Garth!" cried many voices from without the chamber— and abruptly the door was opened to admit a breathless retainer whose eyes wore a terrified expression:

"The Lady Godiva is gone—has disappeared!" he cried. "Her bed has not been slept upon!"

Old Garth's nostrils expended, and his eyes took on an adamantine glitter, as clenching his gnarled fists he swore a mighty oath— an oath that made the waiting-maids forget for the time their terror to clap ineffectual hands over outraged ears:—

8

Lady Godiva—on the night of Sir Reginald's disappearance—tried in vain to sleep. Her mind was sorely perplexed—but her worry was strangely different from that of honest Garth's.

"'Tis that sluttish Dame Fitz Hugh he's after!" quoth Godiva to herself, biting her tender nails with wanton ire: "That good-for-nothing hag, that . . . that . . . shrew! Yet what he sees in her—with her sallow skin and rotten teeth . . . and oh! I know that her hair is not her own!" And Godiva paced about her chamber in feverish indecision—"Beshrew me!" she muttered fiercely—"I'll confront them in her very chamber, I will!" and straightway she buckled on her cloak, and let herself silently out of a postern gate.

The castle of Fitz Hugh was shrouded in sepulchral calm. The battlements had no occupants—perchance the sentries slept. Godiva slipped silently across the lowered drawbridge and entered unchallenged. Except for the dying glow of a fire and great hall was in murky gloom. Dimly from the banqueting hall above came the sounds of a gay carousal. Then:

"Heigh ho! 'Tis weary I be; 'tis tired I is!
Come! pretty maiden, and give me a . . ."

Godiva interrupted this uncouth rhyme with a terrified scream, and a figure staggered out of the gloom almost into her arms—a very strange figure it was, clad in an outlandish fashion.

"Who art thou?" demanded Godiva hoarsely, albeit very bravely, although to be sure she was in great trepidation. "Who art thou? Let be, ye great hulk!" she exclaimed, snatching away her arm which the figure had seized in a clumsy grip. The figure stooped and leered into her face—and Godiva reeled back in

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deadly nausea—for she saw before her the vacant visage of an idiot, an horrible, twisted, grinning face, with mouth hanging powerlessly open, and dripping tongue extended. "Faugh!" she cried, recoiling, but the idiot held her fast, and dragged her into an adjoining room—into the viviscting chamber!

Godiva paused, fascinated. A gleaming mechanical arrangement consisting of iron spikes, with a cavity in their center in the shape of the human body hypnotized her.

Suddenly the idiot stooped to pull an hidden lever, and silently the spikes grew nearer and nearer until the cavity was filled with their gleaming points. Chuckling, the idiot threw back the lever allowing the spikes to withdraw and to form the cavity again. Chuckling he stood, eying Godiva's fair form, and contemplating the cavity, "You'll fit! Yes! Yes! Sharp, hah! Red blood, red blood!"

Godiva read his intention in his piglike eyes—but too late! For stooping, the idiot set going the machinery, and seizing Godiva's slender form, threw her, with a mighty heave, into the center of the fast-closing cavity!

The idiot chuckled—and a moment later throughout the castle resounded the awful cries—the soul-piercing shrieks of mortal agony that had caused Fitz Hugh to rush from the banqueting-hall.

9

Sir Reginald strode along right joyfully, humming festive airs, and squaring his shoulders to the evening winds.

"B'r Lady!" he cried suddenly, drawing back into the shadows, as there hurried across his line of vision a slim and fragile figure muffled closely in the folds of a cloak—"Sapristi! But 'tis Godiva!" And Sir Reginald, watching the path she took, scowled darkly and heaved a mighty sigh. Albeit his eyes glowed strangely bright, and he gripped his poignard in an iron grasp.—"Fitz Hugh!" he muttered between his close-shut teeth, "That vile Fitz Hugh!" and lifting his clenched fist to the sky he swore a terrible oath. Then he hurried on in the path Godiva had taken.

Sir Reginald gained upon her just as she entered the castle, but he kept in the shadows, and Godiva was unaware.

"Ha!" muttered Sir Reginald as the idiot appeared, "All planned, I see!" but immediately Godiva was dragged into the other chamber, and Sir Reginald scowled and gripped his poignard in vain.

Then suddenly he heard the sound of a scuffle, followed by a small plaintive cry that made him rush into that torture-chamber with a cry of wolfish rage:

"Oh Reginald! My Reginald!" was the cry, and the knight, hearing that beloved entreaty, felt a wild and glorious joy surge thru his body:

"Godiva!" he whispered, and snatching that innocent form from out of the death embrace, turned madly upon the idiot to throw him bodily within the cavity, and immediately the gleaming spikes closed upon him.

His were the shrieks that aroused Fitz Hugh.

10

"The Lady Godiva gone!" exclaimed old Garth in amazement. "Godiva gone!"

Perchance" cried the monk, "perchance she's gone to search for Sir Reginald!"

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"Or perchance she also has fallen into the hands of that vile Fitz Hugh!" quoth old Garth. "And by my halidome

"Hark! Hark!" cried a man-at-arms, and suddenly there smote upon their ears the blast of an horn.

"'Tis he, 'tis the Master!" cried old Garth with shinning eyes, and even as he spoke Sir Reginald bust into the room, carrying the fair Godiva in his arms. Immediately all was gladness.

Over the hooded face of the monk passed a tremor, and when he silently left the room . . .

11

"S'Blood!" Fitz Hugh shouted from the banqueting hall, "Get a light, ye dog!" he cried to a cringing servitor. "Get a light and lead me to that knave de Ware! And pray ye on your bended knees that he is still untouched!" he snarled at the remainder of the garrison.

Fitz Hugh fumbled for a moment at the cell, and then threw open the ponderous door.

Not a word he spoke when he saw that his victim had fled, but his visage grew strangely white, as with a murderous yell he rushed headlong to the dissecting room.

A gruesome and a nauseous sight it was that met his angrey eyes! The body of the idiot was crushed beyond conception, and Fitz Hugh believed it to be de Ware, for the raved like someone in the throes of some mental disease!

Then suddenly there sprang from what was apparently the depths of the wall a hooded figure who advanced before Fitz Hugh, and with a mighty sweep of his arm uncovered his face—uncovered his blasted, direful visage.

"Ah! Ah!" shrieked Fitz Hugh covering his eyes in anguish—then softly he began to gibber foolishly, and his eyes took on the fixed gaze of lunacy.

Lord John Fitz Hugh was dead—but worse than dead—for he was dead in mind, and yet his body lived! Verily had retribution fallen hard upon his head!

12

"I doubted you, yes!" quoth Sir Reginald with misty eyes—"But your faith in me, Godiva, has made me feel ashamed!"—Here Godiva lowered her shapely head and blushed, and sighed most languorously:

"Perchance, my lord," she whispered softly, "perchance I also . . .

But she was saved from her confession, for loudly came a knock upon the door, and old Garth's voice raised in excited accents cried:" "The Abbey of St. Wilfred is in flames! The Abbey is afire! Afire"

And straight they rushed on to the castle-yard—And lo! a lurid glare was over all.

Men were rushing from all directions, and great excitment was in the balmy air.

'Twas late afternoon, and the flaming Abbey appeared like a very beacon flare; Sir Reginald rushed with mighty steps towards it.

Suddenly to the watchers' astonished gaze, upon the roof of the Abbey appeared the figures of two men, who were soon after joined by a third.—The Abbot and Onrad were at bay, and facing them was the infuriated figure of the hooded monk!

Onrad crept towards the monk, very slowly, cautiously, and ominously. But ere he had reached half-way, the monk suddenly drew from the folds of his voluminous robe a long black knife that glittered wickedly against the flames, and uttering a cry of inhuman joy, plunged it up to the hilt in Onrad's crouching form!

With a low-voiced, piteous moan Onrad pitched forward into the heart of the flames, while the Abbot, spurred on by the nearness of death, rushed at the monk, and soon both were locked in a deadly embrace.

From the watchers below came stifled cries of suspense. Far up on the roof the two figures battled fiercely.

Swiftly the flames were reaching upward; soon one side of the roof caught fire, and the molten lead from the casings poured down in a dazzling stream.

The end came abruptly, and horribly.—The Abbot appeared to be gaining mastery over the monk when suddenly with an ear-splitting roar the entire roof collapsed, throwing the combattants into the midst of the hungry flames.

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